

The Australian

Over 725,000 Copies Sold Every Week

MAY 20, 1953

PRICE



WOMEN'S WEEKLY



The Royal Children

New! New! New!



Combining all the quality and goodness of world-famous Ovaltine with a new delicious chocolatey flavour you'll love.

The food value and nourishment of world-famous Ovaltine are beyond all question. Now you can have the choice of Chocolate Flavoured Ovaltine if preferred. Try this new and delightful Ovaltine as a nourishing and sustaining breakfast beverage. Try it as a satisfying bedtime drink and sleep with peace. Whichever you choose, Chocolate or Malt Flavoured, Ovaltine will satisfy and sustain you because of its richness and unequalled quality. Note that Chocolate Flavoured Ovaltine is fully sweetened and needs no addition of sugar. Buy a tin of Ovaltine today.

For those who prefer the regular Malt Flavoured Ovaltine

Your old favourite, Malt Flavoured Ovaltine, is still available. It is the world's most popular tonic food beverage and it bestows its health-giving benefits on millions of men, women and children everywhere.



THE GLORIOUS THREE

By June Wetherell

Crime and tragedy lay behind Jim Riley and Emily Ashburn; new friends, new surroundings, new activities and problems set them to building a new life in a new land.

15/- From all Booksellers

The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

MAY 20, 1953.

Vol. 20, No. 51.

A SOLDIER AT YARRALUMLA

THE swearing-in of Field-Marshal Sir William Slim as Governor-General of Australia is a source of pride to all who admire his courage and ability as a soldier and have followed his career—self-made in the best sense of the word.

Australians especially respect Sir William because he has come from the ranks, and the fighting men of this country know what that means.

But even as Britain's No. 1 soldier, Sir William did not forget the problems of his own humbler days nor fail to show sympathy when he felt it was merited.

Any commanding officer who has earned the nickname "Uncle Bill," as the then General Slim did while fighting bitter battles in Burmese jungles, would be sure to win friends here.

As a former Chief of the Imperial General Staff and an expert on Middle East problems, Sir William has up-to-the-minute knowledge of British Commonwealth defence plans.

That his arrival at Canberra should have been clouded by the sudden critical illness of Lady Slim aroused sympathy for them both throughout Australia.

That sympathy will make Australia's welcome to the Slims even warmer when Lady Slim has recuperated.

Her ready and pleasant smile and charm of manner when they arrived gave no sign of the fact she was not well, and indicated the great contribution she is ready to make to ensure the success of her husband in his important new appointment.

Vivid story of life in gaol and big city slums

Book review by AINSIE BAKER

ALL her efforts to be "sent" voluntarily to Long Bay Gaol to gather material for a story having failed, author Kylie Tennant in February, 1945, bleached her hair, put on a noisy "drunk" act in a city street, and had herself arrested.

The observations made as a result of this incident, plus her well-known interest in the New South Wales prison and reformatory system for her novel, *The Joyful Condemned*.

Strapping, fifteen-year-old Big Rene McGarty, with her temporarily blond hair in a four-wave pompadour, is the central character of this story of delinquent girls in wartime Sydney.

But do not fear that this is one of those worthy and dull crusading novels. Miss Tennant is far too much the master of her craft ever to be tedious. If her purpose in writing the book was to deliver a message, she has subjugated it to a sternly humorous technique.

The story abounds in fascinating characters—many of them drawn from the inexhaustible supply of McGarty relations, who, in the files of the Department of Moral Rehabilitation, go back four generations.

From the closely watched "Sword of Fortune" Hotel at Woolloomooloo, the author takes the reader into the "gaunt, honeycombed terraces" of the nearby alleyways, to the Kings Cross flats of American airmen on leave, to reform homes for girls, to basement flatlets, and to a racketeer's mansion.

The behind-scenes talk

Our cover:

Our cover is a reproduction of the most recent painting of Their Royal Highnesses Prince Charles and Princess Anne by Margaret Lindsay Williams, celebrated painter of Royalty. Last year we had a cover of the Queen from a painting by Miss Williams.

This week:

On pages 12 and 13 is a warm and human story by Helen Frizell about 80-year-old Mr. Alf Jones, a pioneer who recently was honored in his own lifetime by the unveiling of a memorial at Moree, N.S.W., where he has spent practically all his life. "Mr. Jones is famous all over the Moree district," said Helen, "but to his children, who call him 'Boss,' he is known for his habit of tying five-pound notes in knots. At a party after the memorial was unveiled, one of the sons, Len, told me to watch while he asked his father for the loan of a fiver. I watched Alf Jones' hand dip into a pocket and come out with a five-pound note.

"He never has to look," Len explained. "He's done that ever since he once gave away a fiver instead of a pound. The Boss always knots it the same way, rather like a small boomerang."

Next week:

Next week is our Special Coronation Issue—and it is one that you will want to keep as a souvenir. We have page after page in color as well as in monotone about the ceremonies and pageantry that will be witnessed when the Queen makes her solemn dedication of service before God on June 2. The high Anglican dignitaries who will officiate in Westminster Abbey are shown in all the splendor of their ecclesiastical vestments; the robes and accoutrements of the peers of England who will form so colorful a part of the assembly are also portrayed—and the list goes on and on. As well, there will be last-minute news from London, where Coronation fever is steadily mounting.

DANGER
in the dark or
EVEREADY
flashlights
to the rescue



I CAN SEE WHERE I'M BACKING



WHEN I TAKE AN
'EVEREADY' FLASHLIGHT



WHO SHIFTED THE DUSTBIN?



TAKE AN 'EVEREADY'
FLASHLIGHT NEXT TIME!

EVERY MEMBER OF THE FAMILY
NEEDS AN 'EVEREADY' FLASHLIGHT

Make sure you always have your "Eveready" flashlight close at hand—and make doubly sure it's always powered with "Eveready" batteries. They give brighter light, longer life—and they're always reliable.



FLASHLIGHTS, BATTERIES AND BULBS
"Eveready" is the registered trademark of Eveready (Australia) Pty. Ltd., Rosebery, N.S.W.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY
HEAD OFFICE: 168 Castlereagh Street, Sydney. Letters: Box 4088 W.W. G.P.O.
MELBOURNE OFFICE: Newspaper House, 241 Collins Street, Melbourne. Letters: Box 186, G.P.O.
BRISBANE OFFICE: 81 Elizabeth Street, Brisbane. Letters: Box 4067, G.P.O.
ADELAIDE OFFICE: 24-26 Halifax Street, Adelaide. Letters: Box 305A, G.P.O.
PERTH OFFICE: 40 Stirling Street, Perth. Letters: Box 4010, G.P.O.
TASMANIA: Letters to Sydney address.

Published by Macmillan and Co. Our copy from Angus and Robertson, Sydney.

The Hand and Flower

DEVELOPMENTS far removed from a simple game occur when The Hand and Flower Dart Club, shepherded by genial FRED COLLINS, goes for a day's outing in France.

CHARLES BREWER, coalman captain of the team, is eagerly seeking an "alluring mademoiselle." TREVOR HILGROVE is carrying out a smuggling deal with a confederate, PIERRE. Embittered misfit SHORTY strikes up an unexpected friendship with wealthy LUKE GRENFELL.

JIM CARVER again meets MARIE-JOSEPHE, whom he knew as a little girl during the war. He goes home with her to lunch at her father's farm and, learning that she is engaged to HENRI DUBOT, he tells her that he is to marry CHERRY MITCHELL, with whom he had actually been carrying on only a half-hearted romance.

Back in London, meanwhile, Cherry, in a set of comical circumstances, has found a new beau, CORPORAL MARVIN LEWES, of the United States Air Force. NOW READ ON:

By JERRARD TICKELL

CHERRY sat beside Marvin on the scuffed grass of Regent's Park, and listened while he talked to her about the State of Maine. He had a wealth of statistics at his finger-tips, and he produced one numerical fact after another.

The State of Maine was practically as big as all the other five States in New England put together. It covered an area of sixty-six thousand six hundred and eight square miles. New England was the seat of the two greatest universities in the world, Harvard and Yale, and

"What about Oxford and Cambridge?" said Cherry dreamily. "I'm Cambridge, by the way. In the boat-race, I mean."

"Neither Oxford nor Cambridge—both of them excellent institutions," said Marvin magnanimously, "can compare with Harvard or Yale. Harvard has over eleven thousand students and Yale over eight thousand."

"Still, Cambridge did beat them in the boat-race last year, and in America itself," Cherry declared, then she shivered slightly.

For some while she had been hearing intermittent snarling and roaring from within

the confines of the nearby Zoo. As the minutes passed, the noise became constant, filling the air with menace.

The lions' feeding-time was nigh, and she, who'd always been taken to the Zoo for her birthday treat, could almost see the tawny, excited beasts padding up and down their cages, slaving and twitching, waiting for the trolley-load of red meat to roll up to the clanging bars. She gave another shiver.

Marvin said solicitously, "Cold, honey?"

"No. Not cold. Aren't the lions awful?"

"Ah, the lions. It is on record that in the Bronx Park Zoo, New York, we have the finest lions in captivity in the world."

Cherry's feminine tremors were consumed by patriotism. She said with a certain acidity: "I suppose you've got the fiercest tigers, too, and the most poisonous snakes, and the biggest elephants?"

"That is so."

"Well, I don't believe it, not unless you put your elephants and our elephants on a scale and weighed them. Even then, ours would be the biggest. After all, I should know. I've

ridden on one of ours—when I was a little girl, I mean."

"You certainly must have been cute when you were little," said Marvin warmly.

"Oh, I dunno. Not specially."

Now the roaring of the lions had risen to its crescendo, and Cherry was unable to divert a nervous glance from the direction of the Zoo; Marvin intercepted it. When she saw its effect on him, she didn't try. It re-aroused all his protective instincts, and with the most altruistic of motives he put his strong arm around her shoulders and patted her gently.

In no way did Cherry appear to resent this kindly attention, and by the time the roaring of the lions had subsided there seemed little reason for removing an arm into which Cherry's slim figure fitted so very snugly.

Cherry tore a blade of grass into thin strips and plaited them with infinite care. She said casually, "Tell me, Marvin, does your wife come from this Maine place, too?"

"My wife?" Marvin laughed. "Back home they used to rib me and say I was Chuppyville, Maine's most eligible bachelor. Well,

honey, if that's true, I still am. Chuppyville's my home town."

"Well, if you haven't got a wife," said Cherry idly, "what about your fiancée? Is she from Maine?"

"My fiancée." Marvin didn't laugh this time. His lean face became stern and his arm tightened a little around Cherry's pliant shoulders.

"You want to know about my fiancée. O.K. Here we go. When I was drafted to England, I was engaged to a girl called Katey. We'd been in High School together, and our two families have known each other all time, I guess. She weighed just a hundred and ten pounds and was as cute as cute. Well, I'd been in England just about two months—I'm on a ninety-day duty tour, by the way—when she sorta stopped writing. Then Wednesday three weeks back she did mail me—from Niagara Falls."

"But that's in Canada," said Cherry. "We had it in geography at school."

"Only some of it's in Canada. The other part—the better and bigger part—is in the

To page 38

"I return in three minutes, then I wish to speak to you alone," Henri said commandingly to Marie-Josephe.

ILLUSTRATED BY LASKIE





I just wouldn't
have believed nail polish
could last this long!

I was so tired of having to constantly renew chipping and peeling polish I almost gave it up. But that was before I tried CUTEX with the fabulous new ingredient . . . "Enamelon". "Enamelon" makes Cutex dry faster, set harder, last days longer!

Lots of women are feeling the same way. They just wouldn't have believed that nail polish could stay flawless so long. "Enamelon" . . . first introduced in Nail Brilliance . . . is now blended with all Cutex polishes. It has proved itself a miracle-worker.



TRY IT!

See for yourself how this wonderful improved Cutex dries faster, sets harder, lasts days longer without chipping and peeling. And notice how the lovely Cutex colours glow with a new and lasting radiance. Ask for Cutex with miracle-working "Enamelon" today!

CUTEX

The manicure that stays lovelier...longer

**His commonsense told him the
prophecy was just superstition,
but after the strange accident
he knew he could never be sure.**

MR. MURCHISON, purser on the M.S. Badger, was a man well equipped for his position. It would be, he thought, impossible to be taken aback by any demand that any passenger could make.

When Mrs. Loomis sent a note asking for an interview, he went to see her promptly and with no misgiving.

She was a passenger of some importance, going to visit an ill sister in Trinidad. She had been allotted the best suite on the ship, with her companion, and they had all their meals there. Murchison had not yet seen Mrs. Loomis in the three days since they had sailed from New York.

She received him with queenly calm and thanked him for coming.

"I'm worried about my companion," she said.

Murchison had seen this companion on sailing day, a smiling, pretty, dark-eyed girl in a saucy little hat.

"I hope there's nothing wrong with her," he said.

"I'm afraid she may kill me," said Mrs. Loomis.

She sat in a wicker chair, slim and majestic in a flowered dress, her grey hair carefully dressed in a smart style. She made the statement in a matter-of-fact tone.

What on earth are you talking about? thought Murchison, annoyed.

"Have you any particular reason for thinking so, Mrs. Loomis?" he asked.

"Naturally," she said. "I got my first warning in the sand."

"The sand?" he said.

"Yes," said Mrs. Loomis. "I had heard from friends about this Arab in New York who does some remarkable things in sand divining, so a few days before we sailed I went to consult him. He read in the sand that death would approach me with a spotted face."

You're an idiot! thought Murchison. But his lean, wooden face showed no sign of the indignation he felt.

"At the time," she went on, "I thought it meant I was going to catch some sort of tropical fever on this trip, and I asked him to tell me frankly if I was going to die. He consulted the sand again, and he said—these are his exact words: 'Death will flee if confronted boldly.'"

"Quite," said Murchison. He was not going to ask her any question or encourage her in any way.

"Miss Hoffner was waiting in another room," said Mrs. Loomis. "She didn't hear what the Arab said, and I didn't tell her about it. She's an Austrian, you know, and very excitable."

"Quite," said Murchison again.

"I sent Miss Hoffner down to the ship ahead of me," Mrs. Loomis continued, "to look after the baggage. When I came up the gangway, she was waiting for me on deck. She was wearing a spotted veil."

He recalled that veil now. He had thought it rather attractive on the bright-eyed, smiling girl.

"I was startled," said Mrs. Loomis. "She hadn't been wearing it when she left the hotel, and I asked her where it came from. She said she'd stopped in a little shop to buy stockings, and she'd seen this veil and she couldn't resist it."

I never, he thought, in all my years at sea, heard such a disgusting farrago of nonsense.

"Naturally, I began to realise then," said Mrs. Loomis, "but I thought it over carefully before I spoke to Gretel. I told her she undoubtedly had a death wish toward me in her subconscious mind. I

explained that very likely her conscious mind was not at all aware of it, but that, nevertheless, there is was."

"I'll put her in another cabin."

"That would be a great mistake," said Mrs. Loomis. "The diviner said that death would flee if confronted boldly. As long as I don't allow any fear to enter my heart, I shall be safe. But Miss Hoffner is not co-operating."

"What do you expect me to do, Mrs. Loomis?"

"It's entirely a matter of psychology," said Mrs. Loomis. "Once she admits she has this death wish in her subconscious, we can set to work to uproot it. But she won't admit it. She's being very stubborn. I'd like you to talk to her about it."

Murchison was outraged. "I'm sorry," he said, "but that's out of the question."

"Then I suppose I'll have to see the captain," said Mrs. Loomis. "But I thought it was more in your province."

"I'll be glad to help you in any way possible," he said. "I'll put Miss Hoffner in another cabin, and you won't need to see her at all. Later on—"

"Mr. Murchison," she said, "I consider that my life is in danger. And it's your duty to protect me."

"If Miss Hoffner is put into another cabin I think you'll be reasonably safe."

"Well, I don't agree with you," said Mrs. Loomis. "As long as Gretel has this death wish, this subconscious desire to kill me, I shall be in danger."

She continued calmly. "Mind you, Mr. Murchison, I'm not suggesting for a minute that she'd do it deliberately. She might think she tripped, for instance, and pushed me down a flight of stairs. Or she might give me poison instead of medicine. And, of course, she'd profit by my death."

"How's that, Mrs. Loomis?"

"I'm leaving her twenty-five hundred dollars in my will, and the same to each of her two sisters."

"You should change your will, Mrs. Loomis."

"No," she said. "It's an obligation to my late husband. Fifteen years ago we went to Vienna to consult Dr. Hoffner, and he operated on my husband quite successfully. Before he died last year my husband asked me to promise to look after those girls. I got them all into America. I found nice positions for the other two and I'm taking Gretel on this trip."

"I'm not going to cut her out of the will. I want to cure her. If she'll acknowledge this death wish and bring it out into the open it can quite easily be uprooted. I've talked and talked with her, without the least success. She's extremely stubborn. But I think she might listen to an outside person,

especially a staid, middle-aged man like you."

At thirty-six Murchison did not relish this description of himself.

"Very well," he said after a moment. "I'll talk to Miss Hoffner if you like."

"Thank you," said Mrs. Loomis. "What time shall I send her to your office?"

"I'll send a boy for her at five."

For he preferred to see Miss Hoffner in his cabin, and he would serve cocktails. He was not going to treat this as a business matter. He was going to give her advice—sound, energetic, practical advice that would put an end to this disgusting nonsense.

She had seemed to be a cheerful,

The



lively girl. He hoped she would laugh at the whole thing.

That hope perished as she entered his cabin. She was a very pretty girl, olive-skinned, with smooth, dark hair. But she was pale now and her eyes were heavy.

"Do sit down, Miss Hoffner," he said genially. "You'll have a cocktail?"

"Thank you," she said, unsmiling.

"I'm glad of a chance to talk this thing over with you," he began.

"It's terrible," she said.

"No," he said. "It's preposterous."

"Mr. Murchison, truly it is terrible," she said. "When Mrs. Loomis and her husband have done so many kind things that she can say I wish to kill her."

"It's preposterous," Murchison repeated. "You shouldn't take it seriously."

"She says it is all psychological. All! She says now that while I waited in another room I really heard, without knowing it, what the Arab said, and that is why I felt forced to buy the spotted veil. If I thought that were true, I would jump into the sea this minute."

"This can't go on," said Murchison. "I'm going to move you into another cabin on another deck."

"Oh, no! Then she would be sure I didn't trust myself. I've got to make her believe that I have no death wish."

She was crying now, a little. Her dark lashes were wet.

By ELISABETH HOLDING

Spotted Veil



ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN MILLS

You're afraid, Murchison thought, and the idea angered him. That brute of a woman is working on the girl, he thought. She's a high-strung girl, and it's—well, it's got to be stopped.

"This is what I propose," he said. "I'll move you into another cabin—"

"No!"

"Wait! In three days we'll reach St. Helen's. You'll go ashore there, get a room in a hotel, and stop there until the next northbound ship comes along.

"You can go to your new cabin when you leave here, and you can eat your dinner in the dining-saloon. There's no reason why you and Mrs. Loomis should meet again."

"But that would be running away!"

"Why not? It's only commonsense for you two to separate."

"But then she'd always believe I really have that death wish!"

"Let her. It won't matter if you don't see each other any more."

"But I can't! Not when I am in her will. Only think how I should feel, no matter how far away I was, if I learned that she had died and left me that money while she still believed this dreadful thing about me! I begged her to cross me out. But she would not."

"Yes. That's very unpleasant," said Murchison. As a matter of

fact, he thought, it's a form of torture. To accuse the girl of wanting to kill her and still insist on the legacy.

"Look here!" he said. "If I can persuade her to cut you out of her will, will you follow my advice?"

She thought this over. Then she raised her eyes.

"Yes!" she said with resolution.

He left Gretel Hoffner in his cabin and hastened to the suite on A deck.

Mrs. Loomis was waiting for him with a brighter interest on her queenly face.

"Did Gretel acknowledge the wish?" she asked.

"No," said Murchison. "I'm sure Miss Hoffner has no death wish. I've come to propose an arrangement that will make things much better for both of you."

Mrs. Loomis refused to cut Gretel out of her will. "No matter what happens," she said. "What's more, Mr. Murchison, I should think you could see for yourself that her asking me to do so is proof that she feels guilty subconsciously."

He could do nothing with Mrs. Loomis and nothing with the girl, either.

"I can't just walk away and leave her while she's thinking that," said Gretel, and she went back to the suite.

All right then, go! thought Murchison. He did not want to hear any more about this preposterous affair.

When he was in his berth that night, in the dark, he became certain that he had not done the right thing. He thought of the two women shut up in the A-deck suite.

I should have insisted upon their separating, he thought. I should have gone to the 'Old Man' with a full report. If anything goes wrong, it'll be my responsibility. I'll take definite measures to-morrow if it's not too late.

He awakened early, as was his custom. It was a sunny morning, with light airs, sweetly fresh. And when he thought of going to the captain with this tale of a spotted face, a death wish, an Arab, his spirit revolted. Why, the whole thing's a ridiculous joke! he cried to himself.

He did not see Mrs. Loomis or Miss Hoffner that day. They had their meals in the suite, and if they sat out on the little private verandah he did not happen to see them, though he tried.

Of course, if anything goes wrong, he told himself, the steward or the stewardess will let me know fast enough. But, just the same, he was uncomfortable. If I don't see one or the other of them to-morrow, I'll send a note, invite them to cocktails.

But it was he who got a note, early the next afternoon, from Mrs. Loomis:

"I should very much appreciate it if you would come to my cabin at your earliest convenience."

He went immediately, and Mrs. Loomis opened the door when he knocked. Gretel was sitting in a chair, and he was shocked to see her so pale and tearstained.

"If you'll close the door, please," said Mrs. Loomis, "I'd like you to witness a little ceremony."

"I know I threw it away," Gretel said. "I threw it away into the washbasket that very moment, that day we sailed. I know it!"

"The subconscious can play strange tricks on us!" said Mrs. Loomis.

"I threw it away," Gretel said.

Murchison observed that she had a damp handkerchief crushed in one hand. She was tense, almost desperate.

"Nevertheless," said Mrs. Loomis, "there it was when you opened your drawer this morning."

"What's this a question of?" Murchison asked.

"The spotted veil," Mrs. Loomis answered. "Gretel thinks she threw it away, but there it was."

"The stewardess took it out of the basket," said Murchison.

"It doesn't really matter," said Mrs. Loomis, "except as a symbol. And it's as a symbol that I'm going to burn the thing in your presence, Mr. Murchison. Then I think Gretel

Mrs. Loomis held up the fatal veil in her hand and lit a match. "Now," she said calmly, "I am going to burn it."

will acknowledge that, buried deep in her subconscious—"

It seemed to Murchison that a curious change had come over her. Her grey eyes were pale and luminous. She looked like a giant cat, sure and triumphant. He followed her into the bedroom, where she opened the top drawer of a dressing-table and brought out that fatal veil. Pitifully frivolous it looked as she held it up.

"Now!" she said. "I'll set fire to it."

"No!" said Murchison involuntarily.

"Oh, let her, let her!" cried Gretel.

Mrs. Loomis struck a match and dropped the veil into the wash-basin. She drew back as a flame leaped up, and a revolting stench. Gretel leaned against the doorway as if she had no strength left.

"There!" said Mrs. Loomis. "It's all burned away to nothing." She turned on the tap. "You've seen the end of it, Mr. Murchison. Now, if Gretel will admit—"

"Never!" said Gretel.

"You two ladies must separate at once!" said Murchison. "This is—"

To page 33.

She's found the **NEW** trouble-free Home Perm!



13/9

**JUST WET
YOUR HAIR WITH**



AND CURL IT UP

*No neutralizer needed
Hair perms as it dries naturally
on the curlers*

Prom perms perfectly in one easy operation

HERE'S WHAT'S NEW. No neutralizer is needed to fix the lovely, deep waves Prom gives. You just curl up your hair with Prom, leave it on for thirty minutes, then rinse away with warm water. Your perm

"takes" as your hair dries naturally on the curlers. It's as simple as that. You cannot over nor under-perm. You will find firm, strong curls that you can set easily into gloriously natural, lasting waves.

USE WITH ANY HOME-PERM CURLERS

Prom was an instant and sensational success in America and England

Prom is a Gillette product

Walter was always
writing letters, but
this one could really
be the one to change
his whole life.

By EDGAR
HARCOURT

ILLUSTRATED BY PIERMONT



As Walter bowed to Marjorie an amused voice said, "Make it two Vienna Schnitzels and be as long as you like."

BILLET-DOUX

MR. WALTER WHITWORTH was writing a love-letter. He was writing it with some difficulty for a variety of reasons.

To begin with, the time was about three in the afternoon and the place was his office. And his office was not a particularly private one, its walls being of glass above their dadoes.

Every time Walter raised his head in search of inspiration, he seemed to catch the roguish eye of one or other of the stenographers.

As secretary to J. L. Parsons, general manager of K. R. Trentham and Company, Walter had originated thousands of letters in his time. But this one was different.

Whereas, on behalf of Mr. Parsons, Walter was accustomed to slipping easily into any one of a wide repertoire of epistolary attitudes, ranging from icy outrage to dignified suppleness, he was one for whom the expression of his own intimate feelings went against the grain.

The written word committed you so. And what was a love-letter but the commission of your entire self?

And this letter was particularly final. It was not just a love-letter, it was a proposal of marriage. It represented an irrevocable step before which Walter had balked twice before.

Not Marjorie, certainly, but with Gwen, to whom he had been privately engaged for six months, and before that with Alice, who had been his quite official fiancée for a year.

Because he had balked he had lost them. Each loss had distressed him at the time, for his feelings had been genuine enough. He just had an inherent inability to carry things through.

In the case of Marjorie, however, Walter was being impelled by one of the oldest and most potent of incentives. He was jealous.

He had noticed for some time, and with growing alarm, a competitor in the field of Marjorie's attention, and one who could not be dismissed lightly.

Ralph Hogan was taller, darker, and more handsome than Walter. It was doubtful whether he was any better off financially, for, unlike Walter, Ralph showed a tendency to rush in where others feared to tread, so that he either soared or crashed.

In either case, however, he was spectacular, which might, feared

Walter, appeal to a spirited girl like Marjorie.

The need for action on his part had become more and more inescapable until, at lunch on this day, its urgency had become immediate.

Walter usually lunched with Marjorie. It was not a standing arrangement, but since he had discovered that she frequented Bruno's so had Walter, joining her whenever possible. To-day his eager eyes had located her alone at a table for two.

Carefully composing his greeting, he weaved his way through the intervening tables towards her.

"Can I take your order, Madam?" he began facetiously. "Certainly," replied an amused baritone. "Make it two Vienna Schnitzels, and take as long as you like!" And there, standing beyond Marjorie, was Ralph Hogan.

The perfect triangle—he and Ralph facing each other across the table, and Marjorie looking up from one to the other with her eyes shining, as those of any girl in her situation would be.

"Sit down, gentlemen," she said, and laughed gaily when they did so in perfect unison.

It had been the most agonising luncheon party that Walter had known. Marjorie bestowed her favors indiscriminately—too indiscriminately for Walter's liking.

He begrudged every glance, smile, and remark that went Ralph's way. And Ralph had a brand of repartee that was very hard to keep up with. Walter ransacked his memory for his best and longest story.

"Have you heard the one about the two demobilised Diggers?" he asked. "Well it appears that—" and off he went.

But he hadn't gone far before he saw that look on Ralph's face which seems to say "I've heard this one, but much better told, of course."

Walter's mental processes seemed to ice up. Ralph had to complete the story for him. Why could he never finish what he had started?

And then, as a final blow, Ralph, after his first lunch with Marjorie at Bruno's, had done what Walter had failed to do in months—he had asked Marjorie to lunch there with him regularly.

Marjorie had laughed, a little uncomfortably this time, glancing at Walter. "Well, a lot of my friends come here—if you don't mind numbers, sometimes."

Ralph had chuckled, confidently. "Then that's settled. Let's see, you go west, don't you, Walter? I'll go east with you, Marjorie. There's a snappy window I want to show you at Ramon's."

Walter had stalked westward, fuming—at himself mostly. He had an old familiar feeling of things slipping through his fingers.

But, he resolved, glaring unseeingly at the people he passed, this time he would put a stop to it, whatever the cost. He had a date with Marjorie in the week-end, but too much could happen before then. He would write to her now, this very afternoon.

Ralph Hogan might be able to out-talk him, but letter-writing was his home-ground. So had thought Walter as he resumed his office chair, but at three o'clock he was still struggling.

He had completed one effort, but, on reading it through, he recognised it as merely an example of the Attitude to the Good and Faithful Customer Who Must Nevertheless be Contracted for Perpetuity. It lacked that intimacy, that lyricism, that—Walter tore it up.

TRYING hard to detach himself from the office, the glass partition walls, and the stenographers beyond them, he embarked upon a fresh sheet of paper.

"My dearest Marjorie"—or was that possessive, too presumptuous? Whose else would she be? Ralph's? Of course, so he left it, and for two paragraphs really let himself go.

Phew! he thought reading them through. Perhaps now a more practical tone—but whimsical. "Maybe I should present my credentials. I'm crazy about you, but I'm sound in body and finance, if unspectacular. At the moment I have high hopes of being elevated—"

Walter looked up. J. L. Parsons was approaching the door.

Walter hastily buried his letter under a blotter. He was immersed in a file as Parsons entered, carefully closing the door behind him.

"Afternoon, Whitworth," he remarked casually, but there was obviously something on his mind. He edged himself on to the spare table.

"I feel that I should let you know that Rogers has been appointed K.R.T.'s secretary," he said.

Walter's embarrassment about his

letter dissolved in a cold wave of disappointment. The secretaryship to the head of the firm would have lifted him to parity with Parsons himself.

"As far as competence went," Parsons was saying, "you held your own, of course. But, all other things being equal, the question of qualifications—academic qualifications—tends to swing the balance. That's what happened." He paused.

"If you had completed the Institute examinations—" Walter smiled wryly. There it was again, the old story—"if he had completed—"

For a few minutes after Parsons' departure he wallowed in despair. Then he pulled himself together. Well, he would not be caught again, that's all.

He disinterred his letter. Reading it in newly cooled blood, he winced at parts of it, but, setting his jaw, he grasped his pen.

Through "At the moment I have high hopes of being elevated" he ran a slow, strong line, and substituted "Maybe I will never be managing director, but I can promise always a sufficiency of material things. And as for those less tangible but more important things—"

At five o'clock his draft was complete—black with alterations and ballooned with insertions, but complete. The staff had begun to file out. "Good-night, Mr. Whitworth," "Night, Mr. Whitworth."

Walter nodded and smiled absently, until his personal stenographer passed his door. "Oh, Miss Grant!" he called.

Miss Grant halted, her lips tightly closed but her eyes saying, with the utmost clarity, "I've a date with the boy friend, and if you keep me back I'll—"

"It's all right," added Walter, hastily, "I just want a typewriter. There's no need for you to stay."

Walter was quite a typist himself, but he was out of practice, and over-anxious. He made two mistakes in the first paragraph and decided to start again. Then he misread his own scribble and omitted one of his purplish passages.

It was six o'clock before the letter was hurriedly tucked in its envelope and consigned to fate and the P.M.G.

That night was a sleepless one for Walter, and the next day filled with agonising suspense. She should receive it in the morning mail. What would she do?

Throughout the morning the telephone bell kept his nerves a quiver. But not a word came.

The thought of another lunch at Bruno's with Ralph present was unbearable. And when at last he could not resist going there, neither Marjorie nor Ralph appeared. Walter didn't know what to think. He ate a few sticks of toast and then hurried back to the office.

The afternoon advanced by aeons. Still no sign. Walter went haggardly home to another sleepless night. And then, in the morning, the blow fell. The paper carried Marjorie's engagement notice—to Ralph Hogan.

"Is there anything the matter, Mr. Whitworth?" asked Miss Grant.

Walter looked at her blankly. "What? No—no, nothing at all," he said, dropping the morning newspapers—the first hadn't convinced him—into the waste-paper basket.

He sank into his chair and ran his fingers through his hair. What could have happened? Marjorie wouldn't have done this without telling him—especially after his letter. Could it have gone astray? Could she have moved? He pulled one of the papers out of the basket and re-read the notice. No, he had sent it to that address. Of course, he could ring her. But what could he say?

Would Ralph know anything? He supposed he should do the right thing, anyway, and—sally to the wound—congratulate him. Walter put through the call and waited gloomily.

Ralph's elated "Hullo?" caused a sharp pang of jealousy, but Walter gulped and managed to murmur the conventional phrases.

"Thanks very much, old boy!" rattled the receiver, heartily. "Were you surprised?"

"Well, I was rather," said Walter, in valiant understatement.

"Frankly," confessed Ralph, "so was I. Listen, I must tell someone the story. But for Pete's sake don't let on to Marjorie—I'll tell her in due course."

"No—of course," said Walter humbly.

"Somebody proposed for me!" Ralph sounded as though he would burst. "They did it by letter and Marjorie thought it was me. She phoned me up and said 'Yes!'"

Walter's brain was in a ferment. "But why should she think it was you?"

"Because," roared Ralph, "the dope who wrote it didn't finish it off—he forgot to sign his name!"

(Copyright)

Shock Treatment

WHEN Molly asked, "Do you know what to-day is?" Joe's eyes left his paper to look at her across the breakfast table.

A ray of sunlight gleamed through the yellow curtains, heightening her scrubbed freshness. Molly and early morning sunshine went together.

"Tuesday, isn't it?" He cast a verifying glance at the paper, caught the date, and his lips pursed to a "Whew! April tenth! Now, how could I have forgotten?"

"They say men do," Molly's smile was the serene, affectionate one she'd schooled herself to, but her wide-spaced eyes held a further question, an unspoken one.

"Even first wedding anniversaries make the funny page," she said. "I just wanted to be sure you'd be home for dinner."

"Wouldn't you rather go out to celebrate?"

Molly shook her head. "No. I'd rather celebrate here."

Joe nodded his approval. "Suits me. It's going to be a busy day." His eyes dropped again to his paper, scanning the headlines as he talked.

"They telephoned yesterday from the sanitarium to say they had some interesting cultures they wanted me to see. I'm going to skip the lab, and go right out there. I'll probably be there all day. Don't tell anyone where I am, darling, unless it's an emergency. I don't want to be disturbed. I doubt if I'll be back before seven."

Without answering, Molly poured a second cup of coffee. The momentary silence made Joe look up again.

He gave her his wide, quick smile and said, "I'm a lucky dog, all right. Smart one, too. Got a wife who doesn't banker after the hot spots."

Before Molly could say anything, the hall clock struck the half hour. There was the usual last gulp of coffee, the hurried dive for his hat, the absentminded kiss, and the slam of the door.

For a minute after Joe left, Molly stood with her back against the front door, looking through into the bright living-room. Her eyes wandered from the gate-leg table to the Sheraton chair, both wedding presents. She'd built the room around them, with its gay, old-fashioned wallpaper and chintz to match.

She'd always wanted a green and yellow room. Now she had it, and everyone admired the job she'd done. Not bad, for a girl with scientific leanings, she thought, but her mind rejected the feeble efforts to be funny.

A whole year, her mind told her heart. As though her heart didn't know! A year of waiting and longing. A year of picking up the crumbs and hoping.

She had a crazy impulse to run out and catch Joe and cry, "Oh, yes, I do hanker after the hot spots! I want you to dance and be gay!"

Only, if she once let herself go, she might not stop. She might say, "I want to wear my new dress and have you look at me the proud, adoring way you used to look at Phyllis when you danced with her. I want people to say, 'Isn't he mad about her?' I want—"

But there was no use wanting. No matter how many places they went, people wouldn't say, "Isn't he mad about her?"

They'd notice them, all right, because everyone always noticed Joe, with his chest-

nut hair, his alert brown eyes under bushy eyebrows, and his quick smile. Little and insignificant Molly could easily escape notice.

But nobody ever overlooked Joe. "There's that young Dr. Langley," they'd say. "You know, the one who's doing such brilliant research in T.B. His wife works with him, I've heard. She's attractive, but—"

Molly came out of her trance, and suppressed any wild idea about chasing after Joe. At least, she'd been spared making that particular kind of a fool of herself.

The awful thing was that someday it might burst out. "Think of your blessings," Molly told herself sternly, and proceeded to think of them.

She was married to the man she loved. The man she'd always loved. There'd never been anyone else, really, in spite of sundry dates, those summers at the shore. Until Phyllis came—Molly snapped that thought off short. She was thinking of blessings.

A bang at the kitchen door made Molly discard the blessings and hurry through the tiny kitchenette. Fred, the caretaker, reproachfully pointed to the garbage can as she opened the door. "You forgot to take it down again!"

"Oh, Fred, I'm sorry! I don't know how—" Molly stopped. Yes, she did know how it had happened. Joe had come in late last night.

"I won't do it again," she promised, then changed to safer topics. "How's the baby? When's Nell coming home?"

"To-morrow, thank heavens. The kid had a touch of croup last night. Nothing bad, you know, but I was scared."

"Why didn't you call me?" It was Molly's turn to have a stern eye. "You know I told you—"

"Yes, I know. You'd have come, too. You're different from the general run of women in these flats. But she came right out of it as soon as I got the steam kettle going. Nell called up this morning. I didn't tell her about the croup. No sense worrying her."

His homely face broke into a grin; then he went down the hall, with a warning, "Don't go forgetting again, now!"

Molly's face was smoothed out and smiling when she turned back to the kitchen. The thought of Fred and Nell and the baby was a good tonic for the blues. No psychological brooding, no tying up in knots, there.

Fred and Nell had a dark little apartment on the first floor, but it held a bright radiance that all her sunshine and chintz failed to achieve.

They were so terribly in love, those two. Both of them—nothing one-sided. Molly tried to shake that thought away, while she made the beds.

Well, she'd had no illusions about her marriage. The smile was no longer on Molly's lips as she pulled the sheets from the bed. She'd known marrying Joe was a gamble, after he told her about Phyllis breaking their secret engagement.

She realised how deep it had gone with him. And how completely unrealistic he was about Phyllis' real motives.

Did Joe really think that Sam Cutler's money had had nothing to do with Phyllis' decision? Molly knew she'd never know the answer to that question.

Joe would never discuss Phyllis with her.

He'd told her about Phyllis' engagement to him because he assumed she didn't know of it, and he wanted to be perfectly honest with her. That was Joe's way of doing things.

Surely no one had ever had a funnier proposal than hers, Molly thought. Remembering it, she gave the pillows a thump and tried to laugh.

Joe and she had been working late at the lab. They'd gone for a bite to eat in a noisy cafeteria. That had been the romantic setting of his proposal.

"Look," Joe had said, "why don't we get married? I've always been fond of you, Molly. We like the same things—we have the same work and the same interests. I bet we could make a go of it."

Then, seeing her astonished expression, he'd blushed and said, "You're wondering about Phyllis. I was mad about her, all right. It'll never be that way again with me. It's only fair to tell you that. Also I must tell you something else you don't know. I was engaged to Phyllis for nearly a year."

Joe paused, his eyes staring past Molly. She took a sip of water. Oh, yes, she'd known about the engagement all right. Phyllis had taken good care of that.

"It happened just before I left for New Guinea. She wanted it kept secret. Just as well, as it turned out. While I was away, she came to realise that she didn't care for me the way I cared for her. She was so fine about it. She knew the kindest thing was to break it off before I came back."

"Joe," Molly'd asked, because she'd had to, "have you seen her since—since—"

Joe helped her out. "Since I came back? No, I've never seen her since the night we got engaged. I left the next day. It hit me pretty hard when I got home from the war and heard she was married. But I've come to see it was a good thing. It put an end to hopeless dreams. From all I hear, Sam Cutler's a fine fellow."

Then, they'd just sat there, not saying anything for a few minutes. But Molly had never forgotten the look on Joe's face—a lost look. Suddenly, there'd been a softening of the pain to sympathy.

He'd leaned over the table and added, "There's something else I know, Molly, that you don't know I know. But for that, I wouldn't have thought of asking you to marry me. Phyllis told me about your engagement to Don. When I heard of the crash of Don's plane, I wanted so much to write to you. But Phyllis had sworn me to secrecy. So, there it is. We've both known the real thing, and I've a hunch you're like me. People like us don't care that way more than once. But why should we be lonely all our lives?"

Molly had never ceased to marvel at the uncanny instinct that had kept her from blazing out that Phyllis had lied. That she and Don had never been engaged. That Phyllis had made it up to make sure that Joe would have no lingering thoughts about Molly. Because, before Phyllis had come on the scene, Joe had liked Molly.

Molly had never been able to decide whether it had been a good or a bad fairy who'd stopped the words on her lips. If they'd been said, she could never have married Joe.

It would have been too humiliating to have him know that she was ready to take him at any price; to have him think that she, too, had loved and lost was a face-saver.

Well, she'd married him, and Joe had been happy in a tempered way. Late, it hadn't been so tempered. But he was still carrying a torch for Phyllis.

It was characteristic of Joe's romantic, idealistic streak that he should cling to patterns. It was a sentimental removal of his

scientific life from his emotional one.

His mind held the pattern of his one romance in a firm grip, and, equally firmly, the pattern of his workable marriage with Molly.

Time was on her side, Molly thought, if she could be patient. Joe was wary of sentimental upheavals. It was her job to see that they didn't occur. Thank heaven, Phyllis and Sam lived in another State, a good distance from them. There was still hope that Phyllis' image would fade, if he never saw her.

Molly's mind was taking a more cheerful slant when the doorbell rang—the front door, this time. She crossed the living-room with quick, impatient steps.

At this rate, she'd never have a chance to get the housework done, so she could look up those references Joe wanted. She opened the door, then stood, staring.

No, it couldn't be Phyllis! Thoughts couldn't materialise this way. Some strange alchemy was making this girl, whoever she was, look like Phyllis.

Only, the voice was no hallucination. It was Phyllis' voice, throaty, amused, and, as in the past, faintly patronising.

"Darling! Don't look as though you were seeing spooks! I can't have changed as much as all that." She threw out both hands with one of her dramatic gestures. "It's been such ages."

"You haven't changed at all," Molly heard herself say, as her cheek rested for a brief moment against Phyllis'.

And Phyllis hadn't changed. Phyllis was as tall and dark and beautiful as ever—and as predatory. Her thoughts were reflected in her grey-blue eyes, so unexpectedly light under her long, dark lashes.

"Where's Joe?" they were asking, and instinctively, fiercely, Molly was answering in her heart, "I won't tell you! You can't see him!"

What came out was, of course, quite different. "Where did you drop from?" Molly said, leading the way to the living-room. "No wonder I looked as though I were seeing spooks. I've never even heard from you since you were married."

"I'm such a wretch about writing," Phyllis sat down in the Sheraton chair, and let her silver fox cape slide off her shoulders. "My dear, what a charming room! So exactly like you—gay and fresh and naive. You haven't changed a particle, Molly. Same big, innocent eyes and that adorable curly hair. How I always did envy you that hair! How's Joe?"

"Fine." Molly's voice managed to sound friendly. "But tell me about yourself, Phyllis. How long are you here for? Is Sam with you?"

"He is, worse luck." Phyllis sighed and adjusted a large pearl earring. "My dear, if you knew what it was to be tied to big business. Sam likes me to go with him on his trips. This time, when he said we were flying to San Francisco, I was thrilled."

"Of course, I thought I could make him stop in Sydney for a decent length of time. But one day is the most I can pry out of him. We're taking the midnight plane, so you and Joe must have dinner with us at the hotel."

"Oh, dear, what a shame!" Molly found lies crowding into her usually truthful mind so fast she could hardly sort them out. "Of all times! Joe is off after cultures at some sanitarium, goodness knows where. And we have a dinner engagement. Joe said he'd just be back in time to dress for it. He'll be so disappointed. But can't you persuade Sam—"

"You don't know Sam! He's the most generous darling in the world, but when it comes to business he's adamant. You'll just have to put off your dinner, Molly. I do so want to have you meet Sam."

It was easy enough to see what Phyllis was up to. Phyllis revelled in emotional

To page 10

It was an unexpected drama but now Molly knew that the image of this other woman her husband had carried in his heart for so long was finally destroyed

ILLUSTRATED BY DUNLOP

Now that the baby was breathing normally Molly could turn towards the door and listen to what Phyllis was saying to Joe.

Before you buy any hardboard
check these money-saving features!



TIMBROCK

"natural wood made better"



Q: WHAT IS TIMBROCK?

A: Timbrock is natural wood made better. It is stronger, splinterless, grainless, more flexible, and most important—white ants won't attack it.

TIMBROCK is 6" wider than other hardboards—4'6"

Council regulations and building practice call for studs at 18" centres and the 4'6" width of the Timbrock board gives you the equivalent of three standard 18" panels. Also, two TIMBROCK 4'6" boards placed horizontally give the standard 9' ceiling height. These "pre-tailored"

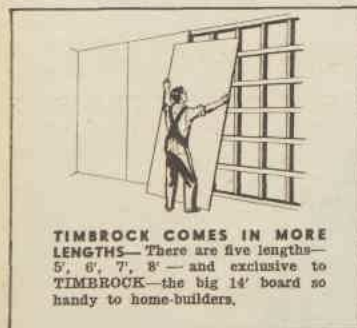
sheets go up as fast as you can nail them. No effort, no waste, so Timbrock saves you time and money.

TIMBROCK does it better

Walls, cupboards, built-in furniture, bookshelves, home interiors, flush doors, display cases, counter and office fittings—all can be built better and at low-cost with time-saving TIMBROCK.

TWO TYPES OF TIMBROCK

STANDARD TIMBROCK for interior use.
TEMPERED TIMBROCK for exterior walls and bathrooms.
Both types in 3/16" thickness.



TIMBROCK COMES IN MORE LENGTHS. There are five lengths—5', 6', 7', 8'—and exclusive to TIMBROCK—the big 14' board so handy to home-builders.



TIMBROCK IS EASIER TO WORK—Timbrock is easy to nail. It is flexible, can be bent around corners. It can be sawed or planed. This board is lighter in colour than other boards. Its attractive natural colour needs one coat less of paint.

Sold by all Hardware and Timber Merchants



TIMBROCK

A Product of THE COLONIAL SUGAR REFINING CO. LTD.
Building Materials Division

SYDNEY, MELBOURNE, BRISBANE, TOWNSVILLE, ADELAIDE, PERTH

Continuing . . .

debauches. The novelty of her marriage had worn off, and she was about ready for one. Not anything that would disturb the generous Sam, of course; just a subtle interlude with an old flame.

Molly resolved that Joe wasn't going to be the party of the second part to any such interlude. Joe wasn't going to know that Phyllis had been within a thousand miles of Sydney.

"We can't give up this dinner, Phyllis," Molly said. "It's one of those long-standing affairs we simply can't get out of. But couldn't you and Sam have lunch with me?"

"Sam is taking some men for lunch at the hotel, and he wants me there." The amused note in Phyllis's voice was giving way to impatient determination. "Where did you say this sanitarium is—that Joe's gone to?"

"I didn't say," Molly laughed. "I stupidly forgot to ask which one he was going to. But, Phyllis, you'll be here again soon, won't you?" She smiled at Phyllis and leaned forward to straighten a vase on the table.

"Next time let me know ahead. Now, do tell me something of your life. I've heard about the house Sam inherited from his mother. It must be magnificent."

"It's too magnificent," Phyllis sighed. "You're so lucky, darling, not to have to cope with anything like that. Just this cosy little place and you and Joe working along the same fascinating scientific lines—it does make me envious."

Phyllis's expression, however, was more patronising than envious. Her eyes rested for a moment on Joe's photograph on the desk. She caught Molly watching her and laughed.

"Oh, yes, I was in love with Joe. No use pretending I wasn't, when you were the one person I told of our engagement. But there's one thing I want you to know, darling. I was truly happy to hear of your marriage. I—oh, really, this is absurd, not being able to see Joe now that I'm here!"

She abandoned sentiment in her irritation. "Wouldn't they know at the laboratory where he is? I'm sure if he knew Sam and I were here, he'd manage to get home in time to have a drink with us, anyway, before this tiresome dinner."

"I'll try to find out," Molly promised deceitfully. "If I can get him I'll ring you at the hotel."

"Why not try now?" "Why not?" Molly went out to the hall, her eyes far from innocent, as she dialled a number with one finger firmly held on the cradle. "This is Mrs. Langley," she explained sweetly to the dead receiver. "Do you know where the doctor is to-day?" Then, after a moment: "He didn't? Well, he left in a hurry. He'll probably telephone. Will you let me know when he does? Thanks." Hastily she put the receiver back as she saw Phyllis coming towards her.

Molly met her at the door. "If I hear from him I'll let you know. But you don't have to go yet, Phyllis?"

Phyllis did have to go—and in a distinctly bad humor. After Molly had closed the door behind her, she faced her beloved living-room.

"I don't care if I did lie!" she said defiantly. "She's not going to see Joe."

But, of course, she did care. She'd care very much if Joe found out that Phyllis had been there and how Molly had lied to her.

For her to let Joe see Phyllis now would be plain suicide. Phyllis was more alluring than ever.

A woman could sense that there was a subtle difference in her. She'd grown bland and

Shock Treatment

[from page 9]

self-satisfied, secure as she was now in the knowledge of the power of Sam's money.

She'd always made capital of her nearsightedness by carrying her head at a tilt and slanting her big eyes from under her long lashes. Now, she exaggerated it.

Her full, pouting mouth was now even more sensuous and petulant. But the old insidious charm was still there, and that would be what Joe would see and feel.

The generous Sam had spoiled her, all right. But unlimited money had also spoiled her taste. Her clothes were ultra-fashionable, too extreme to be really becoming. But an infatuated man would not notice that, and Phyllis in a low-cut dinner dress—

"Stop that!" Molly found comfort in scolding herself. Why was she wasting time worrying about Phyllis in a dinner dress? Joe wasn't going to see her in a dinner dress.

The thing to do now was to concentrate on the anniversary dinner. It took ages to prepare Joe's favorite dish, a blanquette de veau made from a recipe her mother had brought back from France years ago. She must hurry down and get the right cut of veal, find some mushrooms—

By six Molly had everything ready. Joe might be early—he just might be in a rush to get home to her to-night.

MOLLY had on the dress he liked and was arranging the Talisman roses that had come from him early in the afternoon.

The roses had brought such a burst of happiness that she'd almost forgotten Phyllis. Joe had never sent her flowers before.

With one ear cocked for the doorbell, she gave the room a last critical survey.

The silver gleamed, the glass sparkled, the best lace tablecloth made just the right background for the gold-edged china. A tantalising aroma wafted in from the kitchen.

It was in that moment that she had a sudden, awful intuition. It entered her mind and took hold with a persistence that could not be shaken.

Why had she so complacently taken it for granted that Phyllis believed all her lies? Had she ever known Phyllis to give up something she'd set her heart on?

Phyllis might have believed the fib about going out to dinner, but it would be just like her to drop in before they left.

"You're crazy," Molly argued with herself. Phyllis wouldn't drag Sam into an awkward situation like that.

"Yes, she would!" the intuition insisted. "She isn't going to leave town without seeing Joe. She knows he'll be here between six and seven—"

Molly ran to the kitchen. There was just one thing to do: get out of here the minute Joe came home. She'd get him away and keep him away until Phyllis was safely aboard the plane.

Hardly knowing what she did, Molly dumped the precious blanquette de veau in a bowl and put it in the refrigerator. The hors d'oeuvres she'd prepared with such loving care followed it. The consommé, not yet out of the tin, was being hustled back on the shelf when she heard the bell.

Her relief when she burst open the door and saw Joe was so great that she felt dizzy.

"Oh, Joe! I'm such a fool!" She ran to meet him. "We've got to go out for dinner after all. I was going to have sweet-breads, and when I parboiled them I didn't put enough water in and they burned—" Her

arm was tucked in his as she stammered out more lies.

His chuckle ended in a whistle of surprise as he came to the door. "But, darling! How nice everything looks! Can't we pick up a snack—"

"No, no. We've got to go out. Right away, Joe."

"But why not have a drink at home? Then—"

"Please, Joe." Tears were coming closer and closer to the surface. "I want to forget the mess I made—"

"Say, where did I get this temperamental wife?" Joe said, laughing. "Can I have five minutes to wash my hands?"

He shut the door behind them, stooped to kiss her, and was just starting for the bedroom when the buzz came at the door.

Joe turned to answer it. Molly heard him open the door, caught his sharp intake of breath, caught Phyllis's throaty, "Joe, I can't believe it—"

Molly could only stand and stare at Phyllis in the doorway, holding both hands out to Joe. Joe slowly took Phyllis's hands in his, with a wonderous, bemused look on his face that Molly had never seen before.

Then Phyllis's laugh broke the spell. She was introducing Sam, calling a mocking "Hi" to Molly as she swept past Joe into the room.

"Isn't it priceless, finding you? Sam said I ought to telephone, but it just had to be a surprise."

Molly went through the motions of being kissed by Phyllis; then she turned to welcome Sam. With disarmed detachment she found herself liking him, noting that he was on the heavy side, big, blond, and florid.

He obviously adored Phyllis, waiting with an indulgent smile for her effusiveness to spend itself. One other thing was obvious from his untroubled calm. He didn't know about Phyllis and Joe.

"Oh, no, we can't possibly," Molly heard Phyllis say to Joe. "Sam's horrified as it is about our bawling in this way. You—"

"He glanced took in the dinette. 'Oh, you're expecting company!'"

"We're expecting you," Joe's voice was low but excited, rough with emotion. "Of course we were expecting you! Molly's psychic. She must have sensed you were coming. But we're not having dinner here. We'll have a drink and then go out—"

He gave an amusing account of the disaster that had overtaken the anniversary dinner. "Just a minute and I'll have the drinks—"

He was on his way to the kitchen, and Molly was powerless to stop him. She couldn't think of a thing to say; she could only stand and wait with a set smile on her face.

"How could Molly know we were coming?" Phyllis's rippling laugh nearly sent Sam Molly's self-control, but an instinct more profound than anger sounded a warning.

She mustn't seem jealous. Phyllis had outsmarted her. She hadn't told Sam about her morning visit and she was daring Molly to give it away.

"But of course you must celebrate our anniversary with us!" Molly seconded Joe's invitation. "At least I didn't spoil the hors d'oeuvres. We'll have a drink, then go—"

Color drained from her face as Joe's surprised exclamation cut her off.

"Molly! What's in this bowl? It smells like—"

"It's just some old real stew." Pride brought Molly's wits back to her. "You didn't think I'd give you that for an anniversary dinner? Now, Joe, you leave the kitchen work to me. Come and take Phyllis's coat."

"Stop sputtering, Sammy!" Phyllis broke into her husband's

To page 53

THE
NEW

Exciting KRIESLER "3-in-One" RADIOGRAM

IT'S
MICRO-
GROOVE

IT'S
3
SPEED!

IT'S TRIPLE
THROAT!

IT'S ONLY
48 GNS.
MICROGROOVE

* All Kriesler prices slightly higher in
W.A. and N.H. Queensland.



POPULARITY Plus!

Make your home the centre of popularity . . . for friendly gatherings, for parties, for happy times at home for the whole family! Just see this brilliant new "3-in-One," with its gleaming "Magi-gold" dial, and sleek sealed wood-grained plastic cabinet—a fine furnishing piece to suit all home settings!

Then hear the Triple-Throat Tone perfection from new microgroove records, from your favourite standard records, or from radiol

Compare it, feature for feature, against any other make. You'll agree this exciting new "3-in-One" is the best set at any price. Yet it costs far less. Buy it, and enjoy for years the fun, the popularity, the extra entertainment of a new Kriesler "3-in-One".

Available now for cash or easy terms—all leading retailers.



FOR MEN ONLY

Check these Kriesler "3-in-One" technical features:—

* 3-speed Record Player (78, 45, 33 $\frac{1}{3}$) * Plays all record sizes—12", 10", 7" * Crystal Pickup, with twin silent sapphire points—standard and micro-groove * Triple Throat * Sealed * Phantom-valve Circuit * Sound Vibration Bridge * Variable Tone Control * Moulded Acoustic Cabinet, built like a musical instrument.

Ask your nearest Kriesler retailer to demonstrate the full Kriesler range, including the models illustrated at right. Each, in its class, is the best set at any price!



Kriesler "Duplex"

For Battery or Battery/Electric Operation. Priced from 23 $\frac{1}{2}$ gns. *



Triple Throat Mantel

Broadcast or World Range; well-out or pastel colours . . . from 19 gns. *



Triple Throat Table Model (World Range)

A.C., Vibrator or Dry Battery types priced from 31 gns. *

Twinprufe says
this is the year
for hand-knitteds

We've a whole wonderful new world
of hand-knit fashions in store for you—
new designs, exclusive Coronation
Colours, new accessory ideas. Truly high-
fashion at low cost—in Australia's own
Twinprufe Knitting Wool—guaranteed
mothproof and shrinkproof.

**KNOT OUR VERSION OF THE
CUFFED JUMPER:**

Latest news in Paris—adapted for Aus-
tralia! And exclusive buttons to match.
by Beaulieu. Send 3d. in stamps and
stamped addressed envelope to F. W.
Hughes Industries Ltd., Knitting De-
sign Dept., W.D. 30 Grosvenor St., Syd-
ney, for Knitting Instructions.

Twinprufe



MOTHPROOF, SHRINKPROOF

Double Guarantee:
Guaranteed permanently Mothproof and also
guaranteed Shrinkproof if washed as wool. Spun
in Australia by F. W. Hughes Industries Ltd.
Distributed by Paterson Laine and Bruce.

When the Recipe says "MILK"
use **TRUFOOD**

As delicious a dish as a man could wish!

You can taste the richer flavour when you cook the
Trufood way. And it's so easy! Just add Trufood
in powder form to the dry ingredients—makes
mixing easier, makes lighter cakes and pastries. A
12-oz. tin of Trufood is the equivalent of 4 pints of
fresh milk with all its cream intact.



**FRUIT
AND NUT
TEA CAKE**

Ingredients: 3-ozs. shortening, 3-ozs. sugar,
1 egg, 8-ozs. self-raising flour, 1 teaspoon salt,
2 level tablespoons Trufood, 2 cup water, 1 cup
dried fruit (e.g. raisins or chopped dates),
1 cup chopped nuts.

METHOD:

Cream shortening and sugar, then beat in the
egg. Sift flour, Trufood and salt, and add alter-
nately with water. Mix in fruit and nuts. Place
in a greased 8" layer pan and bake in a moderate
oven (375°F.), 30-35 minutes.
Turn onto cake cooler and glaze while still hot.
Serve freshly made.
Glaze: Boil 1 dessertspoon sugar and 1 dessert-
spoon water in a small saucepan for 1 minute.



TF 96 WVE2g

MOREE HONORS ALF JONES



BRONZE DOORS of the Booloroo-Boomi Shire Council Chambers, Moree, await unveiling, while Mr. Jones (top of steps, left) and onlookers stand by. Sculpted by Lyndon Dadswell, the left door shows Mr. Jones' record of public life, the right depicts scenes in his home life, from marriage to farming.



GRANDDAUGHTER SUE is shown the doors by her grandfather, Alf Jones, after the unveiling. Pictures were taken by staff photographer Henry Tregilgat.

Life of widely-loved settler symbolises growth of pastoral district

Everyone in the north-western N.S.W. town of Moree knows Alf Jones.

Alf Jones is Moree — and his 79 years of life in the district symbolise the town's growth from a pioneering settlement to a place of stability and wealth.

BECAUSE they like him and respect him for his work on behalf of the district, the Moree people formed "The Alf Jones Commemoration Committee," raised £1800, and commissioned sculptor Lyndon Dadswell to depict upon bronze doors a memorial to this still-living pioneer.

On April 28 last, Mr. Alf Jones, a grazier, and his wife drove in from their property, "Mungie Bundie" (pronounced Muckabundey and meaning "the place of jumping lizards") to the Booloroo-Boomi Shire Council Chambers, where the new doors were hidden behind Australian flags.

In the street 200 local people were assembled, and by the doors were members of the Jones family and relatives. Close by stood representatives of the Church, the land, and Parliament.

Mr. Robert Cummins, deputy-chairman of the committee, made a speech, the flags dropped, and Alf Jones stepped forward to unlock the doors.

The man whose life story is depicted upon the doors is well over six feet. He walks with the bow-legged gait of an expert horseman, though these days he drives a modern car into town and angle-parks it neatly into the gutter. Though his grey hair is thinning, his eyes are a keen blue behind glasses, and he misses nothing. When he shakes hands, his grip is so firm that it is painful.

When in Moree he always wears a dark suit, including waistcoat and tie. Across the waistcoat is stretched a linked gold chain, made from a nugget brought by his brother from Coolgardie in the West fifty years ago. On this chain hang two watches and his stock brand, "AJ bar." The J is inverted.

On the land his wife, three daughters, and five sons cannot remember seeing Alf Jones without a starched collar, long-sleeved starched cuffed shirt, and gold cuff links.

"That's what I've worn for 50 years," said Mr. Jones. "I don't wear a tie, though, out of town. Sometimes in the hot summers here in Moree I've changed

the collars five times in one day. But I'm never without one. And why?"

"Because I believe in looking tidy, and because I think the man in charge should dress different from the men who work for him."

"I've worked hard, too, in my collar and long-sleeved shirts. I've shorn and crutched sheep and marked calves."

Of their father, his sons said: "See him without the shirt and his hands are brown to the wrists. Above that the skin is lily-white."

There's not much about Moree that Alf Jones doesn't remember. Born in Ulladulla, on the South Coast of N.S.W., in December, 1873, he was only three months old when his parents started on the trek north.

"I can remember my people telling me that the journey took three months," Mr. Jones told me. "They had a waggonette drawn by two jockeys. Not many people these days know what a jockey is."



LEANING ON THE GATE, Alf Jones looks the typical country man.

It's a stubborn horse which refuses to get moving. Sometimes my dad had to light a small fire under the jockeys to start them off. Well, we got here all right, though, of course, I don't remember that.

"And when a boy I went to school in Pallamallawa and Biniguy. I can remember racing my horse against the other boys down Balo Street—that's the main street here. Nothing but dust it was then, of course. Now there's hardly room to park the car."

"And when I look back, I can think of the '88 drought. No one knew about artesian bores then, or would have believed that the water lay deep under the ground. At Tarcalaroi there was the only watering place. I can recall the thirsty cattle rushing the banks of the river, the strong ones sliding down, the weakened ones somersaulting as many as 18 times into the water. The whole river was choked with dead cattle and wallabies. It was a frightful time."

"No one knew anything about growing green vegetables in those days. They thought it couldn't be done. We got our greens by stewing up stinging nettles and marshmallows. Eaten with corned beef, they weren't too bad."

"After I left school I became a jackaroo at Bagamildil. For six months I never saw a fowl or an egg, but I heard the roosters crow. Get that? It means I was always up before the roosters, and never home until the fowls were asleep. After that I was a shearer at Bective. In the olden days we used hand clippers, but I could get through my 184 sheep a day."

"Look at my thumb." Mr. Jones held out his right hand, showing a seamed scar which ran from near the fingernail to the base. "I did that nearly 60 years ago when shearing. I tried to keep going, but it kept opening and bleeding. So I forced myself to shear left-handed."

"Then came the shearers' strike. After that I thought, 'I'd rather be my own boss than work for anyone,' so I took out land at Woodstock, and backed for 10 years on the banks of the Murrumbidgee."

"My home was a tent, pitched underneath an old box tree. Sometimes now when I'm out that way I have a look at that tree. It seems the same size, and you can't see any difference about it. But a gumtree not far away which was only a sapling 30 years ago is bigger than the box."

"In 1892 I began farming, and was the second man in the Moree district to use the plough. The first was Alec Forbes. I had 18 bullocks and a big, single-furrow plough. Working all day I could plough

Memorial to living pioneer

By HELEN FRIZELL,
staff reporter

between a quarter and half an acre. Now on Mungie Bundie and my sons' property we've seven tractors pulling 12ft. ploughs, and if they all worked at once we'd plough 480 acres a day.

"These were hard days, and there wasn't the entertainment the young people have now. Three things stood out in the year: the circus, the magic lantern, and the Moree Show. Yet we didn't think we were badly done by. And there were the dances at the properties around, where all the girls and boys would collect and dance to the accordion.

"I can still see the old man who used to play for us, sitting there, his legs crossed, half asleep, but playing automatically when the hour was moving on towards dawn."

In 1901 Alf Jones married, at Guyra, Adelaide Blanche Purser, a slim, brown-haired, brown-eyed girl. She wore a satin and silk lace wedding gown, trimmed with baby ribbon. After a honeymoon in Sydney (at the Metropole Hotel and by the sea at Manly), she returned to the new home he had built for her near the old box tree.

She has shared life with him ever since, raising their sons Ray, Les, Stan, Len, and Allan, and daughters Myrtle, Nell, and Robe. All the children are now married and many live on nearby properties.

"Those were the happiest years of our lives," Alf Jones told me. "When we lived at Woodstock we were healthy, the young ones were coming along, and hard work didn't worry us.

"My wife, who hadn't done much cooking before, soon found out how to make the yeast for home-made bread. She learnt how to make a good light that lasted at night, for we had no lamps or candles then.

"We used to take an old jam-tin and fill it half with dirt and half with fat. Then we would get a strip of molskin from an old pair of trousers for a wick. This would go into the fat and the dirt. When lit you got a good clear flame."

Their present home on the Mungie Bundie property adjoins the site of their large home which was burned to the ground three years ago.

"Forty-five yards square, it was," said Mr. Jones sadly. "With double walls, packed with coke for coolness. All gone, every bit of it. And that happened to our Woodstock home, too. We're living in a cottage called 'The Barracks' now."

In her modern kitchen Mrs. Jones has a double stainless-steel sink, built-in cupboards, a gleaming white coke stove, and on the verandah a refrigerator.

"Different from the days when we hung the meat in a safe and put the butter down the well," she said.

To-day Alf Jones and his sons own 40,000 acres of land (valued at between £10 and £20 an acre). He has 20,000 ewes, 1200 cows, and 4000 acres in wheat.



UNDER THIS BOX TREE, Alf Jones pitched his tent in 1892. These days he often drives, with his sheepdog Bob for company, to inspect the stock in the paddocks and on the site of his old home.

In addition to his achievement in private life as a grazier and family man, Mr. Jones has been associated with nearly every public-spirited movement in Moree. The bronze doors list his public and private records. He has been:

- A councillor of Booolooroo Shire for 38 years, President for 32.
- A member for 56 years of the Pastoral and Agricultural Society, president for the past 32.
- Land Board layman for 18 years.
- A member of the Moree Pastures Protection Board for 18 years.
- Member of Moree District Graziers' Association for 31 years, and president for 18 years.

- Moree Deputy Sheriff for the past 10 years.
- Member of the Moree District Hospital Board of Directors for 40 years, and president for 29 years.
- A leading horse judge, and for the past five years a member of the panel of judges of the Country Shows Society.
- Member of the parochial council of All Saints' Church of England, Moree, for 30 years, and Synod representative at Armidale for 30 years.

He is also a Mason, a Rotarian, president of the Tennis Club, a founder of the Bowling Club, on the North-west County Council, and a member of the New State Movement.

"How do I do it all?" he said, when I asked. "Well, I haven't any vices but belonging to committees. I don't smoke, gamble, or horse race, though I'm a casual drinker. And I've had a good wife and family to help me. Organisation is my watchword, and I'll go without sleep to get things done."

Perhaps it is true to say that the only committee to which Mr. Jones did not belong, "The Alf Jones Commemoration Committee," gave him one of his most memorable and happy days.

It was a good day for leading members Mr. R. E. Cummins, Sergeant of Police William Forrest, and Mr. Hubert Halstead, as well as for the other 25 men associated with it.

Sadly absent, however, was Mr. Hubert Flood, grazier, of "Kuraboona." Moree. Mr. Flood, who had headed "The Alf Jones Commemoration Committee" and had worked hard for several years towards it, died ten days before.

On the day of the unveiling ceremony his widow sent Mrs. Jones a spray of white flowers, which she pinned to the jacket of her navy suit.



ARM IN ARM, Mr. and Mrs. Alf Jones leave the Memorial Hall, Moree, after tribute had been paid to them by local residents. Mr. Jones wears the M.B.E.



CLASSING WOOL of a merino ram are Mr. Jones and sons Len and Stan. Alf Jones sometimes musters sheep from his car, calling orders to his dogs.

CINEMA

OUT OF THE PICTURE—THAT'S ME!

I HATED THE WHOLE EVENING. MARY! AND DON USED TO BE SO SWEET TO ME!

DON'T WORRY DORIS, HE'LL COME ROUND IF YOU JUST—WELL—SEE YOUR DENTIST ABOUT BAD BREATH!

DORIS SEES HER DENTIST

SCIENTIFIC TESTS PROVE THAT, IN 7 CASES OUT OF 10, COLGATE'S REMOVES THE CAUSE OF BAD BREATH. IT ALSO HELPS TO STOP TOOTH DECAY.

LIFE IS NOW A ROSY DREAM THANKS TO COLGATE DENTAL CREAM

Tests Published in Authoritative Dental Literature Show That Brushing Teeth Right After Eating with

COLGATE DENTAL CREAM STOPS TOOTH DECAY BEST

Most thoroughly proved and accepted home method of oral hygiene known today.

Yes, and two years' research showed the Colgate way stopped more decay for more people than ever before reported in dentifrice history! No other dentifrice offers such proof—the most conclusive proof ever reported for a dentifrice of any type.

- USE COLGATE DENTAL CREAM
- ✓ TO CLEAN YOUR BREATH
- ✓ WHILE YOU CLEAN YOUR TEETH
- ✓ AND HELP STOP TOOTH DECAY BEST



Buy the Big Family Economy Size

America's Largest, Australia's Largest, the World's Largest Selling Dental Cream

DIETICIANS AGREE—

EGGS

are the perfect all-round food!

FOOT ITCH HELPED 1st DAY

Do your feet itch so badly that they nearly drive you crazy? Does the skin crack and peel? Are there blisters between your toes and on the soles of your feet? The real cause is a germ or fungus which you must kill to get rid of the trouble. At last it is possible to end these foot troubles with an American Hospital Discovery called Nixaderm. Nixaderm stops the itch in 7 minutes, kills germs and fungus, and in 24 hours the skin begins to heal clear and smooth. Get Nixaderm from your chemist to-day under positive guarantee to heal your foot itch or money back.

FILM VAMPS OF YESTERDAY COMPARED WITH THOSE OF TODAY! SEE THEM ALL IN MAY 12 ISSUE OF A.M.—THE AUSTRALIAN MAGAZINE.

Warm as an *ember*
from MAY to SEPTEMBER..

Pyjamas Style 145,
in Swissknit, and Wool and Nylon

Night Style 127,
in Cotton Interlock

Night Style 130,
in Wool and Rayon

Spencer Style 47,
in Swissknit

Panties Style 870,
Wool and Nylon

Soft and light as a fireside glow, these delightful new HANRO undies, nights and pyjamas will keep you snugly warm, night and day, this winter. In long-wearing Cotton Interlock, pretty Wool and Rayon, delicate Wool and Nylon, and HANRO'S wonderful new "Swissknit" finest all-wool fabric, for warmth without weight. For cosy contentment, all winter thru', change now to winter lovelies by HANRO

CREATED BY
Hanro
Featuring "Swissknit" the new wonder woollen fabric

BUY WELL - BUY WOOL

SOLD BY LEADING STORES THROUGHOUT AUSTRALIA

Hats from America



Spoons and forks, particularly, need at least weekly care. Good use demands that they be sparkling always.

Liquid Silvo is the easy, quick way to keep all silverware radiant and because it is gentle in action, you may use it on the most delicate silver.



NAPPY RASH?

USE THE ONE AND ONLY Safe Effective



Spode

Bring your own hairloom
W. T. COVELAND & SONS LTD
SPODE WORKS
STOKES-ON-TRENT

For enquiries to Australian Representatives
P. J. Nathan & Sons Pty. Ltd., Commerce House, 128 Princes St., Melbourne, C.

STOP KIDNEY POISONING TODAY

If you suffer from Rheumatism, Sleepless Nights, Leg Pains, Backache, Lumbago, Nervousness, Headaches, and Cries, Urinary Cries, Dropsy, Swollen Ankles, Loss of Appetite or Energy, your system is being poisoned. Urinary poisons are impairing the vital function of your kidneys. You must kill the germs which cause these troubles, as blood can't be pure till always function normally. Stop Urinary poisons with Cystex—the new scientific discovery which starts benefit in 1 hour. Get Cystex from your chemist or phone 10-10-10. It must give satisfactory or money back.



JOY FLOWER poses in a close-fitting petalled hat designed by John Fredericks, famous U.S. milliner. At the side is a mount caught with a large, square jewelled clip.



WIDE-BRIMMED hat by John Fredericks is worn by his Australian model, Joy Flower, who holds a handbag patterned in tucks to match the hat. Big handles are high fashion.

Famous designs for Australian market

Pretty, blonde hat-model Joy Flower, formerly of Sydney, will return from America at the end of June with the exclusive rights for distribution in Australia of hats designed by famous U.S. milliner John Fredericks.

JOHN FREDERICKS and Joy Flower have arranged with Australian manufacturers to make the hats in Australia from John Fredericks' designs. Joy will sell the locally made hats through the nation's leading department stores.

Each season Fredericks will send Joy 30 of his best designs, which will be copied and made entirely by Australian labor.

Fredericks' prices run high in New York — as much as £100 for a hat. Joy thinks that with the lower costs of Australian labor and a wide market she can sell the same hats for half their New York price.

Went on tour

BEFORE she went to America, Joy lived at Manly, a Sydney suburb. She is now Fredericks' top model, and has toured America, Canada, and Mexico as his model and demonstrator.

At his beautiful shop in Manhattan, New York, she models hats for America's celebrities of society, stage, and screen.

Fredericks designs hats to suit his clients' own tastes. He sees people only by appointment.

While I was waiting to see him I noticed Sarah Churchill, Anne Baxter, Barbara Hutton, and singer Diana Lynn all waiting impatiently for Fredericks, who takes an impish delight in being half an hour or more late for his appointments with the famous.

A delay of 30 minutes or so, he says with a chuckle, isn't



TALL, slender feathers decorate a shallow cloche from John Fredericks' spring collection. It is of cream-colored fabric striped in Inca-gold.

too much to bear when you have your hats designed by "the world's greatest milliner," as he describes himself with engaging un-self-consciousness.

He gets inspirations for many of his startling designs from his frequent world travels. Fredericks' hats and accessories—gloves and bags—are characterized by their exotic designs and rich, glowing colors.

He also designs dresses and stoles to be worn with his hats, so that the whole ensemble is in harmony.

His new spring collection is called "Inter-Americano" and was inspired by a trip to Peru, where he got ideas for colors from richly tinted Peruvian shawls and blankets.

From
PETER HASTINGS,
of our
New York staff

and for shapes from the picturesque native hats.

Scarves are one of the designer's favorite accessories, and he likes them in brilliant colors and bold patterns.

Colors used in the Inter-Americano collection are Vicuna-brown, Lima-green, Peru-pink, Panama-blue, Bolivar-orange, and Inca-gold.

Some of his unusual designs are adaptations of ancient Royal Inca headdresses in beautiful royal-blues and purples. They may sound extreme—they are. But they are also beautifully made, colorful and becoming.

He has transformed the Peruvian sombrero into a feminine affair, and it is one of the most important silhouettes in his collection. Fredericks shows it in many variations—with high square crowns or smooth round crowns, and with a great variety in trimming, but always with the sombrero's flaring, upswung brim.

Joy plans to sell some of Fredericks' accessories with the hats in Australia.

She will travel to Australia by way of London, where she will spend a week or two making television shows and visiting her brother, Cedric, who is well known in Australia as an artist.

CORRECTION

IN the course of Sheila Patrick's account in our issue of April 8, 1953, of a dinner-party given by John Crawford, of London, to old schoolmates of King's Cross, Sydney, it was stated that Mr. Ben Clarke, a bookmaker, lived at Bondi and had a blood wife.

This was incorrect, as Mrs. Clarke is not "blood" and Mr. Clarke does not live at Bondi. Mr. and Mrs. Clarke's home is at 2A Darley St., Darlinghurst, N.S.W. We regret any embarrassment caused to them by our reporter's misunderstanding of what was said in the course of a naturally convivial reunion of old friends.

What has
this bedroom
gained?



Kirsch

VENETIAN BEAUTY
and intimate charm...

Kirsch all-metal Venetian Blinds—in ivory or lovely pastel shades—reflect in the window that intimate charm which is so much a part of your own bedroom.

The exclusive "S" shaped slats diffuse incoming light; being wider, they provide better closure, more privacy; their appearance lends distinction to the whole room.

Attractive and neat, Kirsch blinds show no visible mechanism.

When you buy Kirsch you buy the finest... with an International reputation for service and integrity.

Kirsch all-metal Venetian Blinds are available at leading stores. Ask to see them—obtain quotations (without any obligation) for installation in your home.

★ Remember — Kirsch are the only blinds with the "S" shaped slat.

Choose the Name You Know!

Kirsch Company

(AUST.) LIMITED
(A Wormald Brothers Industry)
MELBOURNE — SYDNEY — BRISBANE

★ Other famous Kirsch Products—Traverse and Extension Curtain Rods. K13/10.2A.

UNWANTED HAIR vanishes without a shadow



NEW hair-removing cream is odourless... pleasant to use!

Remove unwanted hair (on face, legs, arms or underarms) with DELILAH — painlessly and completely! DELILAH is a new, improved hair-removing cream which, unlike old-fashioned preparations, is odourless and pleasant to use. Your skin is left clear, soft and smooth... and you'll find DELILAH is the most delightful, effective hair remover you have ever used.

DELILAH

Odourless Hair Remover
A Rapid Preparation. At all Stores, Chemists and Beauty Salons.



NEVER put a razor to your tender skin... Use DELILAH — if hairless safely, surely.

M.131.8

Page 15

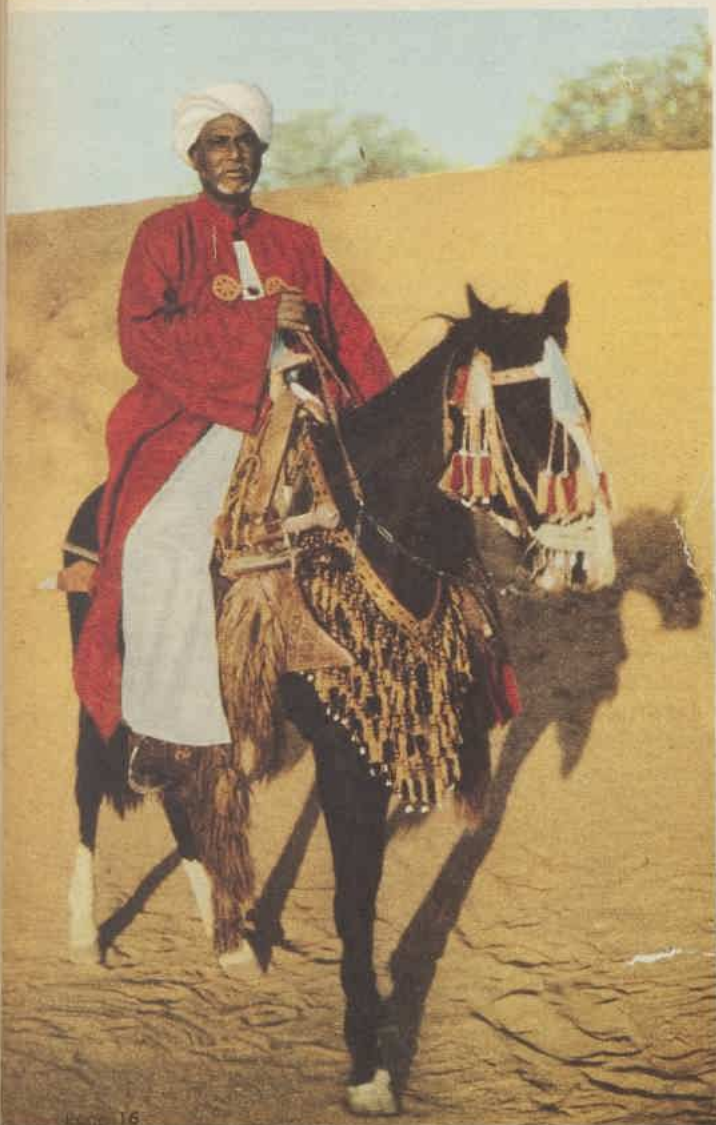
NEW RULE FOR THE SUDAN



NATIVE MARKET. where Sudanese nuts, called "dam nuts," wrapped in big bundles await sale. This market is at Kassala, a city in the north-east of the Sudan. The rugged hills in background are characteristic of the beautiful scenery in this region (at left).

● On these pages are pictures of some of the scenery and inhabitants of the Sudan, the large territory situated to the south of Egypt.

Britain and Egypt have jointly ruled the Sudan for 53 years, but under an agreement recently signed the Sudanese are empowered to elect their own Parliament, and, in three years, to decide whether they will join Egypt or remain independent.



SHEIK Ali Idris (at left), judge and town councillor, rides his caparisoned horse used on ceremonial occasions. The northern portion of the Sudan is inhabited by tribes classed as Arabs.

②

PIPER of the Sudan Defence Force (Eastern Arab Corps) is a colorful figure with his bagpipes (at right). Under a new agreement, Sudanese will govern themselves for three years.





DINKAS, members of the largest tribe in the Sudan, fishing on the River Lot in the Aweil District of Bahr-el-Ghazal Province. The Dinkas are of negroid stock, and are widely spread over the province.



NAZIR Mohamed Timnah (at left), a chief of the Kababish tribe. They are nomads who travel hundreds of miles in the desert.

NOMAD ARAB, of the Eastern Sudan (centre) is a descendant of the men who fought bravely against the British last century.



BUGLER of the Sudan Defence Force (above) at Nyala Fort, where troops are continually alert as the Sudan's problems are decided.



DON'T "CHOKES" SKIN GLANDS WITH DULL, DEAD SKIN CELLS!

POND'S

"Magic Minute Mask"

dissolves off dead particles . . .
leaves your face clearer, brighter, softer!

Your skin is constantly renewing itself. Every day fresh, new cells are building up from beneath. And old, used-up dead cells are being cast off from the outer layers of the skin.

But some skins are slower at shedding these flaky, dead skin cells. These dry particles accumulate on the skin surface—layer upon layer—until they begin to "choke" the tiny sebaceous and sweat glands. Your skin begins to look dull, flaky—and worst of all, pore openings begin to enlarge . . . blackheads are apt to appear. Your skin takes on a drab, not quite clean look.

Now—Pond's brings you a special home beauty treatment to help speed up a too-slow shedding of dead skin debris. This remarkable treatment is the "Magic Minute Mask" of Pond's Vanishing Cream. It's quick. It's easy. And it's amazingly effective.

Astonishing results in 60 seconds!

Just spread a cool Mask of Pond's Vanishing Cream lavishly over your face—everything but your eyes. Leave for a full minute. Its "keratolytic" action loosens stubborn dead skin cells—dissolves them off—free the tiny openings of your skin glands so that they function normally again! After 1 minute—tissue clean. How delightfully fresh and tingling your skin feels. How much brighter it looks! Smoother . . . clearer . . . lighter!

Always before you go out, give yourself a "Magic Minute Mask" with Pond's Vanishing Cream. A Mask two or three times a week will keep your skin at its loveliest.

For the skin that rebels against a heavy make-up . . .

Smooth on the thinnest, thinnest veil of greaseless Pond's Vanishing Cream for a more natural, fine-textured, smoother powder base! Pond's Vanishing Cream is available everywhere in jars and convenient tubes.



The Countess Alain de la Falaise says:
"A Minute-Mask with Pond's Vanishing Cream wakes up my complexion—leaves my skin looking so much clearer and brighter—all in one refreshing minute."

YOUTH FEATURE by Kay Melaun

Conversation piece

There's a French saying that in love there's always one who kisses and one who holds out the cheek.

Well, in conversation there's one who talks and one who holds out the ear.

YOU may be that rare creature, a wit—someone who attracts all ears, whom everyone likes to listen to. But it's likely you're just an average boy or girl who occasionally says something arresting or clever or funny, and most of the time has just routine patter.

You don't have to decide right now whether you'll be the listener or the talker all your life. You'll find your role will be determined from day to day by the person or people you're with.

With A, you'll be the listener. With B, you'll be a brilliant conversationalist.

And how you'll adore B!

It's not until you're older that you fully realise that 99 per cent. of the people in the world are trying to talk about themselves 99 per cent. of the time.

So, when in conversational doubt, encourage other people to talk about themselves.

You'd be surprised how many women who've never said a clever thing in their lives have a reputation among men for intelligence just because they're able to sit and listen sympathetically.

All men like to air their knowledge, and what a wonderful opportunity when a girl says: "Look, I don't understand hydroponics. Could you be bothered explaining it to me?"

But be sure the boy's worth it, because there's a trap to being a good listener. A friend reminded me of it the other day.

She absorbed the listening technique early in life. The gross result was all right, for the boys certainly talked to her. But the net result was terrible.

She found herself getting stuck at parties with all the most boring boys nobody else would listen to.

So you have to be selective even about those you're going to lend your ears to.

Of course it's often the test

of good friends to be able to sit together in silence. But you must have a basis of liking and understanding before the silence is really companionable.

Older people avoid silences by dipping into a stockpile of more or less meaningless chit-chat; or else they're bored and don't bother hiding it.

But when you're young you continually meet appalled moments when you sit and wonder what on earth you'll say next to fill in the silence; or else you gabble away nervously nineteen to the dozen in a way that makes you blush for yourself later.

Many men claim that women have forgotten the art

● Encourage others to talk about themselves.

● But don't turn into a mere listening post.

HE can open your eyes to their shortcomings and have a wonderfully catty time himself.

One particular feminine comment that doesn't help the peace of the world is "Isn't she pretty?" You see, it puts a man on a spot.

If he disagrees, he sounds rude. If he replies with too much enthusiasm for the lady's good looks, you're likely to get sulky.

You might let slip the comment in all sincerity, but he'll nearly always think you're being sly and are merely inviting him to make some unfavorable comparison of the girl with yourself.

But certainly if he admires a girl, agree with him—neither too much nor too little, mind. And, whatever you think, don't add some scratchy comment.

In the main, girls know far more about the art of conversation than boys do. They seem to bob about agreeably on the sea of small talk that makes up the daily round.

But boys . . . Have you ever caught an unexpected glimpse of yourself in a mirror and exclaimed: "I look dreadful!" only to have a boy say, "Oh, stop fishing."

More likely than not the girl means that at that moment she does look dreadful.

It's a sort of automatic remark when she flips open the lid of her compact and sees that her lipstick has blurred at the corners, her hair is tousled and her nose is shiny.

So why do boys have to introduce the jeering note?

If you, young man, want to say the right thing, put a bit of effort into it. Look at her appreciatively and give something like, "But you look quite lovely. You don't really need make-up."

Said as if meant, that remark is calculated to make any girl blossom.



"Men! Flatter them, build up their ego—then what happens? They think they're too good for you!"

of conversation with a man. What these critics mean is that women have more opinions and are less in the mood to do the listening.

But if you want to make a success of conversation with a man, rule one is to listen attentively.

Don't say "Um" abstractedly. Ask some question, such as "How do you mean?" which will further stimulate the one who leads the conversation—the man, of course.

Another rule is never say many unkind things to a man about other women. Restrain yourself because you'll only get the reputation of a cat.

A man would rather you were sweetest and light about other women (so that the big

Faye in "Hello, Frisco, Hello!" and "The Continental" ("Gay Divorcee"). La Clooney scores a bull's-eye with this planter.

DISC DIGEST

"Dance of Destiny," although it's a direct lift from the Habanera in "Carmen." This is exciting music and Tony puts over the modern lyrics in fine style. I liked it a lot. Flipside to EA4110 is "Ghost of a Rose." If you're the romantic type, you'll enjoy hearing this over-perfumed love song with a Certain Someone.

PICK of the week is DO3570

—Rosemary Clooney, with Harry James' orchestra, singing song hits from two films of yesteryear: "You'll Never Know" (first sung by Alice

THE wide diversity of the gramophone is nowhere better shown than on EB563/4, two discs by Anthony Quayle, visiting Stratford Memorial Theatre player, in speeches and soliloquies from the repertoire the company is presenting here. We hear him as Othello, Jacques ("As You Like It"), and Falstaff ("Henry IV"). This is a feast of the spoken word, and if you're a theatrogoer, a student, or a budding actor you must add them to your collection.

—Bernard Fletcher

SPIKE JONES' fiendish pursuit of "Chloe" ruined that old standard for me, and Louis Armstrong's revival on DO70023, good though it is, doesn't help me to recapture the rapture. An exciting introductory burst on the trumpet, and Louis goes into his song with a fascinating choral background. He does it fairly straight, but can't resist a typical bit of clowning when the voices from the swamp chant "Loo-ee, Loo-ee." Backing is "Listen to The Mocking Bird."

BIZET has no cause to start revolving in his grave if he hears Tony Martin singing

For greatest **WARMTH** at lowest cost...



Ask for the
Fyrside Space Heater
—when an enclosed
heater is preferred.

The famous **FYRSIDE** KEROSENE
ROOM HEATER

Over 200,000 Australian families have already found FYRSIDE the answer to costly fuel bills. This winter, in your home have warmth where you want it... when you want it. For economical, clean, efficient room heating... remember FYRSIDE.

No soot! No smoke! No smell! No pumping! No pressure!



Available at all leading stores throughout Australia.

FYRSIDE HEATERS PTY. LTD. A unit of *EMAIL Limited*

Twice as many tufts in the

NEW WISDOM flexi-brush

- ✓ Twice the value
- ✓ Twice the action

"FLEXI-BRUSH" massages gums gently but thoroughly

And safely! The busy, round-end bristles are so flexible, they protect even the tenderest gums yet do a wonderful cleansing job.



"FLEXI-BRUSH" penetrates between the teeth
Myriads of flexible nylon bristles to twist and bend and clean every corner of every tooth and between teeth, too.



Look for the Wisdom "Merry-go-Round" display. There you'll find the new "Flexi-brush"—2/4 at all chemists and stores.

The new Wisdom Flexi-brush—another Addis product.

BE WISE
BUY WISDOM

Don't let your hands
say 'housework'



Use **SOFTASILK**

AFTER PEELING VEGETABLES
AFTER WASHING-UP
AFTER GARDENING

SOFTASILK removes every tell-tale trace of housework and keeps hands romantically soft to touch. Care for your hands regularly with this fragrant Softasilk. Use it as a delicate powder base and to keep your elbows, knees and heels, so soft and smooth.

KEEP SOFTASILK IN YOUR BEDROOM . . . YOUR BATHROOM . . . YOUR KITCHEN



It's handier
in a tube



MALE CHOIR of native leper boys and adults at Ducos leprosarium. The children are given regular school and motherly care by the nuns of the order of St. Joseph de Cluny.

LEPERS IN NOUMEA

Richness of spirit pervades community of "outcasts"

By KAY MELAUN,
just returned from
Noumea

Everywhere in the Ducos Sanatorium for Lepers near Noumea, New Caledonia, there is an immeasurable richness of spirit. This could, of course, be said of most institutions dedicated to similar causes. But leprosy remains one of the horrors of the world.

THE leper is still thought of as an outcast. Even the kind substitution of the title Hansen's Disease for leprosy—an attempt to remove the stigma from the sufferer—indicates just how cruel that stigma is.

"I shall retain a happy memory of this afternoon at Ducos," I said in halting French to Mother Blanche, head of the nuns taking care of "les malades" at the sanatorium.

The wonder was that I meant it, although I—like others in the party—was silent and saddened as we drove away.

Mother Blanche is a slender, short, youngish woman with a calm face and the tiny laughter lines round her eyes that many nuns have. She threw back her head in delighted amusement at my accent.

She had received us with Dr. Ferron, chief medical officer, to show us over the leprosarium.

Like the four other sisters of the order of St. Joseph of Cluny stationed at Ducos, she wore a spotless white habit. Born in Alsace, she speaks German and French, but has no English.

The only English-speaking nun among them is young Sister Anne-Marie, a little Irishwoman from County Down with big brown eyes, por-hook eyebrows, and sweeping black lashes.

Quite the jolliest of those I met was Sister Othilde, from Vendee, France.

She, like another of the sisters, has contracted leprosy.

Sister Othilde was decorated last February by the French Government with the Legion of Honor for her service to the lepers.

She and Sister Yves were working in the native section of the leprosarium when we visited Ducos.

The leprosarium is in two sections, divided by the crest of one of the gentle, rolling hills that spread all over New Caledonia.

(It was these hills, incidentally, that reminded Captain Cook of Scotland and moved him to call the island New Caledonia.)

Both sections slope lazily down to the sea, the white

quarter to the west and the native quarter to the east.

The white quarter is divided into "streets" titled in honor of some person or organization, as, for instance, the Avenue de la Croix-Rouge, named for the Red Cross from which Ducos gets many gifts.

The settlements, entered by a white road gate, look like little villages because of their neat cottages, gardens, trees, bigger administration buildings, and campanile church with a chiming clock in the tower.

In the white section we met only Dr. Ferron and Sister Anne-Marie, assistant to radiologist Dr. Jouan in the

modern scientific treatment which is effecting many cures.

Some of the patients who were playing cards in the sunshine looked up and waved cheerily. Several others watched our arrival and departure interestedly. They included one man whose face was badly affected by the disease.

The leprosarium officials working in the French Government service take a humane view.

A patient's husband or wife can live at Ducos. Their children do not inherit the disease, but when the babies are born they must be taken away from Ducos immediately and given to relatives.

The officials believe that the risk of the unaffected person catching the disease is more than offset by the lift to the morale of the sick person and gives an increased chance of quicker recovery.

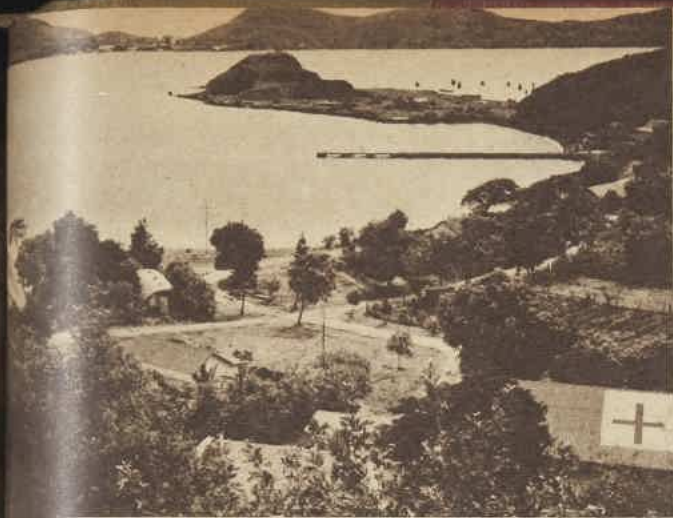
Few visitors are allowed to see very bad leper cases. The



SOME of the young leper girls in the native section of Ducos leprosarium, Noumea. The parcels they are holding are treasured gifts from the Red Cross, a regular Ducos benefactor.



SISTER OTHILDE on the occasion of her recent investiture with the Legion of Honor. She contracted leprosy working among lepers.



DUÇOS LEPROSARIUM in the hills out of Noumea, capital of New Caledonia, French island in the Pacific. Skirting the bay is the Promenade des Anglais, named after the street in Nice, on the French Riviera.

vidence of the disease is high among young people in the Pacific. Repeated contact, as for instance, between a mother and her child, spreads the disease, but leprosy is not as contagious as most people think.

Children are rare creatures in the white section, and they are greatly loved. Among the 10 lepers there are only three white affected children.

In the native section there are 150 men, women, and children as patients.

The dark-skinned boys and girls had been anticipating our visit with great excitement and had obviously taken great pains with their clothes and hair.

When the bus rolled down the hill to the native section they were lined up informally in little groups round a small courtyard formed by a cluster of buildings.

They were on their very best behaviour. But these lovely brown children are irrepressible and can't stay formal for long.

A wave or a smile was enough to evoke a shy lowering of the head and a flashing white smile.

It was obvious that their dark eyes didn't miss a detail of what the visitors wore and did, of how they spoke and how they looked.

The little boys wore shorts and Mickey Mouse and Superman T-shirts sent them by the Red Cross. The girls wore printed cotton dresses.

"The girls made them all themselves with just Sister Othilde's help," said Mother Blanche.

She added proudly, "Even the pockets."

She turned and repeated my complimentary remark to a nearby line of steps-and-stairs little girls of from about six to 12 years of age dressed in the soft of cottons most Australian mothers buy or make for their children's summer wear.

Sister Othilde keeps up with the changing styles through fashion magazines.

"But we don't get many," added Mother Blanche.

She took me through the refectory and dormitories for adult men, women, boys, and girls separately.

The beds were bright with printed cotton spreads, with here and there an altar improvised at the head of a bed by its occupant out of a holy picture or two and some flowers in a vase.

One wistful-eyed girl of about 12 was half-standing, half-leaning against one of the beds at the end of a dormitory.

"She is very sick," said Mother Blanche. Then she added with a soft sigh: "She has lost nearly all her feet." ("Sex pieds sont presque perdus" was the exact sentence).

The youngster watched us solemnly, without moving. But her eyes lit up and her face was transfigured with a smile when I called "Au revoir."

Her voice suddenly rang out happily.

"Au voir, Madame," she called back, as though she really would enjoy a re-meeting.

These little patients consider visitors a great event—an understandable state of affairs when you consider that they are necessarily cut off from the world through no fault of their own.

Mother Blanche called forward a brown, mosquito-legged mite named Alfred. He is the smallest and youngest inhabitant, and an orphan.

She and I squatted down to get to his eye-level, and he leaned shyly into the protection of her encircling arm. His own arm looked so little and soft that I stroked it.

My reward was a lift of his enormous dark eyes, and the timid beginning of a bashful smile.

Alfred speaks only native patois as yet. But he lisped a slow "B'jour, Ma-dame," and showed his pride and pleasure when Mother Blanche and I admired his little green suit.

Afterwards Mother Blanche took me into the dispensary and poured alcohol over her hands and mine.

"Just a precaution," she explained, smiling.

The children attend school in the leprosarium. Thanks to the French Government, which has made their recovery a possibility, and to the doctors, the hospital administrator, and nuns, theirs is a regular enough childhood.

They play football, basketball, and other games, have competitions and contests, and have organised an orchestra with its own diminutive maestro.

One talented boy plays five instruments, including the drums and the harmonica.

The French Government set up Ducos in 1918 to make treatment available to lepers in New Caledonia and dependencies. Each year the



MOTHER BLANCHE

government pours money into the leprosarium. Like water in sand, it is absorbed by new and modern equipment, by new buildings, and by routine maintenance.

One of the projects under construction is a group of compact, self-contained cottages for married couples.

A recent addition is a building housing X-ray and electrotherapy facilities, the gift of the New Zealand Lepers' Trust Board.

As the bus was slowly climbing the hill to drive away from the settlement some of the small boys ran alongside, outdistancing one another in mischievous competition to be the last to wave good-bye.

I had to turn away from the sight of the last excited brown arm silhouetted against the sunset.

There is so much to be done for these adorable "outcasts," and I had done nothing.

Psychological laboratory

IN the psychological laboratory at Melbourne University—the only one of its kind in Australia—a colony of white and hooded rats is being used for unusual experiments.

Research workers are studying the rats' behaviour and reaction to tests, hoping that what they learn may help in finding cures for mental disorders in humans.

You can read about it in A.M., now on sale.

Wakes Craftsman-built BOOKCASES at HALF PRICE!



You can buy them as single units or in groups, each matches the other exactly.

Beautifully made and finished, all solid Mountain Ash. Sanded smooth ready for painting or polishing to your individual color scheme.



W5039

Three Shelf Corner Bookcase. Size: 19½" x 19½" x 25" high.

95%



W5044

W5044. 3 Shelf Bookcase. 26" x 25". Shelves 9½" deep.

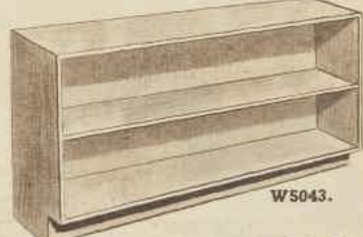
68%



W5042

W5042. 3 Shelf Bookcase End, 9½ x 9½ inches, 25 inches high.

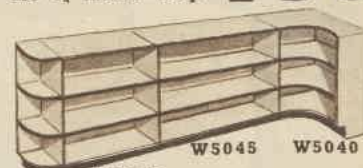
57%



W5043.

W5043. Three Shelf Bookcase, 35" long, 25" high. Shelves are 9½ inches deep.

79%



W5041

Have you an "awkward" corner in your home? Wakes New Unit Bookcases will make it attractive.

W5041. 4 Shelf Bookcase End, 35" x 9½" x 9½" x 35". long, 35" high.

70%

W5045. 4 Shelf Bookcase, 35" long, 35" high. £5/9/6

91%

W5040. 4 Shelf Corner Unit, 19½ x 19½ x 35" high. £5/9/6

BOOK SHELVES ARE PLUS FREIGHT. You can have them sent "Freight Collect" but, so you can easily work out freight charges, we print here a chart of freight costs by Air and Goods Rail to central points in all States. We believe our prices plus freight are the lowest in Australia.

AIR FREIGHT CHARGES

	W5042	W5041	W5044	W5039	W5046	W5043	W5045	W5040
Brisbane	19/6	27/1	41/2	45/6	49/10	56/4	67/4	74/9
Sydney or Adelaide	12/-	16/8	25/4	28/-	30/8	34/8	42/8	46/-
Perth or Cairns	37/6	52/1	79/2	87/6	95/10	108/4	133/4	141/9
Hobart	9/9	13/7	20/7	22/9	24/11	28/2	34/8	37/5
Launceston, Wynyard or Devonport	8/3	11/6	17/5	19/3	21/1	23/10	29/4	31/8

GOODS RAIL FREIGHT SYDNEY: Ends, 26" 3 shelf 10/- each. All other units 12/8 each. ADELAIDE: Ends, 26" 3 shelf 12/- each. All other units 13/- each. BRISBANE: Ends, 26" 3 shelf 17/- each. All other units 25/- each. PERTH: Any unit 30/- each.

Wakes

OF AUSTRALIA

Available at Wakes four stores, Swanston St., Melbourne. FJ9221-6. Liebig St., Warrnambool. Tel. 912. Olive Street, Albury. Tel. 1423. Wakes Drive-in Store at 108 Victoria Street, Melbourne.

WRITE FOR WAKES BIG CATALOG - FREE & POST FREE

Six ways
to handle a cough

- and all of them good

We all know there are different types of coughs. Some lodge in the throat. Some affect the bronchial passages. Some are deep-seated in the chest. Each different type of cough calls for different type of treatment. Similarly, an infant's cough calls for an entirely different type of treatment from a cough in an adult.

This explains why NYAL makes available to you a number of different cough formulations. Each one is designed for a particular purpose. When you are troubled with a cough—or when there are coughs in your household—why not ask your chemist to advise you on the particular NYAL preparation he feels will be most suitable.



NYAL

SOLD ONLY BY CHEMISTS

NYAL medicines are manufactured in these ultra-modern laboratories under conditions of immaculate cleanliness. Each medicine is compounded by the most advanced methods under the supervision of qualified pharmacists and afterwards standardised by competent chemists. Only the highest quality ingredients obtainable enter into the composition of NYAL Medicines.



INFANTS, 3 MONTHS TO 5 YEARS

NYAL BABY COUGH SYRUP is specially designed to give quick soothing relief from coughs and colds in infants and children up to 5 years of age. It is a pleasant-tasting combination of wholesome ingredients—dependable and effective. Because it contains no opiates, Nyal Baby Cough Syrup can safely be given to babies from 3 months. 2/9, 3/9.



CHILDREN, 5 YEARS TO 14 YEARS

NYAL CHILDREN'S COUGH MIXTURE is specially formulated for children between 5 and 14 years of age. The pleasant-tasting syrup contains only the purest ingredients which cut away phlegm and make breathing easier. Nyal Children's Cough Mixture helps to soothe the throat and chest and stop constant coughing. 2/9, 3/9.



COUGHS IN INFANTS AND CHILDREN

NYAL HONEY COUGH ELIXIR is a different type of cough formulation which is a combination of effective expectorants in a pleasant-tasting honey base. Suitable for infants and children from 6 months to 12 years. Nyal Honey Cough Elixir cuts phlegm, makes breathing easier, eases coughing. 3/6.



BRONCHIAL COUGHS IN ADULTS

NYAL BRONCHITIS MIXTURE is a proven effective, dependable medicine which acts three ways in "treating" stubborn coughs. The medication penetrates into congested bronchial tubes—cuts phlegm... soothes inflamed membranes of the throat and chest... brings soothing relief from irritating coughing. 3/9, 6/1.



CHEST COUGHS WITH HEAVY CONGESTION

NYAL DECONGESTANT COUGH ELIXIR is a new type of cough treatment for stubborn coughs accompanied by heavy congestion. Contains Phenylephrine—a decongestant—which reduces swelling in the bronchial tubes, making breathing easier; Crassifone, an internal anesthetic; and Codeine to allay irritating coughing; plus five active expectorants in honey base. Nyal Decongestant Cough Elixir cuts away phlegm, relieves coughing, and soothes torn tissues. 5/6, 9/6.



AFTER COUGHS AND 'FLU—A TONIC

After the weakening effects of coughs and flu you need a good tonic to rebuild strength and energy. NYAL CREOPHOS is a reliable restorative tonic containing nine body-building ingredients. Apart from its tonic properties, Nyal Creophos helps to clear up stubborn coughs that so often follow flu. Three sizes—3/9, 6/1, 7/6.



ARTIST Mrs. Clothilde Highton works on a figure of a Grenadier Guard in her diorama of the Royal coat of arms which will be used at the coronation of Queen Elizabeth. Mrs. Highton's collection of dioramas, "Coronations Through the Ages," will be exhibited in Australia.

Australia to see dioramas

By SYLVIA CONNICK

An exhibition of dioramas by Australian artist Mrs. Clothilde Highton, depicting "Coronations Through the Ages," will be shown in Australia to coincide with the coronation of Queen Elizabeth II in London.

A DIORAMA is a graphic model showing in miniature a scene from real life. One of the most famous collections of dioramas in the world, illustrating actions in which Australian forces were engaged in World War I, is in the National War Memorial, Canberra.

"Coronations Through the Ages" is a collection of 14 dioramas, each one showing an outstanding incident or scene connected with the coronation of a British monarch.

The exhibition will open at the Moreton Galleries, Brisbane, on May 18, and later will be shown in other capitals for seasons lasting two weeks. In Sydney it will be on view at Anthony Hordern's from June 3, in Melbourne at the Park Gallery, Elizabeth Street, from June 22, and in Adelaide at John Martin's from July 9.

It has not yet been decided whether the exhibition will go to Perth.

One of the dioramas illustrates an incident during the crowning of William the Conqueror on Christmas Day, 1066. The cheering of the crowd outside Westminster Abbey to acclaim the new monarch was mistaken by the Conqueror's Norman soldiers for an uprising. They rushed from the Abbey, massacred the astonished crowd, and set fire to houses before the Conqueror could appear in the doorway to stop the onslaught.

The pivot of the whole exhibition will be a representation of the famous coronation coach which will be used at Queen Elizabeth's coronation on June 2. Mrs. Highton has carefully modelled it in accurate detail.

The coach was built in 1762, and was first used at the coronation of George IV. It is 12ft. high, 24ft. long, and weighs four tons.

Mrs. Highton studied every angle, and, to be able to display the symbolism of every decoration, decided the scale for



ELIZABETH I on her way from the Tower of London to Westminster Abbey for her coronation is accosted by a beggar woman. Elizabeth stops her litter and leans out to accept the bunch of herbs, a symbol of good luck.



SCENE portraying an incident of ill-omen when the Royal Barge carrying King Charles I became stuck on a sandbank in the Thames. The King was on his way to the Tower of London to spend the night before his coronation.

her diorama would be a half-inch to one foot, with background figures diminishing to one-sixteenth of an inch.

For the metal framework of the coach, Mrs. Highton called in the aid of her father, Major D. R. Harris, an ex-Army officer, who has also kept her up to the mark on the correct slope of every tiny sword and scabbard in the coach's entourage.

To get details of the horses and harness she went to the Royal stables at Buckingham Palace.

Mrs. Highton trained in art at the Brisbane Technical College, where her teachers were Mr. Martyn Roberts and the late Mr. L. J. Harvey.

Australian artist Will Longstaff first interested her in diorama art as a commercial undertaking.

She left Australia for London in 1947, soon after she was told officially of the death of her husband, a British naval officer who had been posted missing

since the sinking in 1942 of H.M.A.S. Perth, in which he was serving.

Will Longstaff, who was making dioramas of Australian scenes for Australia House, London, saw the religious figures modelled by Mrs. Highton. He believed she would be successful in making religious dioramas, and urged her to try.

Making tiny miniatures instead of life-size figures was at first a problem for Mrs. Highton, but in three months she had completed her first religious diorama and had sold it to the Mowbray Gallery.

She belongs to the Guild of Memorial Craftsmen of Great Britain, and has the privilege of using the letters G.M.C. after her name. There are only 51 members of the Guild, five of them women.

Mrs. Highton will return to England to put her daughter to school and to fulfil several commissions awaiting her, but she wants to come back to Australia with another exhibition next year to coincide with the Royal tour.

SEAL LUNCH WRAPS

COVER ROUGH EDGES

SEAL PERFUME BOTTLES

MEND FISHING RODS

KEEP BANDAGES CLEAN

HINGE PHOTOS IN ALBUM

REPAIR TEAR

Fix it better with BEAR - the ONLY tape specially made for Australian conditions

BEAR CELLULOSE TAPE

a little BEAR will fix it!

IT'S BETTER... IT SEALS TIGHTER! MENDS BETTER! HOLDS FASTER!

BEAR TAPE

MADE IN AUSTRALIA BY BEHR-MANNING (AUST.) PTY. LTD.
MANUFACTURERS OF SURFACE-COATED ABRASIVES,
PRESSURE-SENSITIVE TAPES, ADHESIVES AND COATINGS

DON'T BE HALF SAFE

IT'S EASY TO BE SURE

NEW ... Cream Deodorant safely Stops Perspiration 1 to 3 Days

1. Instantly stops perspiration, keeps armpits dry. Acts safely, as proved by leading doctors.
2. Does not rot dresses or men's shirts.
3. Removes odor from perspiration on contact in 2 seconds. Has antiseptic action.
4. Does not irritate skin. Can be used right after shaving.
5. A pure, white, stainless vanishing cream.

DON'T BE HALF-SAFE. BE ARRID-SAFE. USE ARRID - TO BE SURE!

ARRID



THE NEW
COTY
deodorant
TALC
...gives fragrant
head-to-toe protection*

The new Coty Talc, with the amazing G 11 ingredient, gives all-over body protection—something underarm deodorants cannot possibly give. Now, in one simple after-bath operation, the pleasures of a smooth, cool, beautifully-perfumed talc can be enjoyed at the same time as complete freedom from any development of perspiration odours.



5/11 & 6/9

in 5 distinguished perfumes

Coty Talc stops perspiration odours before they start. It is really amazing how the special germicidal ingredient added to Coty Talc goes into action by immediately neutralising the effect of the bacterial action of perspiration. Another marvellous thing about this special ingredient is that it in no way affects the enchanting fragrance for which Coty Talc has been long famous—and that means, of course, that not only is there lasting personal freshness, but lasting fragrance: you and your clothes remain fresh, sweet and beautifully perfumed the live long day.

Smooth like a real anti-debrant. Even if you have a very sensitive skin you can be sure of the cool, soothing action of Coty Talc. You'll bless it, too, if you are in the habit of shaving under the arm.

A magnificent "bust." If you're budget-conscious—and who isn't?—you'll welcome the thought that you need pay so little for this dual-purpose talc deodorant. No need for separate purchases of costly "sticky" liquids and money creams!

* Smooth, cool, beautifully perfumed talc. PLUS the miracle G 11 ingredients. DOES NOT CONTAIN CHLOROPHYLL.

LONDON PARIS NEW YORK SYDNEY

MOTHER



"Do you really think you'll need two guns at church?"

BUTCH



"Watch McHugh's disappointed face when I make a deposit."

Worth Reporting

THE £100 that Lightning Ridge opal miner Mr. George Pile won for the best entry in "The Queen Comes to Tea" section of our Coronation Contest will enable him to fly on his prospecting trip to Alice Springs this month.

Mr. Pile wrote that since the contest results were announced he has come to dread mail-day. "The letters are coming in hand over fist. I've been up most of the night, writing, and got through 20 letters," he said. "More than 100 letters are stacked on the table ready to be replied to, but not to reply would be discourteous."

Mr. Pile added that many of the letters he had received were from widows and elderly spinsters with beautiful handwriting.

"They have means, homes of their own, but no friends," he said. "I cannot understand this. I have a host of friends. I love reading and poetry (the boys say I am a sissy), love to mix with intelligent men and women, and adore children."

"I have been very busy lately," Mr. Pile went on. "I kept the billy on the fire all day Sunday, and sold 65 small stones to tourists who came out to see me."

"Most of the visitors wanted to know when and where the Queen would be having after-

noon-tea. One handsome little boy said, 'I am going to give Prince Charles my pet kangaroo.' A lovely little girl said, 'I am going to give Princess Ann my pet lamb.' What a sacrifice!

"A local grazier was annoyed and exclaimed: 'When the Queen comes for tea my wife is going to entertain her, and make a real dinky-dink cake.'"

Rings on their little fingers

ENGLISHMEN are taking to wearing wedding rings on their little fingers.

Devotees of the fashion include the Duke of Edinburgh, who has worn a plain gold band on the little finger of his left hand ever since his marriage.

Many Englishmen are pledging vows with signet rings engraved with initials and wedding date.

Flexible gold and platinum mesh and heart-engraved rings are fashionable for brides.

A swing to broader bands doesn't increase the cost of wedding rings. There is no more gold in them than in the narrow, thicker rings.

A Coronation "special" engagement ring for the bride-to-be is set with three stones and has a central crown flanked by hearts. For the man there is a companion piece of a gold signet ring shaped like a crown.

Your hanky—and your personality

AMERICAN manufacturers have already tested the public on methods of chewing gum, squeezing toothpaste, and pulling on stockings. Now the handkerchief people have come up with a quiz that is supposed to disclose "salient characteristics"—as well, no doubt, as boosting sales.

You're ultra-feminine, they say, if you tuck a lace-edged hanky into your cuff or pocket. Resourceful and clever if you fold a man's handkerchief round your neck and knot it in front. To have monograms embroidered on your hanky is the sign of sterling individuality.

If by preference you always use a tiny, six-inch square handkerchief, you're by nature a lady. Field flowers, violets, lilacs, lily-of-the-valley, or daisies on your handkerchiefs mean you're sentimental. The choice of bold prints marks you as adventurous.

May we add that the use of paper handkerchiefs usually means that you have a cold.

A LEADING American home furnishings designer, Mr. Russel Wright, recently suggested that food should be served on black dinner-plates, just as jewels should be displayed against black velvet. Obviously Mr. Wright is unfamiliar with the singed chop.

★ As I read the stars ★ By EVE HILLIARD ★

ARIES (March 21-April 20): Any enterprise begun on May 19 should prosper. The evening favors club meetings and social life. On May 22 beware of gossip and rumors.

TAURUS (April 21-May 20): Business arrangements entered into on May 19 should prove satisfactory. Job seekers are under good aspects. May 24 may bring trouble with older people.

GEMINI (May 21-June 21): News received on May 20 could send you into a tailspin of an emotional kind, but things work out better than expected on May 23.

CANCER (June 22-July 22): There may be a secret disappointment on May 20; it is merely temporary. May 23 offers compensation for hurt feelings.

LEO (July 23-August 22): If a woman and inclined to romance, May 24 promises exciting developments. If older, you may have interesting outings. May 25 provides a mixture of business and pleasure.

VIRGO (August 23-September 23): Don't fly off the handle on May 20 or have a row with the boss or girlfriend. You'll regret it. May 24 is fine for group activities.

LIBRA (September 24-October 23): If a student of the arts, if taking up a hobby, May 19 speeds you towards new achievements. May 24 is likely to be a wash-out.

SCORPIO (October 24-November 22): Take a mild gamble in love or money on May 23; you might win. May 24 or 25 could gratify a wish.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatsoever for the statements contained in it.]

SAGITTARIUS (November 23-December 20): Stick with the crowd this week. In your occupation, choose May 20 for plans with workmates. May 23 is for party-going.

CAPRICORN (December 21-January 19): Property, personal or real, may be important on May 20. Delay decisions on May 21. Take extra care of health on May 25; avoid colds and slippery surfaces.

AQUARIUS (January 20-February 19): May 22 either brings the climax to a love affair, or, if you are older, practical good fortune through the opposite sex. May 24 could produce petty squabbles.

PISCES (February 20-March 20): Feeling fenced in, May 21? You can gain or lose through your own attitude. Be very considerate to those at home on May 25, and you'll win out.

Make up TO THE SUN, WIND AND SURF

Lip-Glo is not a skin dye... just color, glorious color that stays and stays—leaves no lip-prints! For swimming, surfing and all outdoor sports it's ideal. Now only 5/2 with FREE recharge vial!

THE NEW, IMPROVED

LIQUID
Lip-glo
WITH RECHARGE VIAL



Ask for...



THE 2" FLAT BASE MAKES PERFECT CONTACT WITH HOT PLATE AND CUTS CURRENT COSTS

SWAN BRAND

Ground Base
ALUMINIUM HOLLOWWARE

For perfect Hot Plate cooking
In the home
for a LIFETIME

Bulpin & Sons Ltd., Birmingham 15
England

Kissable Loveliness

with
MERCOLIZED WAX
MERCOLIZED WAX will work for your skin every minute of the day and night. It helps remove dead tissue and stimulates new skin. Use lightly under powder and freely as a night and massage cream.
MERCOLIZED WAX CREAM
The improvement on Face Cream "The Loveliest Girls Use It"

LOOK FOR THESE SYMPTOMS OF

WORMS

Itchy nose, irritability, furred tongue, loss of appetite, disagreeable breath, grinding teeth, bowel disorders, disturbed sleep. Destroy worms by taking

Comstock's Worm Pellets

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—May 20, 1953

HEINZ

The KING of SOUPS

Enjoy all 8
delicious kinds

TOMATO

Made with Heinz own
Aristocrat Tomatoes.
Richer, thicker,
creamier.

VEGETABLE

24 different ingredients
in this. A grand old
family soup — so
satisfying.

PEA with HAM

Hearty, satisfying,
tasty. A real man's
soup.

NEW

Scotch BROTH

Aye, it's a bonny soup
indeed. Rich meat
broth with vegetables.
Economical — just
dilute with water.

CELERY

Perfection of
flavour. Made
from Australia's
finest celery.

GREEN PEA

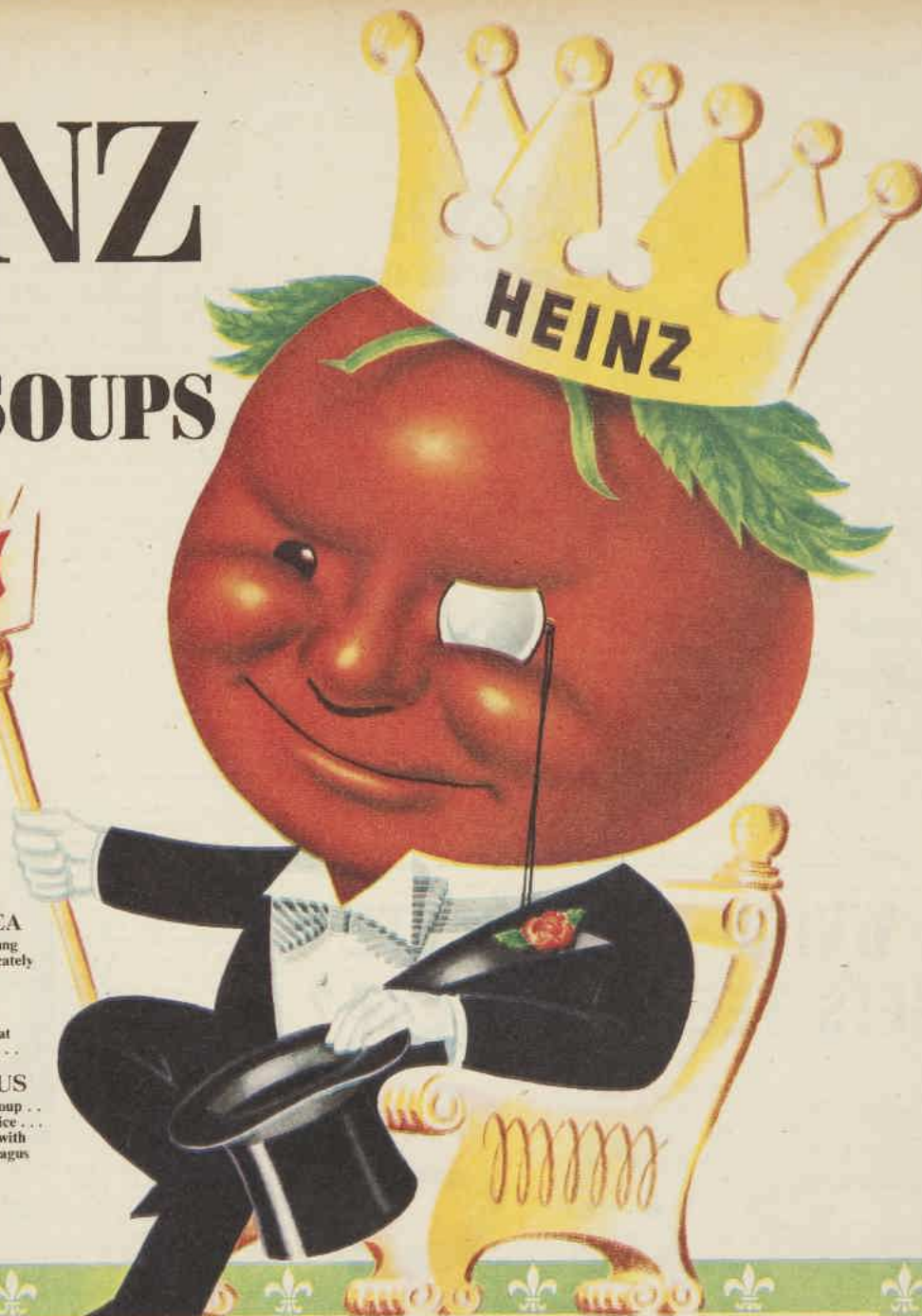
Creamed fresh young
green peas. A delicately
different flavour.

ONION

A creamy soup that
gives you a glow...

ASPARAGUS

Delicious luxury soup...
at an every day price...
garnished ONLY with
tender tasty asparagus
tips.



A 'Right Royal' start to any meal...

Heinz — the King of Soups. For economy, nourishment, goodness and flavour there are no finer soups made in Australia.

Tender, juicy, top grade *Heinz-selected* meats and garden fresh, young, vegetables are carefully chosen and graded... then cooked in small batches to retain the full flavour and nourishing goodness that makes Heinz Soups kingly fare in every home, at a price well within your family budget.

Your grocer has 8 delicious Heinz Soups for you to choose from, including richer, thicker, creamier Heinz Tomato Soup.

Buy and try world famous Heinz Soups today. Available in the 16 ounce family size and the 10 ounce handy size. Serve all 8 delicious kinds.

YOU KNOW IT'S GOOD BECAUSE IT'S HEINZ

H. J. HEINZ CO. PTY. LTD. — MELBOURNE — SYDNEY — NEWCASTLE — BRISBANE — ADELAIDE — PERTH

Seven to Care for!

Mr. and Mrs. Newlands of
Bexley Rd., Canisius, ready for a
day on the beach with their 5
children Allan, Ronald, Rosalind
and twins Gregory and Elaine.



RINSO's thicker, richer suds do the work for this big family

Like thousands of Australian housewives, Mrs. Newlands has proved that Rinso makes wash-day easier—that those thicker, richer suds are best for everything, whites, coloureds, dishes!



RINSO DOES THE REAL WORK ON WASHINGS! TOWELS, SHEETS, THE KIDDS' PLAYCLOTHES... ALL MY WHITES AND COLOURED SPARKLE. THANKS TO RINSO'S THICKER, RICHER SUDS!

Rinso is used by more women than any other washday product in the world.



Z.331.WW71e

WHICH TOOTHPASTE GETS TEETH WHITEST?



PEP- SO- DENT

Only Pepsodent contains Irium
to get rid of **FILM**

Run the tip of your tongue over your teeth. Feel the Film? Film builds continuously on everyone's teeth, clouding the natural whiteness, assisting decay. Only Pepsodent contains Irium, the special film removing ingredient. And Pepsodent does not contain harsh abrasives—its extra cleaning power is gentle cleaning power.

BUY THE BIG, NEW ECONOMY TUBE
—plenty for all the family



Pc.94.WW71e

The Art of Being Royal

By MARGARET SAVILLE

The members of the British Royal Family take their duties and responsibilities seriously, and are trained for their high office from a very early age. In this article Margaret Saville, author of the book "Our Queen," which The Australian Women's Weekly published earlier this year, describes the gentle but firm tuition in the art of being Royal that is being given to Prince Charles, Heir Apparent to the Throne.

ONE sunny morning at Sandringham Prince Charles was out walking with his nurse. Some of the estate foresters took off their caps to him as they passed by in accordance with the local custom when meeting Royalty.

At a touch of Nana's hand Prince Charles gravely removed his little velvet deerstalker in acknowledgment. A few minutes later the Duke of Edinburgh came up and exchanged salutations with the men. As he did so, a clear, bell-like little voice was heard earnestly inquiring: "Do I have to take my cap off again, too, Nana?"

For Prince Charles is already being thoroughly trained in the art of being royal, learning those essential things that will presently become like second nature to him.

He has known for some time how to behave when he goes out in one of the Queen's cars, the transport that holds most fascination for him. As the crowds press round, he nods his golden-brown head politely and waves to them. "Just like Mummy does," as he will proudly announce.

Though if the Duke of Edinburgh is in the party, it is Papa whom Prince Charles always hastens to imitate. "Us men," as Papa once said to his admiring son!

Travelling to Scotland with his parents recently, Prince Charles carefully lined up beside the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh to shake hands with the stationmaster as the Royal train arrived at Balmoral station.

Then he gravely waved to the spectators at exactly the same moment his father did before clambering into the waiting car. On their return journey to London, the two Royal children travelled alone with their nurses, Miss Helen Lightbody and Miss Mabel Anderson.

When the party reached Euston, Prince Charles got out of the train and offered his hand to the waiting stationmaster without any prompting. "Good-morning," he said, "thank you," and turned to wave to the watching porters. One royal lesson has been completely acquired now.

In order that they shall walk erectly and smoothly, moving with proper poise and self-confidence, Prince Charles and Princess Anne have just starting dancing lessons. They are being instructed by Madame Vacani, who taught the Queen and Princess Margaret in their childhood.

First it is just a case of marching round to music and doing a few elementary steps, but later on the Royal children must learn to acquit themselves gracefully in the ballroom since dancing is a required accomplishment for Royal ladies and gentlemen.

It is not likely to present any difficulties to lively little Prince Charles. A nursery gramophone programme of jazz and military band music always earns his vociferous enthusiasm.

Punctuality, that ancient "courtesy of sovereigns," has to be learnt from Royalty's earliest days.

To some it comes easily, as it did to Princess Elizabeth, who was so naturally tidy and methodical like her father. To youthful Princess Margaret



H.R.H. PRINCE CHARLES

clocks did not always have the same significance.

But when the King once inquired why his younger daughter was late at table, whereas his elder one had arrived punctually, Princess Margaret replied quickly: "But she can see Big Ben from her room. My window looks the other way!"

As the Queen watches Prince Charles showing Princess Anne how to wave as they drive out from Buckingham Palace, perhaps her thoughts turn back to the Coronation of 1937, when she was eleven years old and carefully looked after six-year-old Princess Margaret throughout the ceremony in Westminster Abbey.

"She was really very good," the elder girl reported to the Queen afterwards. "I only had to nudge her a bit when she played with her prayer-book."

Prince Charles will soon be having a governess now, beginning the long education that is so specialised for Royalty. French must be fluent, ready for those official receptions at which it is largely spoken, and history has to be studied on a far

wider scale than is needed for other children.

As Princess Elizabeth the Queen had special instruction in Constitutional History from Sir Henry Marten, who was then Vice-Provost of Eton College.

Because Royalty must be well informed, in order to converse when meeting people of different nationalities and varied interests, their reading remains heavy always. Newspapers and periodicals and often special reports or digests prepared by secretaries all have to be studied.

Travelling abroad usually means preliminary study of books and maps concerning the country to be visited.

The late King and his family went to the trouble of acquiring a little Afrikaans before touring South Africa in 1947 and Princess Margaret concluded one speech by successfully delivering a few sentences in Zulu.

It is a complex art to be royal. So many things combine to make it up. There is the ability instantly to connect the name with the face, no matter how long the interval has been between meetings.

There is also the knack of behaving with natural poise while thousands of eyes are watching, of remembering the cameras at the same time and pausing for them without slowing down proceedings.

There is the friendly warmth that puts the nervous visitor at ease and the delicate technique of chatting pleasantly to other people who must not transgress etiquette by asking Royalty any questions.

"It is the art of extra-special good manners," an American writer has said. Fundamentally it is indeed based upon complete consideration for other people, the service of Royalty to their subjects without any thought of self.

When, at Nyeri Lodge in Kenya, the girl in a yellow shirt was told she was now the Queen, her grief at the passing of her deeply loved father was profound.

Yet even in all the bustle of hasty departure, she did not forget to sit down at her desk and sign photographs for the staff of African servants, presenting one to each as she said good-bye. And when her plane reached London again, she thanked the pilot and crew before she left the airfield.

It is this which little Prince Charles and Princess Anne are beginning to learn to-day, even as they politely hand the bag of sweets to everybody else in the room before taking any themselves.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—MAY 20, 1953



LONDON WEDDING. John Harris and his bride, formerly Henrietta Loder, daughter of the Governor-General of Northern Ireland, Lord Wakehurst, and Lady Wakehurst.



BRIDAL TOAST. Clifford Weardon and his bride, formerly Elsie Sherman, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Gregory Sherman, of Pymble, at the reception at the Dorchester Hotel which followed their wedding at Queen's Chapel, in London.



IN CANBERRA. Heather Menzies and Jennifer Holmes, who recently announced her engagement to Cholmondeley Darvall, of Point Piper, at the reception after the wearing-in of Sir William Slim.

Social Gittings

THE pageantry and splendor of the Coronation will be the focal point of world attention on June 2, and thousands of people are flocking to London.

Here in Australia, energetic hostesses and organisers are completing their arrangements to provide Coronation atmosphere at a round of entertainments.

First off the mark with a Coronation flourish on May 29 are the Navy Ball at H.M.A.S. Penguin and the Sydney University Medical Society's annual ball at the Trocadero. The English Speaking Union is holding a Coronation banquet at the Australia Hotel on Saturday, May 30, and on Monday, June 1, there is the choice of two dances—the Coronation Eve Ball at the Trocadero and the ball at Prince's for the Food for Babies Fund.

On Coronation night, June 2, the Tiara Ball at Glen Ascham, in aid of the Sub-normal Children's Health Scheme, will be held, and also a reception at the Royal Empire Society. Many of the guests at the reception will stay on to hear a broadcast of the Coronation. Among parties arranged for Wednesday, June 3, is the Victoria League's reception at Prince's.

THE Governor, Sir John Northcott, will hold a levee in the ballroom at Government House on Monday, June 1, and in the evening he and his daughter Elizabeth will attend a State banquet at the Australia Hotel.

ON Coronation night, a fireworks display will follow the official dinner at Government House, and on Wednesday a garden party will be held in the colorful grounds of Government House. On Wednesday night, June 3, the Governor and his daughter will be present at the Coronation Symphony Concert at the Town Hall, and on Thursday, June 4, will be guests of honor at the Lord Mayor's reception at the Town Hall.

SCOTS lassies Olivia McIntyre and Bridget Younger had their first glimpse of Australian kookaburras and koalas when they holidayed at Pittwater with Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Hanford and their daughter Ruth. Olivia, who is the daughter of senator of the Scottish College of Justice Lord Sorn, has mapped out an energetic travelling programme. After visiting Brisbane, she will holiday with relatives at Dirranbandi, in Queensland. Then her destination is Darwin, via Cairns.

GENERAL meeting ground during Sheep Show week will be the cocktail party on Friday, May 22, given in the Members' Dining-room at the Showground by the New South Wales Sheepbreeders' Association. The Governor, Sir John Northcott, will attend the party after officially opening the Show, and guests will be received by president Mac Falkner, of "Boonoke," Conargo, who is just completing his fourth term in office. Some of the guests will go on to the buffet dinner given by the Australian Association of Breeders of British Sheep at the Pickwick Club.



INTERESTING WEDDING. Dr. and Mrs. Emmet Dalton (centre), who were married at Cuxton Hall, London, with the two witnesses, well-known photographer Baron (left) and film star Kay Walsh. Mrs. Dalton was formerly Mrs. Robin Spencer, daughter of Dr. R. A. Eakin, of Darlington.



GUESTS OF HONOR. American Ambassador Mr. Pete Jarman (centre) and Mrs. Jarman with Rear-Admiral H. A. Showers at the Coral Sea Victory Ball at Prince's. Mrs. Jarman wore violet chiffon.



EX-STUDENTS' BALL. Mr. and Mrs. Malcolm Fuller, Bellevue Hill, at the Cranbrook Ex-students' Ball, which was held at the school.



TO MARRY. Barbara Showers (left) with Anne McCauley at the Coral Sea Victory Ball at Prince's. Barbara will marry Graham Crouch at the Dockyard Church, Garden Island, on August 22.



BY THE FIRESIDE. Mr. and Mrs. Geoff Hyles, of Canberra, who were guests at the dinner party given by Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Ward after the Cootamundra Picnic Races. Mr. Ward is president of the Picnic Race Club.

A WHITE nylon net gown embellished with a design in white faille was chosen by Pat Kingham, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Kingham, of Epping, when she married Bill Mackay, son of Mr. and Mrs. G. Mackay, of "Bellevue," Ward's River, at St. Stephen's, Macquarie Street. Bridesmaids Barbara Mackay and Sonia Schreider wore bouffant gowns of lemon chantilly lace and nylon net. Bill and Pat will live in Dungog.

EVENING FASHION... lovely gown worn by Mrs. Keith Mackay has a slim skirt with a drift of pale pink and white nylon net on the left side, and shaded pink roses trail over one shoulder of the pearl-embroidered bodice.

A BRACELET with charms collected from all over England and Europe brings back memories of her trip abroad for Patricia Greenwood, of Castlereg. The charms include a tiny book of scenes of London, a bear from Berne, Switzerland, a map of Ireland, a matador's hat, and a Maltese cross.

FATHERS of Barker College pupils are doing their bit for the school's Spring Fair by arranging the provision stall. They are asking housewives to forgo normal weekend shopping excursions to buy country produce at the stall. The fair will be held in the school grounds on September 26.

Anne

WINTER WARDROBE

Some smart changes



● Nine items are used in the eleven ensembles on these pages. In the centre are a black skirt and low-cut matching top, worn with a dramatic rose-red stole; a chic cardigan suit, the blouse of pink tailored silk, an outfit at home in either city or country; and a coat and matched skirt ensemble worn with a sweater featuring the new moulded length-giving line. Ideal fashion for smart winter warmth.

OF SEPARATES

re-about



● Panel, far left, shows the three skirts in four different roles, two casual and two festive. More quick and crafty transformations are seen in panel at right for casual and formal entertaining (top) and for general day wear (centre and below). The velvet-trimmed coat, the line ample to wrap but narrow falling, is designed to be worn over the various ensembles. Work out your own ideas on these lines.

FAMOUS AUSTRALIAN HEADACHE & PAIN RELIEVER ACHIEVES BIGGEST SALE IN THE WORLD!

Interesting sidelights on **'ASPRO'** which now reaches
1,000 MILLION PEOPLE IN MORE THAN 50 COUNTRIES

The post-war demand for 'ASPRO' beyond Australia has been enormous and this well known headache and pain reliever which had its origin in Australia has now achieved biggest sale in the world.



The 'ASPRO' arrives at a village in Basutoland. By 'Sigubhu' (native toni toni) the fact is communicated far and wide.



'ASPRO' at the Bullfight
Crowd scene at Lourenco Marques, Portuguese East Africa, where bullfighting remains the big attraction. Under the hot sun of this country 'ASPRO' is in constant demand.



'ASPRO' IN INDIA
India, whose health problems are well known, is now a very large user of 'ASPRO'. Only ten per cent. of the 400 million can read and write their own language and only one per cent. are literate in English. To publicise 'ASPRO' is thus of little use—the widespread demand for it has arisen almost solely through appreciation and recommendations from one to another. Scene shows a Sunday Fair (market) in Southern India at which 'ASPRO' is readily available.



'ASPRO' at Tour de France
'ASPRO' is very popular in France and figures most prominently in the big event of the year—the Tour de France. Riders suffer from heat, exhaustion, cold and thirst as they pedal a gruelling 140 miles every day for 21 days on a nerve-racking course through France, Belgium, Italy and Switzerland. Mishaps are many and the changes in temperature become severe on the riders. A first-aid van covers the whole route and is ready with 'ASPRO' for the many calls made for it. Picture shows start of Tour de France.



'ASPRO' in Far East
In Hong Kong and through Malaya 'ASPRO' has become extremely popular for tropical headaches, fever, "body pains from wind and wetness" (rheumatism) and sleeplessness. The Chinese particularly are large users. An important characteristic of Eastern peoples is their great fastidiousness with regard to food and medicines, but they have now acquired implicit faith in 'ASPRO'. Foreign character mean 'ASPRO' in Chinese and Malay.



'ASPRO' in Darkest Africa
Go as far as north of Rhodesia, past the big elephant country and in the kraals you will see 'ASPRO' now playing the part of family medicine just as it does in Australia. With steadily increasing contact with the white man superstition and peculiar tribal beliefs give way to an appreciation of facts and so 'ASPRO' displaces the medicine man.



'ASPRO' in United Kingdom
'ASPRO' is not new in United Kingdom, having first been made available there in 1925. Since then it has become the leading household medicine and great tributes have been paid to the value of 'ASPRO' in the two recent big 'flu epidemics. In the disastrous floods of last February, large supplies of 'ASPRO' were made available gratis to Flood Relief Authorities at various centres.



AIR LIFT in INDONESIA
Loading cases of 'ASPRO' into K.L.M. Royal Dutch Airline transport planes. During 1948, in a period when road transport to many parts of Indonesia became hazardous, an air lift was organised. The oppressive climate makes 'ASPRO' a daily necessity. This move prevented a break in supplies and was greatly appreciated by the Indonesians.



Stopping Headaches from Egypt's Blistering Heat

A bedouin passing the great pyramid of Cheops dismounts his camel to take 'ASPRO' with a drink of water and rest for a while. Headaches from the baking sun are a constant worry and 'ASPRO' has become "headache remedy No. 1" not only to Egypt's 19 millions but all through Arabia and the Middle East region. No better recommendation for 'ASPRO' as hot weather headache relief in Australia.



'ASPRO' by Launch to Villages in Thailand

Thailand is in the monsoonal region where violent rain storms and fierce heat bring health troubles to many of the 18 million people there and 'ASPRO' is now in wide and constant demand. Roads are not good and in many large areas waterways or klongs through the rice fields provide the only avenue of transport. Here is a launch which distributes 'ASPRO' among the villages and thousands of small dwellings which fringe the klongs.



'ASPRO' and the Blue Danube
Austrian women packing 'ASPRO' in Vienna. This is one of the more recent territories in which an 'ASPRO' manufacturing unit has been established.



Zulu wedding in Valley of 1000 hills.

SCHOOL PROJECTS:

These pictures have been reprinted larger on glossy paper and are available post free on request together with a 1500-word story of 'ASPRO' and its manufacture. Write to Dept. W, Nicholas Pty. Ltd., 37 Swanston Street, Melbourne.

S - O - S from AMERICA for 'ASPRO'

'ASPRO' has not yet reached U.S.A. but its reputation has. This letter from MRS. LAWRENCE ABBOTT, Townsend, Massachusetts, is typical of many:

DEAR SIRS.—While my husband was serving in the United States Navy and was stationed in your country, he purchased 'ASPRO' and brought some home with him, as nothing else seemed to check his colds or headaches like your 'ASPRO' did. I suffer from severe headaches and find that nothing relieves them but 'ASPRO'. Why I'm writing to you is to find out if there is anywhere in the U.S.A. that I can purchase them. I have tried a good many places, but they have never heard of 'ASPROS'. We are down to our last 6 tablets and I really would like to get some more if it is possible.

Such African mothers and daughters are 'ASPRO' users today



The 'ASPRO' Man Makes Delivery in Lisbon, Portugal

Customs die hard in this country. Many still carry everything from watering cans to flower pots on the head. It takes a little longer this way but the 'ASPRO' arrives safe and sound.



ADEN
ALGERIA
ANGOLA
AUSTRIA
BAHIANAS
BELGIAN CONGO
BELGIUM
BERMUDA
BORNEO
BRITISH E. AFRICA
BRITISH GUIANA

BRITISH HONDURAS
BRITISH W. AFRICA
BURMA
CANADA
CEYLON
CHINA
CYPRUS
CYRENAICA
EGYPT
EIRE
ERITREA

ETHIOPIA
FALKLAND ISLANDS
FIJI
FRANCE
FR. CENT. AFRICA
FRENCH GUIANA
FRENCH INDIA
FR. SOMALILAND
FR. WEST AFRICA
GIBRALTAR
GOA

GREAT BRITAIN
GREECE
HOLLAND
HONGKONG
INDIA
INDO CHINA
INDONESIA
IRAQ
ISRAEL
ITALY
JAMAICA

JORDAN
KUWAIT
LUXEMBOURG
MADAGASCAR
MALAYA
MALTA
MAURITIUS
MOROCCO
MOZAMBIQUE
NEW CALEDONIA
NEW GUINEA

NEW ZEALAND
NORTHERN IRELAND
NORTH & SOUTH RHODESIA
NYASALAND
PAKISTAN
PERSIA (IRAN)
PERSIAN GULF
PORTUGAL
PORTUGUESE GUINEA
REUNION

SAMOA
SAUDI ARABIA
SEYCHELLES
SOLOMON ISLANDS
SOMALILAND
ST. HELENA
ST. PIERRE & MIQUELON
SUDAN
SWITZERLAND
SYRIA & LEBANON

TAHITI
THAILAND
TRIPOLITANIA
TUNIS
TURKEY
UNION OF S. AFRICA
WEST INDIES

NOTHING MORE MODERN ANYWHERE - NOTHING TAKES THE PLACE OF 'ASPRO'

DRESS SENSE

by Betty Keep

Here are some current fashion gossip and trends worth noting from Europe, New York, London, and the Bahamas.

Paris: Jeanne Lanvin has opened a lingerie department. One of the two outstanding models selling is a mauve-grey chiffon nightgown, posed over similar material in blush-pink, trimmed with a two-toned double ruffle.

The second and more tailored model combines rose-pink chiffon with matched crepe satin, the latter used for the puffed sleeves and tiny bodice.

Schiaparelli takes into account the feminine figure when she designs tight, calf-length pants for the casual hours of a French woman. The pants are made with three tiers of capelet-like points down each side, giving the flaring effect of a skirt.

The same designer showed "blue" pants—tight linen pants, with four pockets down one leg and a different-colored handkerchief tucked into each pocket.

Her third fantasy is below-the-knee pants of re-embroidered Alencon lace.

New York: Declared spring color—boulevard-beige.

An advertisement in a New York store reads:

"It's a natural to begin spring's delicious new all-of-a-color look, the look you'll concoct by blending well a host of beiges—a drop of cafe au lait here, a dash of benedictine there, and maybe a dollop of honey to sweeten the whole—but begin with boulevard."

Coral and jet black are more dramatic, and always seen in large display—coral

as the main color and jet black patent accessories as the accent.

The wool house-dressing-gown with a new skirt-length is well established in America. It is smart, more economical with fabric than a full-length, and attractive. The one illustrated on this page can be belted or worn loose, according to taste and figure proportions.

Nassau: At the British Colonial "Blue Lagoon" beach, around 10.30-11 a.m., breakfast time, before actual bathing begins, women promenade in a variety of shorts-and-pants costumes.

Outstanding ensembles are: Black velveteen tapered pants, knotted below the knee, worn with a sleeveless white turtle-necked blouse, back-buttoned.

Pale pink, sleeveless cotton blouse, worn with flag-blue cotton shorts.

Colored native straw hats and bags add spice to somewhat classic silhouettes.

London: "More spice" is an overall summary of the London couture this season, according to American buyers.

They say "English designers are rising to the occasion appropriately for Coronation year."

In styling, tweeds come in for top mention in suits and some coats. New softness of fibre, new textile interest, and new coloring in tweed mixtures are points of interest.

But in addition to tweeds there is considerable interest in evening gowns. The "true"



D.S. 26.—Short-cut house-dressing-gown. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 4½ yds. 54in. material. Price 4/6. Patterns may be obtained from Mrs. Betty Keep, "Dress Sense," Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

ball gown, reflecting the regal aspects of the Coronation, has been beautifully executed by Hardy Amies, dressmaker to the Royal Family.

Capri: Narrowly tailored pants are worn on the Isle of Capri by eight out of every eighteen women. The pants are often in a printed material, the top a black pull-down sweater.

Among the newest prints are harlequin checks and multi-colored stripes. The most-favored sandals are plain black flat-to-the-ground mules with a wide strap over the instep.

The prettiest, the warmest, the best value nighties in town!



They're

Dream-Glo

Interlock
by Bond's

Warm as a furnace, with a wonderful luxury feel to them. The new pyjamas take a lively young tomboy look—with saucy Burcher Boy jackets that hang straight from the shoulder: the new nightgowns feature pretty lace details that do wonderful things for your figure! Bond's Interlock washes like a charm and wears and wears!

BOND'S COSY INTERLOCK IS A FAMILY AFFAIR



• Luscious lace trimmings—fully collars, sweet bows—ties for Bond's young nightgown.



• Lots of lace everywhere—on collars, yokes, cuffs. Such pretty new fashions.



BOND'S
QUALITY
CONTROL

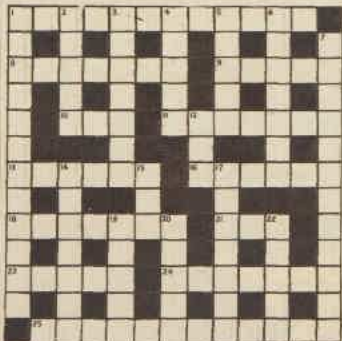
The cosy Interlock used in the manufacture of Bond's nightwear is subject to exacting "Quality Control". Only the finest grade of combed yarn is used and it is rigorously tested before manufacture. (The quality of these yarns has never varied.) After the yarn is spun, and is on its way to the cutting-table, it is relaxed to minimise shrinkage. No wonder Dream-Glo wears so well.

THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

1. Impartial statement that the woodchopper has his tools in order (2, 2, 2, 8).
3. Instruments for rubbing hard but they sound as if they were capital R's (7).
5. Sun god in note is a channel for carrying off liquid (3).
10. Pinch (3).
11. Terrestrial tea with sin joins a printer's measure in ease (7).
12. They lead a vagabond life but mentally they are sane (6).
16. Of the mind the outside of which could serve as a meal (8).
18. Broken gear in a high card represents the amount of land (7).
21. Tap which is no good when turned (3).
22. Omit cover to ease (5).
24. Not behind a seat of the heart (7).
25. You may be one, and fifty years ago you surely would have been one for the editor (8, 6).

Solution will be published next week.



DOWN

1. Birds to be found after sunset in storms (12).
2. Proverb which by the look of it originated after the birth of Christ (5).
3. Corrected, yet the end is still in the middle (7).
4. Attack on collection (5).
5. Electronic device to find objects in space from both sides (5).
6. Most dexterous consumed in mug retreat (7).
7. No trout relic (Anag. 12).
12. Forest tree (3).
14. Spoil piece of rope to get another one of two strands (7).
15. Hang sideways a turned fuel (3).
17. Confirm the termination or secure without remedy (7).
19. The French in skill is watchful (5).
20. Rub out, starting and ending with the disturbed god of war (5).
22. Impress on memory a trade-mark (5).



Solution to last week's crossword.



"The money I saved with FELTEX helped furnish this room!"

Feltex saves pounds on wall-to-wall floor covering—pounds which can be put to very good use in these days of cramped budgets. Because of its extra width (Plain and Marbled Feltex are 2 yards wide—Patterned Feltex, Teprac, 1½ yards wide) you need less Feltex to give your rooms the beauty and comfort of wall-to-wall luxury.

Soft and cosy under foot, many lovely shades and patterns . . . Feltex is the correct floor covering for every room in your home. What's more, Feltex floor covering is a branded product that will give you years of satisfactory service and comfort. See the range of colours and patterns at your favourite furniture store to-day.



For Beauty... for Economy...

FELTEX

AUSTRALIA'S NATIONAL FLOOR COVERING

FELT & TEXTILES OF AUSTRALIA LTD., Manufacturers of Marbled, Plain and Patterned Feltex (Teprac)

TEPRAC
(Patterned Feltex)
1½ yards wide
MARBLED FELTEX
2 yards wide
PLAIN FELTEX
2 yards wide

Feltex is the original wool-felt floor covering manufactured in Australia with a reputation of a quarter of a century behind it. Remember, Feltex is a branded product . . . refuse all substitutes.

He sought for a word. "This is very unwholesome."

"Thank you, but no," said Mrs. Loomis.

"Miss Hoffman?"

"No," she said with a sob.

He had no authority to force them to separate, but so intolerable did he find the situation that he went to the captain and told him the tale.

"I believe it's a situation that might lead to trouble," said Murchison. "Serious trouble."

"Come, come, Mr. Murchison. Maybe they'll pull each other's hair one of these days, something like that. But if you see Mrs. Loomis really behaved in this manner, she'd send the girl packing."

Murchison was not convinced by this, and not reassured. While he ate his dinner, he thought of those two shut up in the room, and he was absent-minded with his table.

He went to his office after dinner, which he seldom did. The passengers who came to the window were, he thought, unusually irritating. When will we get into St. Helen's? Can I buy rum there? Is there any malaria there?

He was startled to see Gretel standing outside the wicket.

"Mrs. Loomis sent me to ask you," she began.

"Wait," said Murchison. "We'll step out on deck."

He left his assistant in charge and hurried Gretel out on C deck. The girl looked spent.

"Mrs. Loomis invites you to lunch with us to-morrow on the island," she said.

"Oh, yes? Thanks. Now, about your stopping off there?"

"No," she said. "I can't."

"You're not allowing yourself to worry about all that nonsense?" he demanded. "About the damned veil?"

"Why did I buy that veil?" she asked.

"Because you took a fancy to it."

"I never wore a veil before. Only when I saw it, I felt I must get it."

"Nothing of the sort," said Murchison, and took her arm as if he were going to shake her. "You've got to get hold of yourself!"

"But, suppose—?"

"Suppose nothing," he said,

Continuing

The Spotted Veil

from page 5

very nearly shouting. "Look here! We're going to the smoke-room to have a drink. I'm going to introduce you to some of the other passengers and you're going to talk and amuse yourself in a—a normal way."

She went with him, and he brought a woman journalist and a major to their table. Gretel was very polite, but after half an hour she rose and said good-night.

"What a charming girl!" the major said.

"She's rather like a sleep-walker," said the journalist.

That expression stayed by Murchison. He had vague memories of sleepwalkers, in plays and books, women in white robes, wringing their hands, moving in a nightmare.

It's the most unwholesome situation I ever came across, he cried to himself. Things can't go on this way. Something's bound to happen.

He found Gretel on deck the next morning, and he sighed with relief to see her face, alight, young, happy.

"How beautiful!" she said. "The little island—I have never seen the tropics before. Look at the water, Mr. Murchison! In one place it's jade, in another it's sapphire."

"Very pretty," he agreed.

She was wearing a white dress with a green belt, and a wide green hat; her little air of sauciness had come back to her, and she talked to the other passengers with animation.

"Have you got over all that nonsense?" Murchison asked her when they were alone for a moment.

"Yes!" she said with energy. "Only, do you know, Mr. Murchison, I was almost at the breaking point. I was almost ready to believe that I did have in my heart—"

"Much better not to talk about it," he said. "Put it out of your head."

"I will," she said. "Now it seems only like a bad dream."

Only it was a dream that could, and would, come back once she and Mrs. Loomis were again shut up together.

Mrs. Loomis appeared now

with a cylindrical black tin box hung over her shoulder.

"I'm quite a botanist," she told Murchison. "When I travelled with my husband, I always collected some typical plant wherever we went, to dry and press."

She, too, was much improved this morning. Was it possible, thought Murchison, that he had taken the affair too seriously?

"We might take a drive first," she went on. "And then you must be my guest at lunch."

There were no taxis that went beyond the town limits. He picked out an old carriage with a horse that looked reasonably healthy, and they got into it, Murchison beside the girl. They drove through the little town and into the hills, which were still green after the rains. There were no trees, only bush and rank grass; no houses.

"But there's a good view from the top," Murchison explained. "What's that yellow flower, Mr. Murchison?" asked Mrs. Loomis.

"It's a weed," he answered. "I'd like to look at it," said Mrs. Loomis. "Driver, stop a moment, please."

They had nearly reached the summit, anyhow, and it would do the horse no harm to rest a little. They all got out, and Mrs. Loomis went to the edge of the cliff where the yellow flower grew.

"Better not go so near the edge," said Murchison. There was a sheer drop to a rocky beach far below.

"I'll be careful," she said. "Why, I don't believe I know this flower. Driver, do you know its name?"

"Call her yellowing, mistress," said the driver.

"This is very interesting," said Mrs. Loomis. "I want to get a really good specimen, Mr. Murchison. Do you know, I have an edelweiss in my collection, given me by a friend of my husband's?"

"Very nice," said Murchison. Gretel had gone on up the hill, lightfooted and eager. He would have liked to watch her when she got her first glimpse

of the view, but professional etiquette required him to remain with the older and more important passenger.

"They're growing all along here," she remarked, slowly mounting the hill. "Now, this seems a good specimen."

She got out a little trowel and, kneeling down, began to dig. The sun beat down upon the unprotected nape of her neck. Her face was darkly flushed.

"I'd advise you to get out of the sun, Mrs. Loomis," he said. "It doesn't bother me in the least," she said, digging energetically.

It bothered her, thought Murchison, for in spite of his felt hat, which shaded his face and neck, the sun came down like fiery rain. Pigheaded woman.

He got out a cigarette and struck a match—and dropped them both at the sound of her cry.

She had gone over the edge of the cliff, but she was grasping a sturdy bush. He ran to her and took her wrists and tried to pull her up.

"I've got a good foothold here," she said. "There's a ledge."

She was remarkably composed about her predicament. There she stood, on a narrow shelf of rock, only her flushed face showing over the top of the cliff.

"I was quite dizzy for a moment," she said. "I lost my balance but that's passed now."

She was heavy, and the ledge slanted inward. Murchison could not pull her up.

"Driver!" he called.

There was no answer. Turning his head, he saw the driver a little way down the hill, asleep, his helmet over his face.

"Can you hold on a minute, while I wake the fool?" he asked.

"Certainly," said Mrs. Loomis. "I could hold on almost indefinitely."

He was extremely reluctant to leave her, though.

"Driver!" he shouted again, and saw the man stir. "Here! Come here—and hurry!"

The driver pushed back his helmet and sat up straight.

"Hurry up!" called Murchison.

From the far side of the hill appeared a little dog, dragging a rope. The rope might help, Murchison thought, and he whistled to the dog. But it ran away from him, to the edge of the cliff, up to Mrs. Loomis.

Murchison went after it, and he saw Mrs. Loomis looking into the animal's face, with her jaw dropped, her eyes wide and blank.

"Hold on!" he cried, reaching for her hands.

But she simply let go. She disappeared without a sound. The dog gave a yelp, looking up at Murchison, a starveling little mongrel with a black-and-white spotted face.

"Oh, my dear Lawd!" cried the driver beside him.

Gretel was coming back over the top of the hill, walking quickly, her dark eyes anxious.

"Did I hear you call?" she asked.

He went to meet her.

"Miss Hoffman," he said. "There's been an accident."

"But what—?"

"Get into the carriage," he said. "The driver will take you back to the ship."

"No!" she said. "No! Tell me! I must know!"

Murchison braced himself.

"Mrs. Loomis has fallen over the cliff," he said.

"You mean she's hurt?"

"I'm sorry," he said, "but there's no hope."

He took her arm to steady her.

"Go back to the ship," he said.

"No," she said. "I won't leave Mrs. Loomis."

It took a long time for the ambulance to fetch Mrs. Loomis, and after that there were the police and the doctor.

"Sunstroke," Murchison said. "I warned her about it, but she would go on digging. Then she keeled over."

He did not mention the dog to anyone, but he intended to tell Gretel about it, later on. That's what killed Mrs. Loomis, he would tell her. Sheer superstition. When she saw that spotted face, she lost her nerve completely, simply let go.

But not yet. The poor girl was having a bad time of it, and enduring it with courage and dignity.

A cable was sent to the sister in Trinidad, and the answer was that Mrs. Loomis should continue her journey, in the charge of her companion.

The captain had to come ashore, the sailing was held up, Mrs. Loomis became even more important than before.

At last Murchison was able to get into a taxi with Gretel, to return to the ship. She looked exhausted, and he himself felt none too bright.

"It's so dreadful," she said. "So hard to realise. Only, Mr. Murchison, I am so thankful the Arab was wrong."

"Naturally," he said. "I hope you'll be more sensible now."

"I think that maybe she knows now," Gretel said unsteadily.

"Oh yes, yes," said Murchison quickly.

They drove through the little town, too quiet in the afternoon sun.

"Oh, the little dog!" Gretel cried suddenly.

"What do you mean?" he asked.

"I forgot him! When I was going up the hill I saw two little boys with a dog. They were hitting him; they were cruel to him; they said they were going to drown him. I bought him for two shillings. I thought there would surely be an animal shelter on the island."

"Oh, yes," Murchison said. "But when I heard you call I was startled and dropped the rope and he ran away."

"He'll be all right," said Murchison.

In the sweltering heat, it was as if a cold breath blew on the back of his neck.

It was as if the blood of his ancient Scots forebears stirred like ice in his veins. So she had sent the dog!

They had reached the wharf now. He paid the driver and helped the girl out.

"You've had no lunch," he said. "We'll go to the smoke-room and have a sandwich and a drink."

And you'll never know, he thought.

(Copyright)

MORE ACTIVE FULL-STRENGTH CHLOROPHYLL IN KOLYNOS

—For complete dental protection

★ Instantly Destroys Mouth Odours!

★ Tones up tender gums! ★ Cuts dental decay!

Just look at the colour of your Kolynos Toothpaste with Chlorophyll! See that deep, rich green? There's your proof that this magical toothpaste gives you the utmost benefits of chlorophyll...complete dental protection.

Kolynos with Chlorophyll tones up tender gums and reduces tooth decay. It destroys mouth odours

instantly — doesn't just "cover them up." Your whole mouth feels so fresh and wholesome for hours. Your teeth sparkle with new brightness.

Today, buy your large or medium size tube of Kolynos Toothpaste with Chlorophyll. Get more Chlorophyll protection — the KOLYNOS way.



ASK FOR KOLYNOS
CHLOROPHYLL
TOOTHPASTE



Regular Kolynos
in the yellow tube available
everywhere

K752-2

Hear it on a **Hotpoint** RADIO



Direct from London

on this magnificent Hotpoint Radiogram

On 2nd June a mere handful of Australians will have a seat in Westminster Abbey. YOU and everyone else can have the next best seat alongside this Hotpoint Radiogram. Lovely to look at . . . delightful to listen to. Model F1 is housed in a superb mahogany or walnut cabinet with two spacious record compartments . . . 9 valves and 7-band, all-wave reception . . . automatic record changer in slide-out drawer and 12" speaker. Hear the history-making Coronation broadcast direct from London on the matchless Hotpoint F1 Radiogram.



OR
Broadcast
Locally

on a

Hotpoint Mantel or Portable Receiver

Hear your favourite local station rebroadcast the Abbey ceremony on the Hotpoint L6 Mantel shown above. It's a high fidelity radio with a larger, unbreakable, easier-to-read dial and all local stations in bigger letters. On-off switch fitted . . . 5 P.M. speaker acoustically matched to cabinet . . . automatic tone compensation is provided with continuously variable tone control. The Hotpoint L6 chassis is completely enclosed and the cabinet provided with ventilating slots and handgrip. In smartly styled plastic burgundy, walnut or ivory. If 2nd June finds you motoring on the highway or at the week-end cottage, hear the Coronation rebroadcast just the same on the new Hotpoint M7 Portable. Complete with inbuilt power pack for A.C. operation, the M7 still weighs only 10½ lbs.! Dimensions are small, too—only 11" x 5½" x 8"—and newest, latest, most important improvement is *Renovation*. This Hotpoint feature gives three times the usual battery life! Illustration at left shows the lustrous shutter-proof ivory polystyrene case . . . also available in brown.



*There is just time
to get your Hotpoint
Radio before the
Coronation*

SEE YOUR LOCAL

HOTPOINT RETAILER TO-DAY

**AUSTRALIAN
GENERAL ELECTRIC**
(INCORPORATED LIMITED)

SYDNEY, NEWCASTLE, LISMORE,
WOLLONGONG, MELBOURNE,
BRISBANE, ROCKHAMPTON,
TOWNSVILLE, ADELAIDE,
ROBART, LAUNCESTON. AGENT
IN W.A.: ATKINS (W.A.) LTD.



Australia's finest!
—the complete
Hotpoint range
of electric
servants



MODERN DRAMA SET IN OLD WORLD

Israel with its age-old scenery is the background in "The Juggler" (Columbia), in which producer Stanley Kramer tells a contemporary story of a neurotic man (portrayed by Kirk Douglas) in frantic flight from the law as well as from himself. Rehabilitation is accomplished through the juggler's love for a girl of the country.

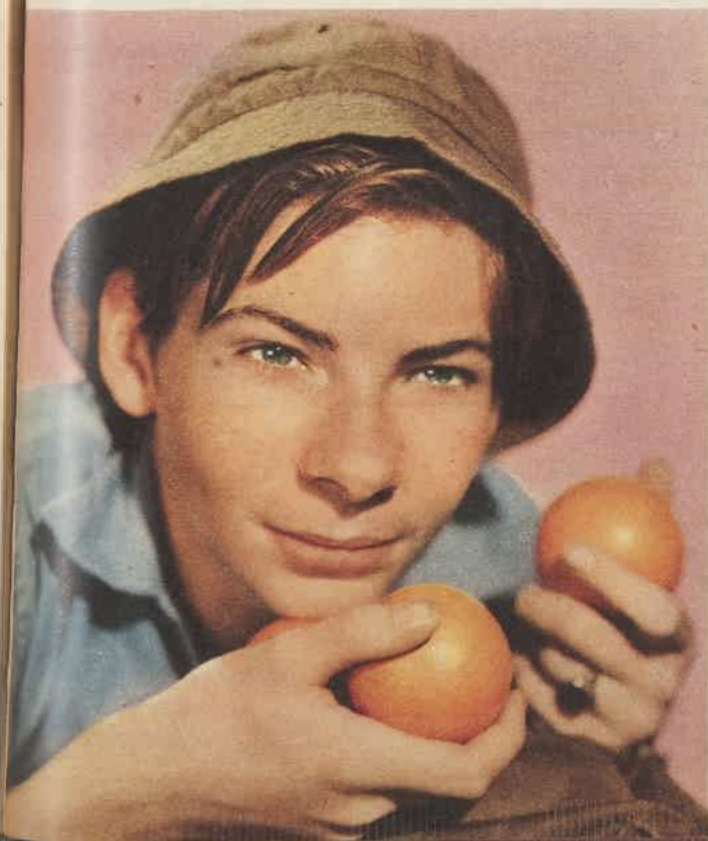


MILLY VITALE, 19-year-old Italian actress, was chosen after a long search by producer Stanley Kramer to portray Ya'el, the beautiful Israeli heroine of "The Juggler." Her strength of character symbolises the hope of the new Israel.



JUVENILE STAR of "The Juggler" is puckish 15-year-old Joey Walsh (left). A noted personality of American stage, screen, and television, Joey in this film plays a boy who befriends the juggler (Kirk Douglas).

KIRK DOUGLAS (above) takes the title role in "The Juggler." To play the role of Hans Muller, a once-famous European theatrical who is on the run from the law, Douglas learnt how to juggle for the film.



"Soaping" dulls hair— Halo glorifies it!



Not a soap
Halo cannot leave
dulling soap film

Gives fragrant
"soft-water" lather
—needs no
special rinse!

Wonderfully
mild and
gentle—does not
dry or irritate

Removes
embarrassing
dandruff from both
hair and
scalp!

Leaves hair
soft, manageable—
shining with colourful
natural highlights.
Halo glorifies your
hair the very
first time
you use it.



Halo reveals the hidden beauty of your hair!



VENCATACHELLUM
Genuine Madras
CURRY POWDER
The Same Grand
Curry Grandma used

THIS WEEK'S SPECIAL RECIPE CURRY SAUCE

1 onion, 1 apple, 1 tablespoon butter or dripping, juice of 1/2 lemon, 1 heaped dessertspoon each of flour and curry powder, 1 tablespoon desiccated coconut, salt and cayenne, 1 pint strained stock, milk or water.
Peel and chop the onion and apple, then fry in heated butter in saucepan till golden-brown. Stir in flour and curry powder. Cook for few minutes, add coconut and liquid, and stir till mixture boils and thickens. Cover with lid, simmer for 20 minutes; season with salt, cayenne, and strained lemon juice, and serve hot. If required smooth, the sauce may be rubbed through a sieve and reheated before serving.

JUST ASK FOR "VENTS"

Talking of Films

By M. J. McMAHON

★★ Lure of the Wilderness

THE forbidding interior of Georgia's Okfenokee swamplands, artistically photographed, provides eerie background for Fox's technicolor drama "Lure of the Wilderness."

The 1910 vintage story is fair. It concerns a man falsely accused of murder who has hidden away with his daughter for eight years in the trackless swamp.

While searching for a lost dog in the area young Ben Tyler (Jeffrey Hunter) is captured by the Crusoish fugitive Jim Harper (Walter Brennan) and his sceptical daughter Laurie (Jean Peters).

The three eventually become friends. The young people find romance while Ben helps track down the real murderers and clears the way for father and daughter to return home.

Acceptable character work plus the strange background and an ominous musical score by Franz Waxman give this film some dramatic intensity.

Lovely Constance Smith

plays the other girl. The villains are pop-eyed Jack Elam and Pat Hogan.
In Sydney—Plaza.

★★ Home at Seven

THE characteristic understatement of a top British cast gives depth and meaning to the somewhat ordinary thriller "Home at Seven."

Ralph Richardson, Margaret Leighton, and Jack Hawkins are the film stars. They are supported by a team of superior feature players.

A staid London bank employee (Ralph Richardson) suffers a 24-hour mental blackout. His devoted suburban wife (Margaret Leighton) calls in understanding local doctor Jack Hawkins.

Before long Richardson, who is shown to have the full quota of motive and opportunity, begins to believe that he committed robbery and murder during the lost hours.

The insidious influence of hidden fear on the mentality of the central character provides the main interest. Story development is vague and the climax inconclusive.

In Sydney—Embassy.

CITY FILM GUIDE

Films reviewed

CAPITOL.—*** "Reap the Wild Wind," technicolor period drama, starring John Payne, Paulette Goddard, John Wayne, Susan Hayward. Plus "Debarred," drama, starring Otto Kruger. (Both re-releases.)

CIVIC.—*** "The Secret of Convict Lake," drama, starring Gene Tierney, Glenn Ford. Plus "Deputy Marshal," Western, starring John Hall, Frances Langford. (Both re-releases.)

EMBASSY.—*** "Home at Seven," thriller-drama, starring Sir Ralph Richardson, Margaret Leighton, Jack Hawkins. (See review this page.) Plus "Treasure Hunt," comedy, starring Jimmy Edwards.

ESQUIRE.—*** "Androcles and the Lion," comedy farce, starring Jean Simmons, Victor Mature, Alan Young, Robert Newton. Plus "The Secret Sharer," sea drama, starring James Mason, Michael Pate.

LIBERTY.—*** "Julius Caesar," Shakespearian tragedy, starring James Mason, Marlon Brando, John Gielgud. Plus featurettes.

PALACE.—*** "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs," Walt Disney's technicolor cartoon. Plus "The Threat," mystery, starring Charles McGraw, Virginia Gray. (Both re-releases.)

PARK.—"Montana Belle," truecolor Western, starring George Brent, Jane Russell. Plus "Dangerous Profession," thriller, starring George Raft, Ella Raines. (Re-release.)

PLAZA.—*** "Lure of the Wilderness," technicolor adventure drama, starring Jeff Hunter, Jean Peters, Walter Brennan. (See review this page.) Plus "The Wac from Walla Walla," comedy, starring Judy Canova.

PRINCE EDWARD.—*** "The Son of Paleface," technicolor comedy, starring Bob Hope, Jane Russell, Roy Rogers. Plus featurettes.

REGENT.—*** "The Quiet Man," technicolor Irish farce, starring Maureen O'Hara, John Wayne, Barry Fitzgerald. Plus featurettes.

SAVOY.—"Clochemerle," French-language comedy, starring Brochard, Simone Marchals, Paul Demange, Maximilien. Plus featurettes.

STATE.—*** "Botany Bay," technicolor drama of early Australia, starring Alan Ladd, James Mason, Patricia Medina. Plus "Tropic Zone," technicolor adventure drama, starring Ronald Reagan, Rhonda Fleming.

VARIETY.—*** "Come Back, Little Sheba," drama, starring Shirley Booth, Burt Lancaster, Terry Moore. Plus "Two-Dollar Better," gambling drama, starring John Litch, Marie Winsor.

VICTORY.—*** "Walk East on Beacon," crime drama, starring George Murphy, Finlay Currie, Virginia Gilmore. Plus "Thief of Damascus," technicolor adventure drama, starring Paul Henreid, Jeff Donnell.

Films not yet reviewed

CENTURY.—"The Star," drama, starring Bette Davis, Sterling Hayden. Plus featurettes.

LYCEUM.—"Man in the Dark," 3-D drama, starring Edmond O'Brien, Audrey Totter. Plus featurettes.

MAYFAIR.—"The House of Wax," 3-D thriller, starring Vincent Price, Phyllis Kirk. Plus featurettes.

ST. JAMES.—"Jeopardy," drama, starring Barbara Stanwyck, Barry Sullivan. Plus "Rogues' March," adventure, starring Peter Lawford, Janice Rule.

Elastoplast

the

WATERPROOF

first-aid dressing

THAT LIVES UP TO ITS CLAIM



Any simple injury is fully protected from water, cream and oil when you cover it with a waterproof Elastoplast dressing. In addition, the medicated pad underneath the plastic covering helps heal the wound. Flesh-coloured, unobtrusive Elastoplast stretches with your skin, too, so that it adheres firmly, even on such difficult spots as elbows and knees, while allowing you freedom of movement.

Ask your chemist for WATERPROOF

Elastoplast



Ready-cut dressings in the red and white tin.

Also: Spools of Waterproof plaster without medicated pad in 1" x 1 yd. and 3 yd. lengths.

SMITH & NEPHEW (AUST.) PTY. LTD., SYDNEY

You can rely on NUGGET



Because...

- IT OUTSHINES ALL OTHERS
- NUGGET BLACK IS BLACKER
- THE NEW DARK TAN IS RICHER
- IT'S A SMOOTH POLISH—EASY, CLEAN TO USE
- NUGGET TINS REALLY OPEN WITH A TWIST



★ The world's largest selling shoe polish

NP 12-1



1 NEWCOMERS Ferraby (John Stratton), centre, and Lockhart (Donald Sinden) report to Commander Ericson (Jack Hawkins), left.



2 CONVOY ORDERS (right) are given by Ericson to officers Lockhart, Ferraby, Morrel (Denholm Elliott), and Bennett (Stanley Baker).



3 NEWS that unpopular Bennett is ill forces Ericson to appoint inexperienced Lockhart as acting First-Lieutenant. The two men become friends.

THE CRUEL SEA

EALING'S wartime drama "The Cruel Sea" is based on Nicholas Monserrat's best-selling novel about the wartime struggle to keep the North Atlantic sea routes open.

In particular, it is the story of the crew of one corvette on convoy duties, of the Royal Navy, and of the men in the street who became sailors in wartime.

Highlighting the stresses of war aboard the corvette *Compass Rose*, film action also dwells on friendships and clashes of conflicting personalities below decks as well as on episodes in the personal lives of crew members.



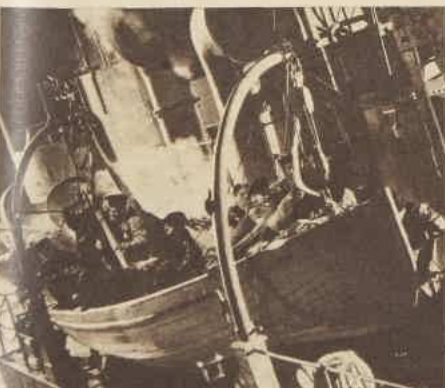
4 TROUBLE looms for the convoy. An ammunition ship and a cargo vessel are sunk. Some men are rescued. Lockhart gives them first-aid.



5 ATTACKED by a submarine pack during later convoy, *Compass Rose* collects her first U-boat in a bitterly fought action. The war-hardened crew then goes off on a short leave and picks up the threads of private affairs.



6 VIGILANCE resumes as *Compass Rose* sets out again. The ship runs into trouble, and tragedy comes without warning. A blinding flash, a shattering explosion, and the vessel heels over.



7 BOATS jam as the ship goes down. Lockhart and seven others are on a Carley float. They bump into another float and pick up Ericson. Many crew members lose their lives or are seriously injured.



8 SURVIVORS sing as Lockhart tries to keep them awake through the night. Ferraby breaks down completely in struggle for life in the icy sea. At dawn rescue comes. Later on Ericson and Lockhart sail in a new ship.



Four taste-thrilling centres! Twelve finest-quality chocolates! "Fiesta"—the MacRobertson 1/4-lb. block that's different! Enjoy ripe cherries, whole almonds, milky coconut and pure garden honey. Enjoy "FIESTA"—today!



Made by MacRobertson
In 1/4-lb. and 2-oz. blocks everywhere.
The Great Name in Confectionery.

Take a hint on washing Heavily Soiled Working Clothes



Here's the way to get ALL the dirt and grease out of toil-soiled clothes: Put two tablespoons of **TRIX** into two gallons of really hot water. Let the clothes soak for 10 to 15 minutes, then work them through to release the dirt. A second wash in the same quantity of water and **TRIX** will make finally sure that not a trace of dirt remains. **TRIX** detergent gives the same amazing results in **WASHING WOOLLEN, SILK and COTTONS—in WASHING-UP, in CLEANING AMULSION, PAINTWORK, TILES, GLASSWARE.** Remember—anything **TRIX** can do, **TRIX** can do better.



United States, and you know what Niagara Falls are famous for?"

"Water."

"No. Not water. Honey-moons."

"But there's water there as well. I mean, isn't there?"

"Yes. It is estimated that every sixty seconds the rate of flow—"

"Never mind that," said Cherry practically. "Tell me about the honeymoon end of it."

"I have no practical experience of the honeymoon aspect of Niagara Falls," said Marvin bitterly. "But my fiancée Katey certainly has. She was there with a guy she'd married the night before in Buffalo, New York—a small-time drummer in caskets."

"What was a 'drummer' and what were 'caskets'? It didn't matter. The big point was that the fickle Katey was now Mrs. Someone-or-other and that she was Miss Cherry Mitchell—with a thirty-four bust, twenty-four waist, and thirty-six hips. Jim Carver shouldn't go off to France like that for the day and leave her, not if he was a real he-man, he shouldn't."

"Do you mean to say," said Cherry with righteous indignation, "that this Katey thing went off and carried on with another boy—and you abroad?"

"That's just what I do say." The descendant of a New England Puritan took over temporarily from a corporal in the United States Air Force and Marvin spoke through the mouth of his ancestors: "Trust ye not in a friend, put ye not confidence in a guide; keep the doors of thy mouth from her that lieth in thy bosom."

Cherry said conversationally: "You and my Dad should get together, Marvin. You and he would get on like a house on fire."

"I would be highly honored to meet your Pop," said Marvin, "highly honored, but I sail for home Wednesday. Why are you so confident that we'd hit it off?"

"Because you're both interested in the same things," said Cherry with a sniff. "If you see what I mean. Scripture

Continuing . . . The Hand and Flower

about bosoms . . . about that sort of thing. I'm sorry you're leaving so soon, Marvin."

"I'm starting not to feel so good about it myself."

The carnivora of Regent's Park, glutted with horse-flesh, slept uneasily. The gibbons, swooping and whooping and leaping, took up the jungle call. Cherry relaxed. This was the country, the country as she liked it. She was sitting on the grass—and what could be more country than grass?

She said in a voice in which there was only the ghost of a hint of speculation: "What's the name of the place you came from?"

Marvin's chest swelled.

"Chuppyville, Maine."

"And is Chuppyville a town?"

I mean, it isn't in the country, is it?"

"Chuppyville, honey, has a population of—"

"I remember," she said quickly. "That means that it's a town."

"It's more than a town. It's the centre of a thriving industrial community, centred on the Chuppyville Pulp and Paper Corporation."

That reminded him sharply that he was going home to Chuppyville on Wednesday—home to a Chuppyville from which Katey had fled. Gosh, suppose he didn't go alone . . .

"This guy who went to France—"

"You engaged to him?"

"No, Marvin. We just said we'd talk about it when he comes home to-night."

"Give him the air," said Marvin firmly. "And I guess I'd like to meet your Pop. But before I meet your Pop, I'd like to tell you right now about my Mom."

Cherry blinked. She knew enough about Americans to know that the conversation had suddenly taken a fantastic turn. Moms and marriage bells were synonymous.

"I'd like very much to hear about your mother," she said shyly.

"Well, let's get comfortable."

"I'm . . . quite comfortable already."

"We could be more comfortable."

"Yes . . . I suppose so. Oh, Marvin . . ."

The gibbons, their play over, were silent. The only sound was the singing of a skylark or a sparrow or something, a tiny fluttering speck in the summer sky, singing away like mad. Jim had no right to go away like that and leave her alone. Asking for trouble, that's what it was . . . and she'd be twenty-three Friday.

Marie-Joséphine ran quickly up the stairs and along the passage to her grandmother's room. The grandmother was sitting in her high-backed chair by the window, her hands lightly clasped in her lap. There was about her a calmness, a sort of timeless serenity, that was wholly at variance with Marie-Joséphine's eager mood, and it was with difficulty that she checked the impatience that quickened her words.

"You wish to speak to me, Grandmère?"

"Yes, Marie-Joséphine." She indicated a chair with an unburied, deliberate gesture of her hand, reclapsed her fingers in her lap. "Sit down, child."

Marie-Joséphine tried not to glance at the clock on the mantelpiece.

Madame Berthier intercepted her granddaughter's glance. She said gently and with great affection, speaking in English: "Even if I were to stop the hands of the clock for you, Marie-Joséphine, it would do nothing to arrest the passage of time."

Marie-Joséphine frowned in bewilderment. Again that extraordinary fluency, again that hint of an Irish brogue.

"Forgive me, Grandmère. It was not polite of me. Please forgive me."

"There is nothing to forgive."

It is a glance I would have given had I been you at this time. More than that, it is a glance I have many times given when I was younger than I am to-day. The dark eyes glimmered. "But believe me, child,

from page 3

it is better for Henri, better for the Englishman, Jim, that you stay here, even for a few minutes."

Marie-Joséphine looked sharply at her grandmother.

These were strange words to hear from the puckered lips of an old lady, and Marie-Joséphine saw her lined face with a new perception.

She had always been there, as unchanging as the straight-backed chair in which she invariably sat by the window. She had always been old, old as her chair or her clock was old, immortal as the youth of a child was immortal. She was "Grandmère"—and Grandmère was not a person. Grandmère was a terrible teacher of manners, a timely provider of gin-bread and nougat, a mender of torn frocks, a figure on whose dry breast one could surprisingly cry away a toothache.

NOW, all of a minute, Grandmère had changed. Youth had come upon her, and Marie-Joséphine saw her own face reflected. She said freely, speaking without restraint to one from whom no secret was hidden. "But we have so little time."

"That you don't know. Who can say? It is possible that you have a lifetime before you."

Marie-Joséphine was silent. After a moment she said in a curiously still voice: "I cannot believe you. I do not deserve such a thing."

Her grandmother said with a sigh: "If it had been the purpose of God to see that all men and women got what they deserved, why did He send His Son? Do you think, child, that Henri Dubot deserves you? Do you think that he deserves a young girl to be his bride?"

"I do not wish to think of this thing. I cannot believe that it will be true."

"That I do not know." She paused. "I do know that I have done you a great wrong."

"It is impossible that you could do me a wrong."

"It is true. When Henri wished to marry you, he approached your father. Because I am who I am, your father—"

my son—came to me to seek my counsel. It is, as you know, how these matters are usually arranged. Your father and I talked long over this question. At first, he was doubtful of giving you, a young and inexperienced girl, to the hands of a man who has, let us say, lived fully. But I persuaded him otherwise. I spoke, child, from my brain and not from my heart. I had forgotten many things. I saw for you a position, children, material security, servants, the envy of others."

Madame Berthier paused. She looked out of the window into the sunshine. When she turned round, her voice was full of pain: "I was a wicked woman, Marie-Joséphine, because I was committing a sin against the light."

Let the clock tick the precious minutes away. If there were to be a lifetime before them, Marie-Joséphine would gladly give these few moments to someone she loved. And if the space with Jim were to be brief, how could one grudge of its brevity to one from whose eyes tears were not far distant?

"I am an old woman, sitting in a chair by the window. But I was not always like that. Marie-Joséphine, give me your hand. I talk in English to you to-day, for that is the language to which what I say belongs. It is a great joy to me to speak English."

"I married your grandfather when I was twenty. It was an arranged marriage and one without enchantment. My son, your father, was born a year later. It is the practice of the Germans to despoil France from time to time, and in 1914 the Boches came to visit us. My husband was called to the Thirty-third Regiment of In-

fantry. He was killed on the 23rd October, in the battle of Artois. My age then was twenty-seven years. I had long ago sent my son to a safe place. I was still young, a widow and alone, and it was in a hospital behind Arras that I met my friend."

"We grew to love each other deeply. He was a British officer, an Irishman, in the regiment of the West, the Connaught Rangers, and he had been wounded. When he could leave hospital he came to me. It was a small, very quiet place, far from the war, with many birds in the gardens and a stream of trout. We had many weeks together, each day of great and increasing happiness. He wished very much to marry me and take me and my son to his home in Ireland."

Madame Berthier was sitting bolt upright in her chair. She said proudly in the English of another day: "He was a most honorable gentleman and my dear friend. But I believed, in my foolishness, that it was too much to ask that a man should take on the child of another man. So I sent him away."

"And he went."

"Yes, he went. Though his wounds had been so deep that he was released from service forever, he returned to England and he persuaded the British Army that he was still able to fight. It was not difficult. It was in the black spring before victory, and men, even ill men, were welcomed for the battle. He came back to France. We never met again. He was killed, oh, very quickly. He sleeps among the men of his regiment, the Connaught Rangers, close to where you found your friend Jim, close to where your brother lies, in the Cimetière de l'Est."

The chickens still pecked under the farm-cart in the heat of the summer afternoon. It seemed that the shadow of the shafts had moved not at all. A bare ten minutes had served to encompass so many years of hollowness and grief. Marie-Joséphine stood up. She said

To page 39



Off to a good start in 'Viyella'

She took her first steps just as the camera clicked—in her new 'Viyella' frock which made her prettier than ever.

'Viyella' and 'Clydella' are perfect for children, from the day they're born. Perfect for health. Being porous, they let the air circulate coolly, freely, healthily. They are soft and warm to the touch, and stay so. They are light and hardwearing. They are completely washable, and are guaranteed against shrinking and felting. Here, combined in these two perfect British cloths, is all that's best in selected lambswool and the finest cotton.

Day and Night Wear

'Viyella'

IF IT SHRINKS WE REPLACE



WILLIAM HOLLINS & CO. LTD.,
BOX 3335, G.P.O., SYDNEY.



Say 'YES' to Romance
because
Tact
Says 'NO' to offending

Double protection that lasts from bath to bath... checks perspiration... stops odour instantly. Safe for skin and safe for clothes.

Tact is Colgate's wonderful creamy smooth cosmetic deodorant that contains Duratex - Colgate's exclusive ingredient that makes Tact safe!

Tact
THE NEW COSMETIC DEODORANT to safeguard your charm

C. HARMS
The World's Finest
WIGMAKER
FOR LADIES AND GENTLEMEN

Also
Curls, Braids, Pieces, Padding

CLIENTS THROUGHOUT AUSTRALASIA ACCLAIM OUR SERVICE AND PRODUCTS

Let us serve you by Mail

Write for Booklet. Send 1/3 in Stamps or Visit our Private Rooms at 109 Swanston St., Melbourne, Victoria, C. 893.

Continuing . . . The Hand and Flower

from page 38

gently. "Now give me your counsel, Grandmere."

"Do nothing that you would not wish to do for ever."

"I think I understand what you wish to say to me." Her heart was light and she said, laughing, "It was you, Grandmere, who taught me to sing 'Savez-vous planter les choux.'"

"Yes, child, that is true. But what of it?"

"It is a pretty song. I like it very much. And now you permit me to leave you?"

"Of course."

Marie-Joséphine kissed her grandmother's forehead, not formally, but with love. She said: "Au revoir, Grandmere. Et merci."

It was some little time before Jim Carver realised that the barometer on the wall of the dining-room must be broken. Despite the fairness of the day, the needle pointed steadily to "Tempest," and that seemed to him to be a reasonably accurate description of the situation rapidly developing between him and Henri Dubot.

Mademoiselle Mitchell was the first subject for inquiry. She was blonde or brunette?

"Blonde."

"Ah," Henri, who was, as the sergeant saw, the willing captive of a brunette, confessed that he, too, found blondes delicious. Mademoiselle Mitchell's hair was possibly the color of champagne?

"Well . . . possibly."

"Mademoiselle is tall, short?"

"Well, neither. Something between the two."

In an attempt to clarify the next question, Henri undulated his hands over the front of his black jacket and said: "She 'ave a figure like this, yes?"

Jim Carver put down his glass. He said slowly and very distinctly: "In England, Monsieur Dubot, it is not the custom to refer to one's friends in this way, and I would be grateful if we might change the subject."

Henri was visibly discomposed. His hands fluttered in apology.

"I excuse myself infinitely. We will speak instead of one 'oo we both know. We will speak of Marie-Joséphine. I propose to marry myself with her in the month of October. We will go for our 'oneymoon to the cote d'Azur, to Cannes, in my car. You 'ave been to Cannes?"

"No. Never."

"It is very beautiful. In France, one calls Cannes 'the city, the town of flowers and of elegant sports'. I 'ave already reserve our appartement. It is one with a balcony. From the balcony, at night, one can listen to the music from the terrace below while one regards the moon and the stars. There also, on this balcony, each morning we will take our petit déjeuner, our small breakfast, and regard the sea."

"I hope," said Jim Carver huskily, "that it keeps fine for you."

For a moment Henri did not understand. Then his face cleared and he laughed.

"You 'ope that it keeps fine. As for me, I 'ope not! If it is beautiful, Marie-Joséphine and I will no doubt promenade ourselves on the Croisette, but if it is unbeautiful, we will rest in our appartement, with many flowers. Figure to yourself, Marie-Joséphine. I 'ope for rain! But I speak too much of ourselves, of Marie-Joséphine and me. How of you and Mademoiselle Mitchell? You will go where for your 'oneymoon? I do not know the cities of England."

All characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.

You will go to Birmingham? To Blackpool?"

Jim lit a cigarette. There was a long pause. When he spoke, his voice was steady: "Some minutes ago, I suggested a change of conversation. I said that one didn't discuss women one was fond of in so . . . so personal a way. Do you not think we could find some other subject?"

"But my dear Sergeant . . ."

"And one more thing. I am not a sergeant. The war is over and my name is Jim Carver."

"I regret infinitely." He shrugged in mock helplessness.

"We may not speak of Mademoiselle Mitchell and we may not speak of Marie-Joséphine. Of the war we may not speak because you wish no longer to be a sergeant." He lifted a forefinger.

"Ah! I 'ave a good idea. We will speak of this game, this game that you play in The Hand and Flower, this game of darts. I am myself very sportif. Please explain to me this game."

"You want to know about darts," Jim frowned. He wished Marie-Joséphine would come back. He launched into a description of darts, increasingly aware of the inadequacy of his words.

Henri passed his fingers through his hair. He looked like a student of modern languages who had had the calculus laboriously explained to him in Byzantine Greek. He said, shaking his head: "And you play this . . . this darts very often?"

"Oh, yes. People play it quite a bit. It's really quite simple."

"Evidemment!" He clearly hadn't understood a word. "And you come all the way from London to Boulogne to play this game?"

"Not exactly. The club came more or less for a holiday."

Henri Dubot smiled. "After so much mathematics, your Club will 'ave need of a holiday. Now you, Mr. Carver, you 'ad the good chance to meet Marie-Joséphine. But your friends, 'ow will they occupy themselves in Boulogne? Boulogne is not very gay, and I ask myself, what will your friends do?"

What would they do? To his surprise, Jim realised that he hadn't the faintest idea. Only four were immutable: Mr. Hetherington, Mr. Thomson, Mr. Johnson, and Mr. Pratt would go on playing bridge. If they were allowed to stay on board, they wouldn't even come ashore. But wherever they were, the cards would be spread.

Once lunch was over, what would the others do?

He said slowly, his brow in a tangle: "Now that you ask me, I really don't know. I expect they'll all stick together and just look at the shops . . ."

After his altercation with the owner of the corset shop, Charley Brewer had come to the conclusion that the French couldn't take a joke. He'd only given a tug at the suspenders for a lark. No need to come the acid and create.

Never mind. Here he was in a French market-place, he'd still got his dough and his mouth-organ, and surely among the teeming crowds he'd find someone prepared to succumb to one or the other of these lures. He wiped the sweat off his forehead, replaced his bowler hat with a devil-may-care tilt, and boldly entered the market.

He was cast down by what he saw.

Back home in England, you thought of France as being en-

To page 40



Hots-De-Go, Palanuruwa.

Thrill to the magnificent wonders of

CEYLON

WHERE EAST MEETS WEST . . .

WHERE TO-DAY MEETS YESTERDAY

Second only to the great works of ancient Greece, the lost cities of Ceylon stand to-day as a living link with the past—revealing the obvious magnificence of the civilisation that first dwelt upon the magic isle some two thousand years ago.

The 1,000 granite pillars which once supported a glittering Brazen Palace of nine stories and a thousand rooms . . . the sacred Bo-tree, the oldest authenticated tree in the world, sprung from a branch of the original tree under which Lord Buddha attained enlightenment . . . and a hundred and one more majestic relics stand to-day as mute evidence of a vanished glory.



Further information, free maps and literature can be obtained by writing to the CEYLON GOVERNMENT TOURIST BUREAU, or Travel Agents, Shipping and Airlines in Australia. Tours can be booked on all Registered Travel Agents through the Ceylon Government Tourist Bureau, free of commission.

T. 11, 12

FASTER RELIEF FROM PAIN OR DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK



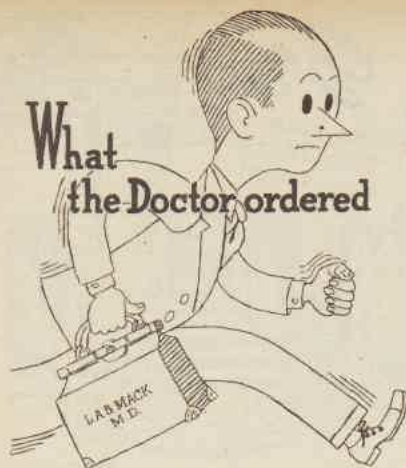
Have you ever tried an anti-pain remedy that combined FOUR ingredients? Not unless you've tried Anacin! Ordinary pain remedies contain only one, two or three ingredients . . . but Anacin is like a prescription. FOUR medically proven ingredients combine to bring you safe, sure and FASTER relief from pain.

Millions of people swear by Anacin—it is the largest-selling

anti-pain remedy in the United States of America and in many other countries.

If Anacin does not bring you faster relief from pain than you have ever before known, return the unused portion to Whitehall Pharmaceutical Co., 44 Bridge Street, Sydney. You will receive DOUBLE your money back. Buy Anacin today . . . in packets of 12 and 30, bottles of 50 and 100, at all chemists and stores.

A 332



What the Doctor ordered

IN the lives of all of us emergencies—expensive emergencies—arise. And so it is only reasonable to assume that, at some time or other, you will be faced with such an emergency.

Suppose, for instance, that your doctor told you that your future health depended on your going away for a long holiday and a complete rest. Could you go? Would you have the necessary money?

If you cannot answer "Yes" to both those questions then for your own peace of mind don't delay another moment. Open a Commonwealth Savings Bank account and save something every pay day.

You and your account are welcome at any branch of the

COMMONWEALTH Savings BANK

THERE'S A BRANCH OR AGENCY IN YOUR DISTRICT

C.S.B. 47-62

Med Med Med Med Med Med Med Med



Of course! You want comfort, freedom, peace of mind, don't you? Then follow the lead of the millions of women who use Meds tampons. Because Meds are used internally, they eliminate bothersome pads, pins, belts . . . odor, chafing. There's no uncomfortable bulk, no revealing line, and they're easy to dispose of. With Meds you can swim, shower, dance any day.

Do Doctors approve for Single Girls?

They overwhelmingly approve tampons, like Meds, for any normal, fully grown girl, according to a national survey of 900 leading American gynecologists and obstetricians.

Are Meds Comfortable?

Meds tampons are more comfortable than any other form of sanitary protection. If you want it you can have an improved applicator for quicker, easier use.

NEW
REDUCED
PRICE
2/3
3/6 with
applicator

Try Meds out!

Slip into a chemist to-day and buy a packet — be ready for "next time."

Would you like a Free booklet?

A book to tell you all about Meds—and why you can lead a brighter, happier life with them—all the time! Fill in the coupon below and post it to Nurse Reid, Johnson & Johnson, Box 3331, G.P.O., Sydney, for this FREE Meds booklet.

NURSE REID, JOHNSON & JOHNSON
BOX 3331, G.P.O., SYDNEY.

Please post me, in plain wrapper, the FREE Meds booklet.

NAME

ADDRESS

3/3/52

W W 23-37 H

tirely populated by the sort of young ladies you saw in penny-in-the-slot machines on piers, but once you actually got here and had a look around, you might as well be at a church social or something. They all looked so blooming motherly.

He stopped morosely by a bric-a-brac stall presided over by a sunburned, deep-bosomed Amazon of about thirty. Without committing himself to speech, Charley decided to indicate his wish to know her better. With his bowler hat on the back of his head and his rose drooping, he began to indicate by smirks, winks, and by white-gym-shoe shuffling that her appearance was not displeasing to him.

The Amazon stood it for as long as she could. As soon as she noticed that her colleagues in the market had also remarked on the fact that this—this hippopotamus had constituted himself as her admirer, she decided to bring the matter to an end. She looked around the market and called shrilly, "Où est mon mari? Gabriel, viens ici."

A giant of a man in a blue jersey put down the knife with which he had been gutting mackerel, wiped his hands on his apron, and shuffled over to the stall. Charley's heart sank into his gym shoes. Husband and wife had hardly exchanged a word before Charley's bowler hat was once again tucked underneath his arm and his gym shoes were glimmering down the rue Something-or-other in the opposite direction from the bric-a-brac stall and the gut-boards of the market.

Trevor Hilgrove sat in the Cafe Gerard pretending to read the "News of the World," waiting for Pierre Junelle to indicate which of the familiar four methods of transferring his illegal merchandise he wished to employ. The hall was at Pierre's feet. It was up to him to kick it.

Trevor took a deep swig of his beer, folded up the "News of the World" and put it on the table and yawned. He looked lazily round the cafe. Almost immediately, Pierre appeared to lose interest in "Combat" and put the paper in his pocket. He glanced at Trevor and stretched out his hand towards the discarded "News of the World."

He said politely: "Vous permettez, Monsieur?"

Trevor started. He frowned as if he only half-understood. "What is it, old chap? Want my paper?"

Pierre nodded. He began in slow, very careful French: "S'il vous plaît, Monsieur. I derive much pleasure in reading the English newspapers. I read them always three times."

Trevor understood instantly. He said politely: "Do have the paper, I've finished it. Read it three times, like you do."

"Pardon, Monsieur?"

"I, too, have read it three times. Comprenez?"

"Si, si. Je comprends. Parfaitement."

Pierre took up the "News of the World" and opened it with great care. Lying coily beside the account of a Scoutmaster's eccentricities was the slim wad of United States ten-dollar bills that he expected to see. By no flicker of the eyelid did he indicate that there was anything in the paper other than the parade of human frailty.

He refolded it leisurely and took up his plump dispatch-case. He said with a little bow: "I may keep this journal?"

"Woe, woe, old boy. Keep it by all means."

"Merci, Monsieur. You are most kind. Au revoir."

"Oh, revore," said Trevor cordially.

Printed by Condens Printing Limited for the publisher, Consolidated Press Limited, 128-174 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.

Continuing . . . The Hand and Flower

from page 39

and fawning—and ring up those who refused to contribute to her neurosis from anonymous call-boxes in the middle of the night to dribble obscenities down the telephone.

Shorty gave a brief, sardonic laugh.

"What's the joke, Shorty?"

"I was just thinking what my sister would say if I called her 'my angel'."

"What would she say?"

Shorty told him. There was a long silence between them. Then Luke said gently: "That's not pretty, is it?"

"I didn't say it was, did I? There's a lot in London that's not pretty, but you wouldn't know about that."

"Wouldn't I?"

"No, you wouldn't."

Shorty stared out into the sunny street. He saw nothing of France. He saw himself imprisoned for ever in the only London he knew; playing the only trade he knew. He saw himself standing on the corners of mean streets or in the doorways of mean houses, waiting for the mugs to slide up to him with their "tanner each way Lovely Bubbles and anything to

come, half-a-crack Golden Tangle, four-thirty, and being to keep an eye skinned all the time for a copper and being ready to run like mad.

There wasn't much future in England for anyone who worked for a gentleman like Mr. McIsaac, especially with the winter coming on. Up to now, Mr. McIsaac had paid the fines, but he wouldn't go on doing it, not for ever, he wouldn't, and then where would Shorty be?

A thought slid into his mind and stayed there quivering. It would be all right if he could stay here, here in France, where nobody knew him and he could make a fresh start. He was only twenty-four and tough. He flexed his biceps so that the knotted muscles became rigid. He'd say he was tough.

But you couldn't stay here in France with no job and no dough. You were always caught, no matter where you were, if you'd no job and no dough.

But, blimey, it would be all right if you could stay here, or go somewhere, anywhere, and make a fresh start.

"Let's push on, Shorty."

"O.K."

They happened to pass by a

To page 41



Napro HAIR VITALIZER
will give you new
radiant loveliness!

See the difference mere minutes can make. See untractable hair become thrillingly soft and shining. Marvel at the way Napro's exclusive oils correct dryness and splitting ends . . . remove dry dandruff. Use Napro Hair Vitalizer and learn how really lovely your hair can be.

Napro HAIR VITALIZER

AT ALL STORES, CHEMISTS & BEAUTY SALONS



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — May 20, 1953

Continuing The Hand and Flower

from page 40

bookish and Luke stopped. While he was looking at an uncut edition of Andre Gide, Sherry tily picked up another book off the counter — and in doing so changed the whole course of his life, utterly and irrevocably.

Henri Dubot looked at Jim Carver quizzically, his head on one side.

"You consider that your friends will stay together and regard the windows of the shops. In Boulogne, we are much experienced with the arrival of the English, and it is not the shops they seek, these gentlemen on 'holiday. Oh, no." "Then what do they seek?" said Jim curiously.

"They seek, per'aps, what they do not find in England." "Meaning what?" "The same thing that a Frenchman on 'holiday might seek. They wish for a small, a discreet, romance."

Upstairs a door opened and shut. Quick footsteps, the hurrying footsteps of Marie-Joséphine, sounded on the bare boards of the passage over their heads, and they heard her turn round the top of the banisters and come running downstairs. She jumped the last two steps and entered the dining-room door open.

She said breathlessly: "I am so sorry. I was a long time with Grandmere. But it was very important that I should say." She advanced into the room. "Henri, it is surely time for you to go. Jim, you have had some Benedictine and you have been having English conversation with Henri. That is excellent."

"What is this important matter with Grandmere?" said Henri sharply. "It concerns me."

"Oh, no, Henri. I . . . I don't think so. It was something which Grandmere wished to talk to me about. But you know you are late. You must go to your client at half-past three, and already it is more than a quarter-past. I shall feel that I am to blame if you are late."

"I will go and make my adieu immediately. Then I will drive you and . . . your friend Sergeant Carver to Boulogne to attend the vessel for England."

"But, Henri, do you not think it would be better for me to go in our car? Papa has told me to take some lettuce and a sack of potatoes to Madame Loget in the town, and I know that you do not permit our farm produce in your car."

He looked at her irresolutely and then at his watch. He said commandingly: "Please to await me, Marie-Joséphine. I return in three minutes and then I wish to speak with you alone."

"But of course."

When he had gone, Marie-Joséphine came to where Jim stood. Never in his life could he have imagined anyone more beautiful or more radiant. She held out her two hands and he took them in his. Without knowing it, she echoed her grandmother's words. She said simply: "You are my dear friend, Jim."

"And you mine, Marie-Joséphine."

Madame Berthier continued to sit by the window of her room. Her hands, clasped in her lap, were motionless. Her black dress with its narrow white edging at the neck, her iron-grey hair, and fine, wrinkled profile could best have been represented by a steel engraving.

Many years had passed since she had permitted herself the painful joy of remembering, and now the long-dammed fountain of grief gushed and flowed

freely in the deepest recesses of her mind.

Then once more she heard steps on the bare boards of the passage. They were firm, decisive steps, the steps of a man whose feet were firmly on the ground. The knock on her door was sharp and authoritative. She did not turn her head or make any movement of her hands, but her lips spoke and tightened.

"Entrez."

"I have come, Madame, to make my adieu."

"That is kind of you, Henri."

"Before I leave for Boulogne, there is something I wish to say."

"I am all attention."

"You, Madame, have considerable influence over Marie-Joséphine; far more influence than her parents. You are . . . Grandmere de la famille. I now ask myself in what direction Grandmere chooses to exercise her influence."

"Please explain yourself, Henri."

"Marie-Joséphine arrives home with this . . . this friend, an Englishman, a sergeant, a person of no account. I am tolerant, and I accept him because he appears to be a friend of the family. One must, I suppose, be prepared to do these things. He is made welcome, more welcome than I have ever been made in this household. Let that pass. After lunch, Marie-Joséphine finds it necessary to show him the farm and the animals of the farm. She makes him the friend of that savage beast, Siki, and Siki, like the rest of the family Berthier, lies down at the feet of the sergeant."

MADAME BERTHIER said gently: "It is to Siki that you should address your complaint, Henri. It is your opinion that the dog should have bitten our guest?"

He looked at her sharply. Could it be that she was laughing at him? Her lined face was impassive and there was no hint of amusement in her dark eyes.

"No. I ask no such thing."

"I am relieved to hear it. Please continue."

"You wished to speak to Marie-Joséphine and I send her to you—even though I am thereby forced into the society of this . . . this exalted visitor, this representative of the aristocratic English game of darts. You find it expedient, Madame, to keep your granddaughter with you for over a quarter of an hour. May one inquire the all-important subject of your conversation with my fiancée?"

She turned her head at last and looked at him solemnly.

"I think, Henri," she said gently, "that you forget to whom you speak."

"You refuse to tell me, Madame?"

She smiled.

"Of course. It is an impertinence that you should ask for the report of a conversation between my granddaughter and myself."

"Then I shall demand of Marie-Joséphine that she tells me."

"You will 'demand'! In my eyes, Henri, you are becoming a very small person."

"Nevertheless, I will demand."

"You do not know, nor have you ever known, the quality of the person you wish to make your wife. Marie-Joséphine will never break the confidence that I have reposed in her. I gave her not only a confidence but some advice. It was advice designed to rectify a wrong of which I am guilty, advice which, please God, will lead my granddaughter to great and lasting happiness."

"If Marie-Joséphine refuses to tell me, I warn you, Madame,

that I shall reconsider my position." He bowed. "Au revoir, Madame."

"Good-bye, Henri," said Grandmere Berthier in English.

Henri Dubot came down the stairs and into the room. It was evident that he was laboring under considerable emotion, but exactly what that emotion was had yet to be revealed. He bowed with frigid politeness to Jim.

"You will forgive me, Monsieur, if I speak with my fiancée alone."

"Of course." Jim stood up. He was very much embarrassed.

"Marie-Joséphine, may I look at the farm and the cattle again?"

"Yes. Please do. But not at the boule. He has not yet got a . . . a sprayer. Take Siki with you. I will come and find you."

"Very well."

He walked along the passage and out into the day. The sun, after the dimness of the house, was so bright that it seemed to pierce the pupils of his eyes, and he stood for a moment by the door, breathing deeply. Then he crossed the yard and took Siki off his chain. He walked, the dog at his heels, out of the gate and turned to the left along the road.

He neither knew where he was going nor did he care. He came soon to the field of barley and stepped lightly along its grass verge for a few yards. By a rusted reaper-and-binder he sat down, leaning his back against its wheel.

With all his strength he wished to be with Marie-Joséphine now, at this time. But he knew with bitterness that there was nothing he could do to sustain this girl who, a few hours ago, had been nothing but a name, a pinafare and the words of a song.

To what smooth censure was she being subjected, this girl of grace, this proud person who, even in the presence of the man she would marry, moved always with an indefinable air of being alone? He said, speaking aloud into the afternoon: "I want to be with her."

The sound of his voice seemed to break the spell of thought. The voice he had heard was the voice of Jim Carver, and Jim Carver had other things to think about than the unheard conversation between a French lawyer and his fiancée. He had Cherry Mitchell to think about, Cherry Mitchell in London, Cherry Mitchell waiting to hear the words which would bind him to her for ever. He knew now that those words would never be spoken.

He was not forsaking her for another person, because Marie-Joséphine was as unattainable as a star. He would have to forsake her because, in the light of this miracle that had been revealed to him, it would be sinful for him to do anything else.

To say the words of the marriage service out loud before God would be blasphemy. It would subject Cherry to the ultimate and lasting insult.

Beneath his fingers, Siki's muscles moved. Jim looked round. He saw Marie-Joséphine coming along the grass by the barley. She came beside him and sat down. She did not speak at all, but gazed over the burnished field. He became aware that she was trembling, and he could sense rather than see the quiver in her fingers.

There was nothing he could do, absolutely nothing. He could only be — and try in stillness and silence to calm her with his strength and his devotion.

From the front of the farm they heard the sound of an engine starting up. Siki stiffened

To page 42

Surround yourself with this exquisite fragrance every minute of your day.

'Bond Street' COLOGNE 19/10 and 31/6

'Bond Street' DUSTING POWDER 24/4

'Bond Street'
by
YARDLEY

for
regal
occasions

the perfume that captures the brilliant excitement of this Coronation Year. 18/8 28/- 40/- 72/-

And a truly royal offering—a magnificent Gift Case containing 'Bond Street' Perfume, Cologne and Dusting Powder 72/-; smaller set 44/-

YARDLEY • LONDON NEW YORK PARIS TORONTO SYDNEY

and growled in his throat. The noise of the engine snarled into a roar, changed into an angry hum.

As a car turned into the road and took the hill on the road to Boulogne, Marie-Joséphine became rigid. The dust of its going settled whitely on the corn, the sound bored into their eardrums harshly, receded, became a strident whine, died away, was replaced by the invisible needles of the larks singing.

Marie-Joséphine stood up and faced Jim. She said in a voice that was still uncertain of itself: "We too must go to Boulogne. Will you please say good-bye to my parents and to my grandmother. Then we will go together. We have only a little more than two hours before you go away."

Monsieur and Madame Berthier were in the dining-room and cordial if slightly strained good-byes were said and a promise extracted that Jim would never again come to Boulogne without paying a visit to the farm, where he would always be most welcome.

"Now I will take you to the room of my grandmother. I consider it to be better that you should say good-bye to her by yourself. I will go to my room and do my hair, and meet you in a few minutes by the car."

"My French isn't terribly good, Marie-Joséphine."

"You will not find that any problem," She tapped on the oak door, and entered her grandmother's room. She said in English, "Jim wishes to say good-bye to you, Grandmere."

The old lady turned her head slowly.

"Please come over to me, to the window. I have your permission to call you 'Jim'?"

"Please do."

Marie-Joséphine shut the door very quietly behind them and walked on tiptoe to her room.

Continuing . . . The Hand and Flower

[from page 41]

into this girl's young flesh had been spilled the same breeding and her young bones had been moulded by the same thumb.

An ancient courtesy came to him and he said humbly: "Madame, you will not remember, but when we met to-day, I kissed your hand."

"I remember very well." "It's only this." He was suddenly confused. "It's only this, that I'd like you to know that I've never done that before, never in my life."

"I knew that. I said then that you were a chevalier. It is true."

He lifted his hands, let them fall.

"Well, I . . . I suppose I'd better go now."

"Yes. You must go. But we will surely meet again. Before you go there is a question I wish to ask you."

"There is nothing that I will not answer you, Madame."

"That I believe, too." She looked him straight in the eyes. "Do you know of a regiment in the British Army, a regiment of men from the West of Ireland, a regiment called 'the Connaught Rangers'?"

"Yes, I do. When I joined in 1939, we had a Troop Sergeant who had served with them in the old days. He was never tired of talking of the Connaught Rangers."

"You make me very happy, Jim. Au revoir."

"Au revoir, Madame."

Marie-Joséphine was waiting by the car. Jim frowned. Once again she seemed to have changed, and he was at a loss at first to define the change. Superficially she had again all the frank friendliness of the girl he had met in the Cimetière de l'Est. Yet, in an odd way, she appeared to have withdrawn

into herself. He had the saddening sense that she had assumed this cloak, this facade, to conceal something, and it distressed him to know that there could be a secret between them.

She asked him politely if he would please help her to carry the sack of potatoes for Madame Loget to the car. He looked at her sharply. He had believed that the errand was a fictitious one and that 'Madame Loget' only existed in Marie-Joséphine's imagination. She followed the workings of his mind immediately.

"You remember? I explained to Henri that I had to go to Madame Loget and that a sack of potatoes would not look very nice in his beautiful car."

"Yes. Of course I remember. But I had the impression that . . ."

"Your impression was not a true one. You do not know me very well. I never tell stories."

"Sorry, Marie-Joséphine. I'm sorry. I'm an ass."

"No. Not a donkey. But if you knew me better, you would not believe that I make up stories."

"I apologise. And now, let me give you a lift with the spuds."

"The spuds?"

"Potatoes."

"Of course. I forgot the word, but I know it quite well."

It was his turn. He said guilelessly: "A moment ago you said you never tell stories."

She laughed and her reserve vanished like mist before the sun.

"I only tell stories about small things, like concerning 'spuds'. Never about big things.

There, in the corner, is the sack of . . . of spuds."

"Were you going to carry that sack all the way to the car by yourself?"

"Why not? I am quite strong. It may not be very elegant for a lady to be strong, but I will show you."

"You'll do no such thing."

It was a great satisfaction for him to carry the great weight on his back, and when he slid it off his shoulders into the car he was sweating. Absent-mindedly he wiped his forehead with Marie-Joséphine's handkerchief.

"That is mine?"

He looked at it with acute embarrassment and stammered.

"Yes. I'm afraid it is. S— sorry. I meant to give it back to you, but I forgot."

"Did you?" There was a flash of laughter in her dark eyes and he distinctly saw a quiver at the corner of her mouth.

"Perhaps it would be better if you were to guard, to keep it—for use after carrying sacks of . . . spuds." She put her head on one side. "Do you desire to drive this magnificent carriage?"

"No. You drive."

"You are prepared to trust yourself with me?"

He looked at her, standing by the open door of the car, one white-sandalled foot on the rusty running-board. His heart missed a beat.

"Yes, Marie-Joséphine, I am prepared to do that."

"This is most flattering. For what may now happen, I take no responsibility. Allons-y!"

"What does that mean?"

"It means, Jim, that, like your 25th Lancers, we are going to press on regardless."

"Allons-y!" said Jim.

The same road, dark between cool forests of pine; the same goats in the grass, the same



buttercups; telegraph poles, snatching handfuls of shimmering wires from the sky and flinging them to each other, seen through the same cracked windscreen; the needle on the dashboard shivering as the battery collected strength. It was all sharply familiar to Jim.

The dome of the Cathedral beckoned them to the huddle of the town, and beyond the town stretched the sea, and beyond the sea were the far-away cliffs of Kent.

"Jim?"

"Yes?"

"Relate to me. When you went to say good-bye to Grandmere, she spoke to you in English?"

"Yes. Shall I—relate to you what she said?"

"Please."

"Well, she asked me an odd thing. She asked me if I had

To page 43

A Shetland shawl half-a-century old ...STILL SOFT AND FLEECY!

"What a Tribute to Velvet washing!"
says AUNT JENNY



2 "Thank you, dear neighbour, for your excellent advice which led me to use Velvet Soap", smiled Mrs. Parsons. "You see, Aunt Jenny, Miss Winchelo gave me one of her shawls when baby Carolyn was coming. Velvet has kept it soft and white all these years. Now I use Velvet for all my washing."

3 "Just feel this blanket, Aunt Jenny", said Miss Winchelo. "Fifty years old and still on my bed! Yes, Velvet is a very good soap, indeed. Not only for woollens, but for the coloured things, the cottons and the silky materials as well." She smiled. "It must be those extra-soapy suds you're always talking about."



4 Take Miss Winchelo's advice! Use gentle Velvet for everything you wash. Its extra-soapy suds mean less rubbing and longer life to your clothes. Velvet is kind to your hands too.

GIVES MORE SUDS FASTER!

"You may be surprised how soft and warm the shawl is", said charming 83-year-old Miss Winchelo, who was playing the piano when I called, "but that's because I'm careful when I wash it. Nothing but Velvet Soap for me! It's a tried and trusted friend of years standing."

Here's the RHEUMATISM



Where's the SLOAN'S

Rheumatic pains and the agonies of berths are quickly relieved by the circulation stimulating warmth of Sloan's Liniment. Just put it on. No rubbing or massaging. Also relieves pain of sprains, strains, bruises, sore muscles. Never be without Sloan's.

SLOAN'S LINIMENT 2/9
AT ALL CHEMISTS BOTTLE

RELIEVE HEADACHE FAST



WITH **BAYER'S ASPIRIN TABLETS**

The 40's needn't get you down!

You can have the "pep" joy of living you had years ago. There's no need to put up with lumpy nerves, lack of energy and those awful spells of depression. Get a bottle of Wincarnis from your chemist to-day. The amazing tonic properties of Wincarnis will bring you renewed health, poise and confidence. Wincarnis is blended from the very choicest wines, with beneficial nerve-tonic-building ingredients added. Medical men by the thousand have recommended Wincarnis—and it can help you! Get Wincarnis now. You'll start feeling better after the very first glass. There is no substitute for Wincarnis—the Wine of Life.

W73.52



Make Baby's Hair **GROW CURLY**
4 Weeks' Treatment
2/11 EVERYWHERE
Curlypet

Continuing . . . The Hand and Flower

from page 42

heard of a regiment called the Connaught Rangers."

"And had you?"

"Quite by chance I had. When I first joined up in '39, my Troop Sergeant was an Irishman and he'd served with them years and years ago, before they were disbanded. He wore their cap-badge in his beret at Alamein. He was killed wearing it, and we buried him still wearing it. We liked him very much."

"Grandmere — was she pleased that you knew of this regiment?"

"I think she was very pleased. I don't know why."

"I too am glad. And I do know why." She drove on in silence. Then she said in a small voice, looking straight ahead: "Have you noticed anything, Jim?"

"I've noticed so many things, the sort of things that I've never noticed before in anybody. May I tell you some of them?"

"Oh, yes. Please."

He tried to sort his thoughts out, to put them coherently. He was surprised at the ease with which he spoke to a woman, using the sort of uninhibited expressions which, a few hours ago, would have been far beyond his compass.

"You are so many different persons—and you keep on adding to the list of these strange ladies. I told you that already, but since then you have confronted me with at least two more variations of Marie-Joséphine. By the barley, after you'd talked to your Monsieur Dubot, you were as taut as piano-wire. Now you aren't any longer. And yet you're different from the girl you were in the Cimetière de l'Est. I don't know what goes on inside you, and I believe that it would take me a thousand years to find out. But I can tell you how you're outwardly different."

"Please tell."

"If I use the wrong words, you will have to forgive me because I don't know about women's clothes."

"Please continue."

"Right. Here goes. When I saw you this morning, you were wearing some sort of blouse and skirt. You had no stockings, no hat, and you wore sandals. You were much smaller than me, and when you spoke you had to look up. That's how I know about the sandals. And you were also wearing the medal that I remembered. Am I right so far?"

"Quite right. It is possibly not very polite of you to remark that I wore no stockings, but then the English are not very—I don't know the word—mondain."

"It means sophisticated, worldly."

"Ah yes. Of course."

"You knew the word all the time—naturally?"

"But naturally. Please do not mock yourself of me."

"Sorry." He half-smiled. It was unnecessary for him even to glance at her, so clear was her image in his mind. "Now the only thing that remains the same is the medal. You are now wearing a dress of green silk. You have on white sandals, but these ones have heels. That I know because when you faced me in the yard I was not much taller than you. You looked up a bit, but not much. Also—forgive my unworldliness—but you are now wearing stockings and a little more lipstick than you did this morning. Also your hair is different. You are the same girl, but you have added a measure of elegance."

He turned and looked at her, his grey eyes alight. "Admit that I am a most observant man."

She sighed.

"That I cannot admit with truth. I think you may be ob-

servant about things that are of small importance, but in big things you are blind. Possibly your eyes come to you later. I hope so very much."

Already they had reached the outskirts of Boulogne.

Marie-Joséphine went on: "First we will go to the house of Madame Loget and leave there the spuds. When you have helped me to put the sack in the hall of the house, I will ask you to await me in the car. If I were to present you to her, she would wish to prepare tea with lemon in the English manner and have a long conversation with you. And there is another place where we must go."

They had reached the Grande Rue and its crowded pavements and its busy shops, and Marie-Joséphine turned to the right into the rue Dosille. With some difficulty, Jim got the sack of potatoes from the back and stood it upright inside the door of Madame Loget's house. Marie-Joséphine said that she would be five minutes at the most. Jim sat down in the car and lit a cigarette.

He looked at his watch. In just under two hours the boat would sail for England and he would be on board. In under two hours, the propellers would start churning and the distance between him and this girl would lengthen with every surge of the sea.

OF course, there would be many explanations to be made to The Hand and Flower Darts Club. Where had he been all day and why hadn't he turned up? Had he been in trouble with the Frenchies? He smiled. He could almost hear Mr. Collins speaking. "Now, Jim, I would rather tear my tongue out than inquire into other people's business, but—" And Charley. Charley would have no doubts at all as to how Jim had spent his day. . . . not would Shorty. The only person he would be glad to see again would be Luke Grenfell. He wouldn't mind a bit talking to Luke.

Marie-Joséphine came out of Madame Loget's house and got into the car. She said: "I was a very long time?"

"Hours and hours. I was thinking about my friends and what I would say to them when we meet again at the boat."

"And what will you say?"

"To one of them, I will say that I met you. The others would only make jokes about you, so they can go and fish."

"Suppose they do not want to fish."

"They'll have to fish, all the same. Where are we going now?"

"We are going to the place that the man in the shop where they give away roses told you to go. It is not far away from here, and after that we will, if you like, search for your friends."

"I'll see them soon enough."

"Is there still nothing that you have noticed, Jim?"

"I've noticed lots of things. I've noticed a thousand things."

"But not one thing, one special thing?"

He shook his head, mystified.

"Please tell me what it is."

"No. You must find out for yourself."

After the white sunshine of the streets, the vaulted spaces of the Cathedral were dim and cool. A circle of candles burned steadily before the Hand of Our Lady of Boulogne, and the water into which Marie-Joséphine slid the tips of her fingers was tepid to his touch. It was curious to hear the heels of her sandals tapping on the tiled floor, and to follow her and to see her genuflect deeply. Jim walked

after her up the aisle towards the high altar and he knelt when she knelt.

Between tall candles, Our Lady sat in the bows of a fishing-boat, holding the Infant in her arms. Mother and Child were crowned with gold. All this Jim saw, gazing straight in front of him.

Presently he glanced at Marie-Joséphine and saw that she was looking steadily at the altar, her face cupped in her hands.

Without at first realising its import, he noticed that there was a little pale circle at the base of one of her sunburned fingers, as if this one place had hitherto been shielded from the strength of the sun. He was kneeling at her left and the hand that he saw was her left hand. She turned her face away from the altar, and looked at him with that candid glance he was beginning to know and love.

He put his strong hand between them and opened his fingers. Her hand slid into his hand, and he contained it in his, holding it strongly, touching with incredulous fingers the pale circle where Henri's ring had been.

One by one, the members of The Hand and Flower Darts Club, who had gone their several ways on their several missions, began to consider moving in the general direction of the Etoile. The sun had passed its zenith and Mr. Collins' summons to congregate at five o'clock, come what may, had been categorical.

Like trencher-fed hounds who had gaily hunted their own lines over the afternoon, they harked leisurely back to the huntman's horn.

But not Shorty. When he saw that Luke Grenfell was engrossed in a French book that hadn't even got any pictures in it, he supposed that he'd better pretend to read something, too. His eye was caught by a brightly colored cover. It was a cheap edition of a work entitled "Pour l'Amour d'un Légionnaire," and Shorty looked at it with unaccountable excitement.

The designer of the cover had let himself go. The sun descended in glory behind a frieze of date-palms, and beyond the silhouette of the palms stretched the illimitable distances of the Sahara. In the foreground a soldier in a blue uniform with a white cloak bent passionately over an Arab lady whose protection against the night air consisted largely of a pair of earrings, a diaphanous kilt, and some bangles.

Shorty looked at the soldier for a long time. Proper tall chap. Must be a good six feet—if not more. Some people got all the luck. He nudged Luke Grenfell. He said accusingly: "You speak French, Luke-boy."

"I also speak English. Luke's my name. Not 'Luke-boy'."

"All right, all right. You call me 'Shorty'. No offence meant. What's this mean?"

Luke took the book from Shorty, and looked at it much as a bacteriologist might look at a particularly repellent bacillus.

"It means 'For the love of a Legionnaire'."

"And what's a 'Legionnaire'?"

"Chap in the Foreign Legion."

Easy."

"Like Ronald Colman?"

Luke frowned.

"Like who?"

"Ronald Colman. Film star. I suppose you got to be pretty tall to get into the Foreign Legion?"

"I'm afraid I don't know their minimum requirements. I think they like 'em tough."

To page 44

Dress in a Sweater



★ EASY TO KNIT

★ EASY TO LIVE IN

★ EASY ON YOUR PURSE

THIS SWEATER IS MADE FROM
PATONS BEEHIVE CREPE

PATONS KNITTING BOOK NO. 358
CONTAINS INSTRUCTIONS FOR 8
DESIGNS

PRICE 1/6. POSTAGE 3d. EXTRA

Book from all Leading Drapers and Stores. If unobtainable locally, write to the address in your nearest State.

PATONS & BALDWIN
(AUSTRALIA) LIMITED



SYDNEY Dept. 2, Box 3718
MELBOURNE Dept. 2, Box 1606M
BRISBANE ... Dept. 2, Box 929M



WOOLS

Mentasol

THE ORIGINAL GREEN

CHLOROPHYLL TOOTHPASTE

Destroys All Mouth Odours

RECENT TESTS on a large group of people showed Mentsol is 50 per cent more effective against mouth odours than ordinary toothpastes. But more than that! Mentsol fights tooth decay by reducing mouth acids that "eat" into tooth enamel. . . it combats common gum troubles, because Chlorophyll in Mentsol is a *healer* of gum tissue . . . it actually builds firm, healthy gums.

UNCONDITIONAL GUARANTEE

by the Pepsident Company

We think you'll find Mentsol the finest toothpaste you have ever used. If you don't agree, return unused portion to the Pepsident Co. (Aust.) Pty. Ltd., Sydney, N.S.W. We'll refund purchase price plus postage.

Do not accept substitutes



M.1.WW73g

LOOK AT YOUR SKIN . . . OTHERS DO!

Help skin blemishes disappear with
REXONA SOAP



You simply can't hide blotches and skin faults with make-up! But you *can* clear up blemishes with REXONA SOAP because it is specially medicated with Cadyl* to restore skin to natural loveliness. Give baby's precious skin the gentle, safe protection of pure, mild Rexona soap too.

* Cadyl is a fragrant blend of five rare beauty oils, exclusive to Rexona Soap. Rexona's silky-fine lather carries Cadyl deep into the pores where most blemishes start.



SPECIALLY MEDICATED FOR SKIN CARE

X.119.WW73g

Continuing . . . The Hand and Flower

from page 43

rather than tall. What was your friend's name again?"

"Ronald Colman. Did you never see 'Beau Geste'?"

Luke shook his head. "No. I must confess that 'Beau Geste', alas, is one of the films that escaped me."

"It was smashing," said Shorty.

So they liked them tough in the Foreign Legion, did they? Shorty took a deep breath so that his chest swelled to straining point and he tightened every muscle in his body.

"Luke."

"Yes, Shorty."

"Suppose a bloke wanted to join the Foreign Legion. What would he do?"

"Heavens, I don't know," He smiled. "When in doubt, ask a policeman."

"Ask a copper! Cool!"

Coppers were Shorty's natural enemies. Coppers put their hands firmly on Shorty's shoulder and said, "Come along, you"; coppers stood in the witness-box and intoned . . . "Your Worship, I was on duty on Tuesday, the 24th of November, keeping observation on the accused man . . ."

Shorty looked out into the sunny street. A French policeman in riding breeches and a revolver was directing the traffic with a whistle and a white baton. This was a copper and he carried a gun. At least English coppers didn't carry guns. Shorty shrank instinctively. He had a moment of complete panic, and then, with a great effort, he controlled the quivering in his knees.

He looked again at the lurid cover of the book. Sun . . . date-palms . . . and a uniform like Ronald Colman instead of rain. doorways, coppers, and Mr. McIsaac. Of course, they mightn't take him, not a chap of his size . . . but at least he'd have a bash at it. He glanced at Luke Grenfell, who was still engrossed in his reading. Soundlessly he whispered, "Cheerio, Luky-boy, and thanks for the tip."

He escaped death in the traffic by a hair's breadth. The policeman saluted him with ironic courtesy: "Vous desirez, Monsieur?"

"Speak English?"

"A liddle."

"Listen, Copper," said Shorty breathlessly, "can you tell me where to go to join the Foreign Legion?"

General Felix de la Chanterelle, even in civil, was a striking figure. Officier de la Legion d'Honneur, Medaille Militaire, Croix de Guerre avec Palme, Grand Cross of the Most Exalted Order of Saint Dominic, Chevalier du Nicham Iftikhar, Distinguished Service Order, Burgess of Boulogne, he wore one black eyeglass and a vast moustache with twisted ends.

The panama hat which he swept off on entering the cafe revealed a stiff crop of grey hair. A pearl-and-emerald tie-pin gleamed in his black cravat, his tussore suit was pressed with military precision, his white buckskin shoes were like fresh-fallen snow, and the silver-topped walking-stick was in itself an emblem of authority.

No frequenter of cafes, he had admittedly lunched without due discretion, and now found

it necessary to enter a public place on the most humble of human missions.

The General laid his panama hat and stick on a table, rapped out an order for coffee, and marched to the same swing doors through which Pierre Jumelle had vanished not sixty seconds ago. Trevor Hilgrove watched him idly. He supposed the old boy was going to use the telephone. But suppose he wasn't going to use the telephone . . . Suppose . . .

Trevor sat up with a jerk. It was vital, absolutely vital, that he should be the next person after Pierre to enter that discreet hide-out. He crashed out his cigarette, grabbed his dart-board, crossed the room like a panther, and launched himself through the swing doors.

He stopped short in a small, paved ante-room. Two doors confronted him, one shut and one open. The shut one had over it the word "Messieurs" and the lock on the door was turned to "Occupé." The other door, marked "Dames," swung invitingly open.

With one white buckskin shoe tapping impatiently on the tiled floor, General de la Chanterelle waited. Trevor Hilgrove leaned against the wall. The General eyed him with fierce disfavor.

AFTER a moment's pregnant silence, the General spoke stiffly: "Monsieur, j'attends." Innate courtesy struggled with his physical preoccupation and won the day, "You are English?"

"Yes."

"Ah. The English are always welcome in Boulogne." He managed a painful smile. "But you understand, Monsieur, I wait. It is I who was first 'ere. You will return later, yes?"

"No."

"But, Monsieur—"

"Listen," said Trevor easily, "why don't you use that one? It's free."

Thirty seconds passed before the General understood. His face was suddenly brick-red and it seemed as if he were fighting for breath. He said, when he could speak: "You suggest that I, General de France, should employ, make use of, a cabinet reserved for the ladies?"

"Why not? It's free."

The General's eye-glass dropped out of his eye, swung on its black ribbon. As his chest swelled, his English fled. With great self-control, he managed to confine himself to one phrase: "Degoutant personnage!"

The lock of the door slid from "Occupé" to "Libre," and Pierre, his part of Operation Timepiece accomplished, emerged. He looked neither to the right nor the left as he passed through the swing doors—en route for the railway-station and for Paris. Like greyhounds released simultaneously from adjacent traps, General de la Chanterelle and Trevor Hilgrove leapt for the narrow door.

Their shoulders met and locked. For all his years the General was the more agile, Trevor a shade the broader. Their determination was exactly

equal. Trevor appeared to relax painfully for a split second. The General glanced at him in sudden concern. This was Trevor's chance.

With a mighty heave of his shoulder he sent the General, momentarily off his guard, reeling back against the telephone bracket, darted inside and slammed the door. The lock snapped derisively from "Libre" to "Occupé," and General de la Chanterelle realised that he had been outwitted. He counter-attacked with vigor and fury.

As Trevor stood on the seat and groped behind the easter, a positive fusillade of blows and kicks sounded on the door and he could distinguish some of the General's richer expletives. "Crapaud! Espece de Sate! Saligaud!" Ah well, hard words broke no bones. He shouted, "Oh, do shut up. I won't be long."

He immediately found what he sought, the square brown-paper parcel left by Pierre. From his pocket he whipped a small screwdriver and, sitting down, unscrewed the front of his dartboard. It lifted off easily, for Trevor had spent an hour practising this very operation overnight in London. Inside was a circular hollow space, lined with cotton-wool. He opened the brown-paper parcel and the cardboard box it contained. Inside, gleaming dully in the electric light, lay some fifty tiny gold wrist-watches.

With skilful fingers, Trevor began to place the watches one by one on the cotton-wool inside the dart-board.

It took him altogether a good five minutes to transfer the precious contraband to its hiding-place and to screw the two halves of the dart-board so tightly together that no join was visible. Trevor supposed that the old boy outside must have gone away. Not that it mattered. He disposed of the now empty cardboard box and the crumpled brown paper, tucked the dart-board under his arm, and opened the door.

Nemesis in a black eyeglass was standing stiffly against the wall. There was something terribly ominous in the General's immobility and in his silence, and Trevor half backed into the cabinet. He began to say "Sorry I was so long, old chap," but the words stuck in his throat.

The General bowed frigidly and handed Trevor a visiting-card. He took it mechanically and read it:

General Felix de la Chanterelle,
Grand Officier de la Legion d'Honneur.

31 Boulevard Louis Herault
Boulogne-sur-Mer.

Trevor gulped. He managed a weak but winning smile. "I'm most awfully sorry to have kept you waiting, sir. I can only apologise. Humbly, sir."

The electric light gleamed on the General's black eye-glass and on his one unblinking eye. Trevor shifted his feet.

"I have presented my card. I await your card . . . sir."

"But do listen. I've said that I'm terribly sorry . . ."

"I await your card, sir."

Trevor stared at him, erect.

To page 45

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By RUD



Continuing . . . The Hand and Flower

stuck proud. There was a moment when he After that very morning by the quayside tout, and he had difficulty in suppressing a grin. He produced it with an air. The General took it. Trembling.

Discretion was clearly the better part of valor, and his first were eager for the fresh air and the pavements of the place. He hesitated, torn between his normal good nature and the desire to remove himself from further contamination by the unspeakable islanders. He compromised by saying bleakly: "Non. No English."

MAURICE SEVRIER. Taxis. All informations. English spoken. Specialties.

Despite his third rebuff, Charley Brewer was still undeterred in his determination to shape his day into the form that he had foreseen. France was France. Trouble was, it was getting late . . .

There was nobody much about, so he decided to take the weight off his plates-of-meat for a minute or two. He sat down on the pavement, his back against the wall, and began to lean himself with his bowler hat. From this point of vantage he was able to look down the road and observe in detail the solitary figure approaching. Hope, long deferred, rose sharply at the sight of the gentleman's white shoes, somewhat flamboyant tunic, and Albert watch-chain.

These attributes, together with a luxuriant moustache, were possessed in some measure by Charley himself, and led him into the fatal error of halting the stranger as a blood-brother. Noting the black eyeglass and the martial carriage, Charley was reassured.

Ah well, here we go. Soldiers all . . .

He scrambled to his feet and, sweeping off his bowler hat with a low bow, accosted the stranger.

General Felix de la Chanterelle, although still seething at his recent encounter with the British, was at heart of a cordial nature and accustomed to private soldiers. He said guardedly: "Bonjour, mon vieux."

"Speak English, chum?" The General started as if he had been stung. He recoiled sharply. He hesitated, torn between his normal good nature and the desire to remove himself from further contamination by the unspeakable islanders. He compromised by saying bleakly: "Non. No English."

Carreering blindly to his downfall, Charley plunged into the foreign lingo. He sidled up to the General's ear and said hoarsely: "Je voo un femme."

"Quoi? Vous avez faim?" The General softened momentarily. "Are you hungry?"

"No, chum. Not 'ungry." He winked. "Leastways, not except for one thing."

Unsuspecting and anxious to make his wishes perfectly clear, Charley began to illustrate with lavish and unmistakable gestures. He had only half finished his impersonation of the feminine torso when history repeated itself. The General's black eyeglass had dropped and he was again fighting for breath.

By the time Charley had completed the picture, the General was in full voice. He had a wide vocabulary, but his splendid flow of invective was unheard by Charley, whose nimble gym shoes were once again fleeing from disaster.

This time Charley did not have to run far. Maurice Sevrier, guide to Boulogne and self-appointed purveyor of taxis, informations, and specialties, came upon him almost at once.

Charley was leaning against the wall of a chemist's shop. He had had time to catch his breath, and was moodily playing "It's Love that Makes the

World Go Round" on his mouth-

organ. Maurice Sevrier brightened a little. This one, this solitary one, would surely be ignorant of the various denominations of franc notes. And he had seen him before, coming off the boat.

Then he had been guarded by his friends. Now he was alone—and therefore defenceless. Of course, the likelihood was that he had already spent all his money, but that one could soon find out. Somewhat wearily, he adjusted his routine smile and lifted his peaked cap. "Bonjour, Milord."

"Ulllo," said Charley morosely, "you again."

"But yes," He laughed heartily as if Charley had just made an excellent joke.

GAILY Maurice Sevrier went on, "Ere we are—like the bad penny. You 'ave 'ad a good time in Boulogne, yes?"

"No I 'aven't," said Charley. "Everything's been a proper muck-up."

"You 'ave bought sock stockings, parfum, cartes postales, everything?"

"No. Bought nothing yet. I don't seem to get the hang of the money 'ere."

A wolfish look came into Maurice's eyes.

"You got all your money left . . . Milord?"

"Sure. Got plenty of dough."

"Ow much?" Maybe the question had been asked too quickly, for Maurice saw a gleam of suspicion in Charley's eye.

He went on with a careless laugh. "Not that it matter. I 'ave many friends, all English people. All English people 'oo come to Boulogne know me and have confidence. English lords, ladies, sirs, all sorts."

Charley played a few bars of "Knees Up, Mother Brown," and suddenly broke off. "Member when I saw you this morning at the boat?"

Maurice was suddenly alert.

"Yes."

"Member you said you knew some sort of cafe place—"

"Ah. Chez Poupette. It is always very gay. Laughing, singing, dancing, all sorts—"

"All sorts?" said Charley meaningfully. "You're quite sure about the all sorts—"

"Monsieur," said Maurice with dignity, "I personally, absolutely guarantee. As a 'onorable gentleman, I guarantee—all sorts."

"Ow much would it cost?" said Charley with caution.

"Ow much 'ave you got . . . Milord?"

"That much!"

With a practised eye Maurice analysed and assessed the bundle in Charley's hand. Supper was assured at last and, with luck, to-morrow's breakfast as well . . . He said briskly: "O-Kay. We go to Chez Poupette."

"You're quite sure," said Charley. "I've 'ad one or two setbacks already to-day."

"I 'ave said that as 'onorable gentleman, I guarantee."

Charley did his mouth-organ into his breast pocket and blew his nose.

"Come on," he said.

Their steps led them in the direction of the harbor. In the devastation of broken houses, one row had remained more or less intact. It contained a ship-chandlers, an antique shop, a bicycle shop—and Chez Poupette.

From within the bead curtains came the sound of a gramophone and Charley's pace quickened. Home at last . . .

"You called me Baby Doll a year ago."

You told me I was very nice to know . . .

whined the gramophone.

"Entrez," said Maurice grandly—and held back the bead curtains.

Within, all was frolic, feast, and fun.

Mr. Fred Collins, licensee of The Hand and Flower, stared with haggard, imploring eyes at the ceiling.

He was praying with all his strength that no member of the Darts Club should happen that way, for the lady with the glass earrings was sitting on the lap of his best trousers and one of her

Growing up on Cadbury's Bournville Cocoa



BOURNVILLE KIDDIES are happy, active . . . a picture of health!

Keep them feeling warm and well right through Winter with daily cups of delicious, health-building Bournville Cocoa. Cadbury's Bournville Cocoa is more than a beverage—it's a sustaining food drink, chockfull of nourishment; makes the kiddies glow with warmth on the coldest day; and how they love its extra-rich chocolaty flavour. You'll find it's the most economical food drink you can buy; there are 120 cups of health-building cocoa in every pound of Cadbury's Bournville Cocoa.

You have cocoa in the kitchen—use it regularly; use it for drinking and for cooking too. 2/9d. half pound—5/3d. pound.

CADBURY'S BOURNVILLE COCOA

msh/hls makes you feel warm and well

BAMBI SHMITH,
famous model and busy housewife, says . . .

'STOP WORRYING
about 'housework hands'

START WEARING
ANSELL RUBBER GLOVES
— for ever-beautiful hands.



At the weekend Bambi likes to potter in the garden. "I just couldn't enjoy this pleasure without the protection of Ansell Rubber Gloves," says Bambi. "No dirt to scrub out afterwards . . . no scratches, either—when you garden with the help of Ansell Gloves."



Mrs. Bambi Shmith, like most housewives, spends lots of time at the kitchen sink and in the laundry. "But I always wear my Ansell Rubber Gloves," says Bambi. "They're the surest protection against the drying, wrinkling effect of hot, soapy water."



"The wonderful thing about these Ansell Rubber Gloves," adds Bambi, "is that they're so easy to slip on and off. They fit comfortably right to the fingertips, feel so light, and grip like your own skin—you hardly know you're wearing them. Ansell are the only all-over crepe-finished rubber gloves."



For her modelling work Bambi's hands have to look beautiful. "The camera picks up every detail," says her husband, photographer Athol Shmith, "but Bambi's hands always appear soft and flawless." Ansell Rubber Gloves keep your hands soft, lovely and youthful.

More and more Australian women are discovering every day that Ansell, the all over crepe-finished rubber gloves, are the simplest and only sure method of keeping your hands soft and youthful. They prevent the drying, cracking effect of scalding hot water . . . the roughening effect of daily housework and gardening . . . and they keep your nails from breaking and chipping. Enjoy the comfort and protection of Ansell Sure-Grip Rubber Gloves. They're the longest-wearing rubber gloves—the most economical of all.

2/6 PER PAIR

SURE GRIP
Ansell
RUBBER GLOVES

AVAILABLE IN 5 SIZES
— 7, 7½, 8, 8½, 9.

Obtainable from all stores, chemists, hardware and chain stores.
(Slightly dearer in country areas)

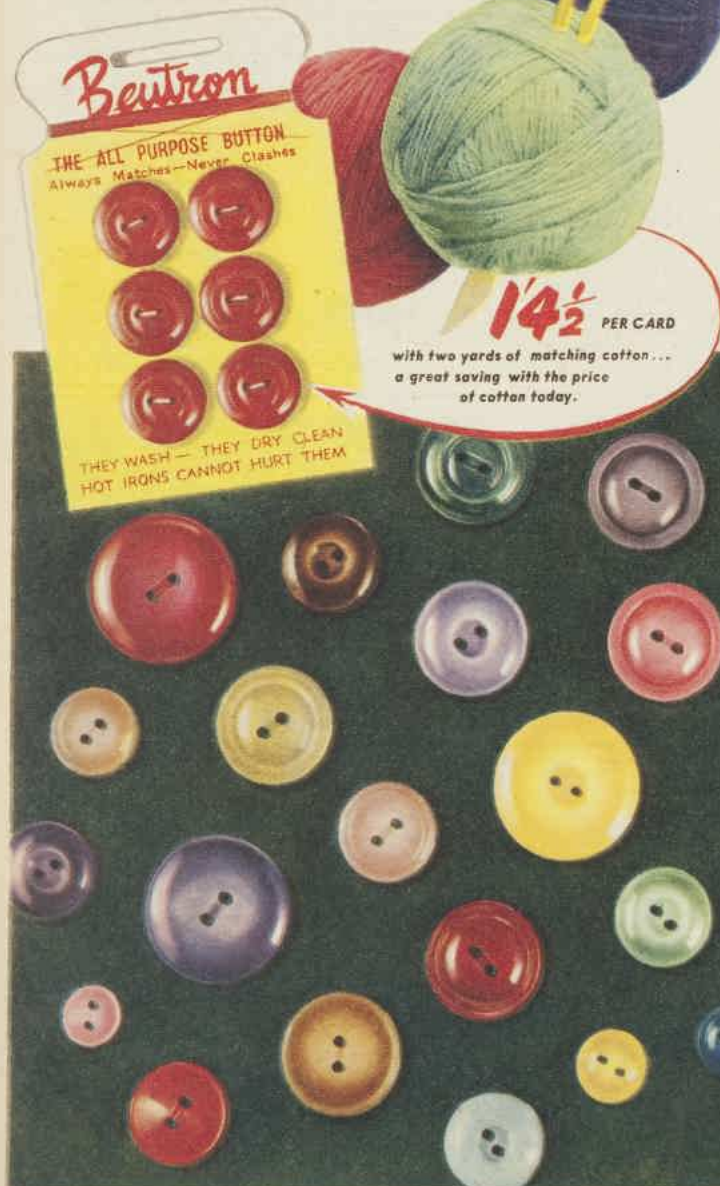
You can match any
knitting wool or fabric colour with

Beutron

OPAL-GLO BUTTONS

They're completely iridescent with a soft "opal" finish, so Beutron Opal-Glo buttons pick up fabric colours like no other type of buttons. They actually reflect the colour of the cloth they are stitched on.

HOT IRONS CAN'T HURT THEM—THEY LAUNDER BEAUTIFULLY—YOU CAN TELL DRY-CLEANERS THEY'RE GUARANTEED.



★ Beautiful Beutrons are made by G. Herring (Aust.) Pty. Ltd., Dunning Avenue, Rosebery, N.S.W.

Page 46

Continuing . . . The Hand and Flower

from page 45

angular arms was clamped round his neck.

A half-empty bottle of sweet champagne that Mr. Collins hadn't even ordered stood on the table beside them and the gramophone whined incessantly. As a result of her aged playfulness, Mr. Collins' solitary quiff of hair was twisted perpendicularly upwards from his forehead, there was a perfect imprint of her mouth in lipstick on his left cheek and—for reasons only known to herself—she had skittishly unlaced one of his boots.

For the hundredth time, Mr. Collins failed to understand what sudden madness had impelled him to answer the gramophone's siren call—and how this unspeakable creature had managed to insinuate herself on to his knee. He took a deep, shuddering breath and once again attempted vainly to remove her constricting arm.

"Listen," he said hoarsely, "I got to go."

"Poupette" said languorously: "Naughtee boy!"

It was at this untimely juncture that the bead curtains were drawn back and that the Captain of The Hand and Flower Darts Club strode purposefully into Chez Poupette.

Charley stopped dead. The anticipatory grin on his face was slowly replaced by a look of utter incredulity. His mouth gaped. Avenging Angel in a bowler hat, he stared blankly at the wilting licensee of The Hand and Flower. The look of unbelief gave way to one of pious outrage.

Charley had little practice in this particular expression, and he gave to it all the freshness of the amateur. After an infinity of time, he shook his head in deep and shocked reproval.

"Mr. Collins," said Charley Brewer, the coalman, "ow could you?"

Jim Carver stood beside Marie-Joséphine on the steps of the cathedral, looking out over the cobbled street. He had put a lot of money, he didn't know how much, into a collecting-box for the poor, and he felt at last that he had really given the roses to George Holden. The secret which had been revealed to him in the candle-lit gloom of the church had become an acute embarrassment to him in the blinding daylight, and both he and Marie-Joséphine were without words.

A mongrel dog came to them, and Marie-Joséphine bent down and began to stroke it, talking to it with great animation. Unfortunately, it didn't stay long, and when it scampered away to sniff in the dustbins, they watched it go with intense, absorbed regret, as if they had lost a friend.

Marie-Joséphine said with an effort: "He was a very nice dog, wasn't he?"

"Yes. Very. But he wasn't a he. He was a she."

"Oh yes. I didn't notice. I wonder what was her name."

"Might be anything."

"Yes. Naturally. It might be Fi-fi—or anything. Do you prefer this dog to Siki?"

"No, no. I much prefer Siki. Much."

"I also. Although Siki is a savage dog with those who are not his friends, I prefer him to this dog."

Jim said lamely: "When I was a boy and I lived in the country, I had a lurcher. His name was Jip and he was a great one for hunting rabbits."

"What is a 'lurcher'? Is it also a dog?"

"Yes. It's a cross between a—"

"He shrugged. "Well, it's a sort of cross."

"Of course. I had forgotten the word. 'Lurcher.' I knew of course that you were of the country because you had knowledge of boules and of our barley. But this . . . this Hand and Flower is in London, is it not?"

"Yes. It's in Saint John's Wood. You see, I work in London, but I actually come from the country." He sighed. "From the Cotswolds, from over beyond Burford."

"This Burford, is it an English city?"

"No. Indeed no." He laughed, glad to be laughing. "Burford is far from being a city. It's a small, old town, one of the sheep towns, with a steep hill and a church where Cromwell's men stabled their horses. You can see the halter-chains to this day. At the bottom of the hill, there's a river called the Windrush, and in it there are trout and crayfish and eels and jack-pike."

Remembering his boyhood, the ghost of a Cotswold accent manifested itself in his words. "I used to have an eel-trap in the Windrush, over beyond Upton, and many's the pheasant I took from the Priory Woods." He paused.

How strange it was to be standing with Marie-Joséphine looking over French cobbles and seeing with his eyes French names of the shops—things like Bijouterie and Epicerie—when with his vision he was looking at the bright ripples of the Windrush. How strange to stand on the steps of a French cathedral when he was really crouched behind a wall of Cotswold stone, waiting to see the hares start up and run and frolic on the frosty grass in the spring moonlight. Proper playful they were, the hares . . .

MARIE-JOSEPHINE'S voice broke suddenly into his thoughts.

"Why are you smiling, Jim?" "I'm thinking of the hares in the Cotswolds and the games they get up to."

"The hares?" She brushed her fingers through her own dark hair and he smiled.

"No. Not hairs like that. Hares with long ears, like this."

"Oh, of course. I am very stupid. In French, the word is lievre, and we have many hares here. It is most exciting to see them play among themselves and dance. It is like a ballet."

He glanced at her. She, too, was smiling. Looking at Marie-Joséphine, the sea that lay between France and England seemed to shrink, and the fields of the two countries to join so that the hares would have more room to drum and gambol in the shared moonlight. He said slowly: "No, it is I who am the stupid one. I didn't realise that you have hares here, too."

"But naturally. Have you never heard of civet de lievre? It is quite delicious." She went on absently, the glimmer of a smile moving one corner of her mouth. "I would very much like some time to cook for you, on cold nights, with a bottle of red wine on the hearth and the wind outside—"

She stopped, aghast. Her hand flew to the guilty corner of her mouth. She was appalled by what she had said.

Without thinking, she had made articulate the image of her desire, and she had said this dreadful thing out loud. She had said it simply and without guile. So absorbed had she become with herself and the magnitude of what she had done that she had clean forgotten—or caused herself to forget—the very existence of anyone cast in a shape approximating to her own who could have any claim on the man who stood beside her.

Yet such a person did exist, unknown and thereby the more menacing. What would she be like, this English lady who would one day be the bride of Sergeant Jim Carver of the 25th Lancers? Marie-Joséphine's knowledge of English ladies was meagre. What was the

phrase he had used, it must be a thousand years ago? He had said that she was young, young and fair and very strong.

She lived in London, the Mademoiselle Cherry Mitchell, therefore, because she lived in the capital of England, she would not only be pretty but elegant as well.

She would wear a small hat with the lances of Jim's regiment on it in diamonds. She would have slender hips and she would carry a shoulder-bag, and she would, of course, wear gloves to cover her beautiful, useless hands.

Marie-Joséphine glanced at her own trembling, unburned fingers. They belonged to the hands of one who could hack bracken, they belonged to one who could drive a straight furrow before the plough, screaming gulls, they were the fingers that Jim had clasped strongly—in the presence of Our Lady, As for Mademoiselle Cherry Mitchell . . . que le diable l'emporte, might the devil be away with her.

Marie-Joséphine took a step backwards. So sudden and so violent had been her emotion that her knees had turned to water and she had difficulty in breathing. She half-leaned and half-sat on the old stone balustrade. When she spoke at last, every shred of warmth had gone from her voice, and Jim knew with dismay that yet another Marie-Joséphine had come to bewilder the scurrying hours left to them.

"Of course, I do not mean that at all." She gave a tiny, brittle laugh. "My English is not good and I make foolish mistakes."

"What did you mean?" "Oh, that is quite easy. I wished to say that I would write down for you on a piece of paper the method, the manner in which we in France prepare civet de lievre, so that you can give this piece of paper to your fiancée, to Mademoiselle Mitchell. She will then be able to cook it for you on cold nights, with a bottle of red wine—or is it not the practice of the English to drink whisky?—with a bottle of whisky on the hearth and the wind outside, the English wind. That is what I wished to say."

He took a swift, troubled step towards her and put his two hands on her shoulders.

"I don't believe you." "Oh." Her eyebrows rose. "Is it the custom in England for men to say to ladies that they do not speak the truth?"

"I don't know about other men or their customs. I only know about myself and I say it to you."

"You know about yourself? How very fortunate you are! I have often wished to know about myself. It is possibly a presumption on the part of the daughter of a farmer from Boulogne to consider that she is in any respect worthy of self-analysis. I have just decided that my power of expression in English is remarkable for the daughter of a farmer—even if you consider that she uses her knowledge to speak things which are not true. Will you please take your hands from my shoulders?"

Her flesh was resistant under the pressure of his muscular fingers.

"Do you want me to?" "Yes. No." She laughed. "It is as you wish. It affects me not at all. But it cannot please you to put your hands upon the shoulders of one whom you believe to be a minotaur, one who does not speak the truth."

In the quiet afternoon he heard from inside the cathedral the soft chiming of bells. What that little soothing sound had lost itself, he spoke with great deliberation.

"It pleases me very much. It would please me even more to

To page 52

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — May 20, 1953

Pattern for beginners

F2534.—Beginners' pattern for an easy-to-make skirt. Sizes 24in. to 30in. waist. Requires 1½ yds. 54in. material. Price, 2/6.

Fashion PATTERNS

F2537.—Girl's raincoat and matching hood. Sizes 18in., 20in., 23in., and 27in. lengths for 2, 4, 6, and 8 years. Requires 2½ yds. 54in. material and ½ yd. 54in. check contrast. Price, 2/6.

F2535.—Smart winter suit with all-round pleated skirt. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 5½ yds. 54in. material. Price, 3/6.

F2536.—Attractive skirt, cummerbund, and blouse trio. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust and 26in. to 32in. waist. Requires 2½ yds. 36in. material for blouse with ¾-length sleeves; with short sleeves, 2½ yds. 36in. material. Skirt (3½ yds. 36in. material, and ½ yd. 36in. material for the cummerbund. Price complete, 3/6.

FASHION PATTERNS and Needlework Notions may be obtained immediately from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris St., Ultimo, Sydney (postal address, Box 400, G.P.O., Sydney). Tasmanian readers should address orders to Box 86-D, G.P.O., Hobart; New Zealand readers to Box 606, G.P.O., Auckland.

F2538.—Bouffant-skirted evening dress with moulded bodice top. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 1½ yds. 36in. material for dress and ½ yd. matching material for bodice lining. Price, 4/6.

F2539.—Flattering coat-frock design. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 4½ yds. 54in. material. Price, 3/6.



NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 447.—GIRL'S PINAFORE DRESS AND BLOUSE

The pinafore dress is obtainable cut out ready to make in woolen crepe. The color choice includes strawberry, green, blue, copper-brown, mid-grey, and cocoa-brown. The blouse is obtainable cut out ready to make in check gingham, in blue and white, red and white, and green and white. Pinafore dress sizes: Length, 18in., for 2 years, 31/6; 20in., for 4 years, 33/6; 23in., for 6 years, 34/6; 27in., for 8 years, 36/11. Postage and registration, 1/8 extra. Blouse sizes: 2 years, 13/11; 4 years, 14/9; 6 years, 15/11; 8 years, 16/11. Postage and registration, 1/4 extra.

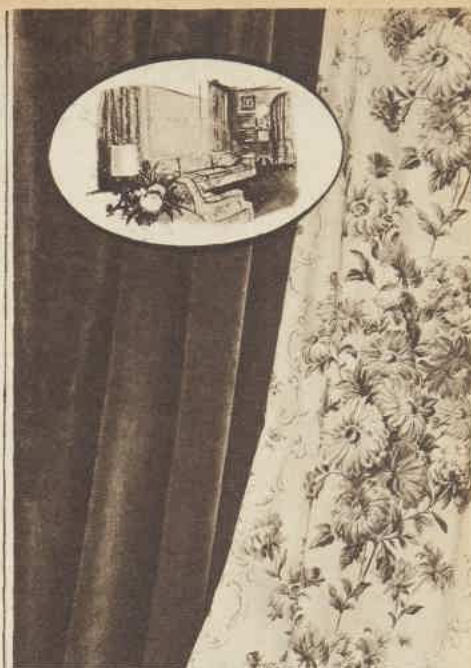
No. 449.—SMALL GIRL'S SLIP AND PANTIES SET

The slip and matching panties are obtainable cut out ready to make in British cotton. The color choice includes white, lemon, pale blue, and pastel pink. The lace edging is supplied. Slip sizes: Length 18in., for 2 years, price 8/11; postage 9d extra. 19in., for 3 years, 9/11; postage, 9d extra. 20in., for 4 years, 10/11; postage, 1/4 extra. 23in., for 6 years, 11/8; postage, 1/4 extra. Panties sizes: 2 years, 3/5; postage, 4d extra. 3 years, 4/2; postage, 4d extra. 4 years, 4/11; postage, 7d extra. 5-6 years, 5/6; postage, 7d extra.

No. 448.—WAIST APRON
A pretty apron obtainable cut out ready to make, with pocket motif clearly traced ready to embroider. The material is organdie in blue, pink, lemon, green, and white. The apron is finished with a scalloped picot edge. Size, medium. Price, 10/2. Postage, 9d extra.

No. 450.—SUPER-CLOTH WITH MATCHING SERVIETTES
A suppercloth and matching serviettes, clearly traced with a pretty floral design ready to embroider. The material is cream Irish linen. Cloth, 26in. by 36in., 11/11; postage and registration, 1/8 extra. Serviette, 11in. by 11in., 1/8; postage, 3d extra. The cloth is also obtainable in sheer linen in cream and blue. Cloth, 42in. by 48in., 23/1. Postage and registration, 1/10 extra. Serviette to match, size 11in. by 11in., price 1/6 each; postage, 3d extra.

NOTE: Please make a second color choice. No C.O.D. orders accepted. All Needlework Notions user 4/11 sent by registered post.



SUNDOUR
FINE FURNISHING FABRICS
DIFFERENT PEOPLE, different needs, differing tastes. As in other fields so in furnishing. But, whether you're thinking of curtains or covers . . . for large rooms or small . . . in Sundour's restrained or brilliant colours—you can be certain of finding the fabric of your dreams. There's a whole world to choose from—princely brocades, rich velvets, dainty marisettes or the sunniest prints. And at prices to suit every purse.
They'll keep their first-day freshness, too—for they are guaranteed against fading. Every one of them. These lovely fabrics are at good stores everywhere.
All Sundour fabrics are guaranteed against fading—most of them for the whole of their life.
MORTON SUNDOUR FABRICS LIMITED, CARLISLE, ENGLAND



There's lots of glamour in being the star of the great "Folies Bergere"—but there's lots of hard work, too!
Says lovely Parisienne star, Sonys Corbeau: "It takes energy to keep an audience sitting back happily entertained night after night. That's why before and after every show, I always have my strengthening cup of hot Bonox. It's delicious! And such a wonderful protection against chills and flu."
On-stage or on the job—indoors or out—you need the kind of strength and protection Bonox gives. Bonox is the concentrated goodness of rich, prime beef, plus appetizing peptones. It pours new strength straight into your bloodstream . . . helps keep your head above the 'flu line. So at home, at work, at the cafe, hotel, or milk bar, drink Bonox daily for a 1-1-1!
Bonox now costs less!
Here's what you save on the new reduced Bonox prices: 4d. on the 2 oz. jar; 7½d. on the 4 oz.; 1/2 on the 8 oz. size.
Buy Bonox and save! KRS6

Another delicious money-saver from the Kraft Kitchen!

Richer than sirloin beef
in nourishing
protein!



"Beat today's high food costs with family meals like this" says Elizabeth Cooke.

"Serve this satisfying Kraft Cheddar 'Hearty Hot Pot' tonight" suggests Elizabeth Cooke—Kraft Cookery and Nutrition Expert. "You'll save shillings on your housekeeping budget! Kraft Cheddar is not only richer than sirloin beef in nourishing protein, but it gives you additional food values you won't find in meat! Kraft Cheddar is packed with the essential vitamins—A, B₂ and D—plus calories, and the valuable milk minerals, calcium and phosphates."

For main course dishes, good cooks always use Kraft Cheddar. That true cheddar flavour never varies—never cooks out—and blends perfectly with other foods to give you meals that are always satisfying, but never too rich. Unlike ordinary cheese, Kraft Cheddar is processed and pasteurized for purity. It melts smoothly, doesn't go "stringy" when cooked. No rind means no waste! Kraft Cheddar is sold everywhere in the blue 8 oz. packet or economical 5 lb. loaf.

COOK REGULARLY WITH

KRAFT CHEDDAR

for HIGH-PROTEIN, LOW-COST meals!

KRAFT CHEDDAR "HEARTY HOT POT"

Simple and swift to prepare. Here's how . . .

ALL YOU NEED IS:—

8 ozs. Kraft Cheddar, shredded	1 onion, finely diced
2 cups cooked spaghetti	2 teaspoons Worcestershire sauce
3 cups cooked vegetables such as peas, diced carrots or turnips (can be leftovers)	1 cup stock or water
1 sliced tomato	Breadcrumbs, salt.

ALL YOU DO IS:—

Place spaghetti, vegetables, sauce and stock in deep casserole, in alternate layers with shredded cheese and crumbs. Keep enough cheese and crumbs aside to cover top. Dot with a little butter or margarine and bake in moderate oven, 350°, about 20 minutes. Enough for six thoroughly-satisfying big servings! But remember to only use Kraft Cheddar for this recipe! Kraft Cheddar gives you the kind of protein that helps build sound muscles, strengthens resistance to infection and nourishes tissues, and nerves.



Chinese Style

BY OUR FOOD AND COOKERY EXPERTS

Mrs. L. M. Wang, wife of the Consul-General for the Republic of China, prepared the dishes illustrated on this page specially for The Australian Women's Weekly.

SOME of the traditional Chinese recipes used have been altered a little to suit Australian tastes and conditions.

Beef chop suey was evolved by Mrs. Wang to please her son, who developed a taste for roast beef and suages at boarding-school.

The method of cooking rice is interesting—the result is better than rice which has been cooked in a quantity of water and then rinsed to separate the grains.

Rice to be fried is best cooked the day before and allowed to dry.

All spoon measurements are level.

TO COOK RICE

(One teaspoon of uncooked rice is sufficient for two persons.)

Wash rice thoroughly in cold water, changing water 2 or 3 times until it runs off absolutely clear. Cover with fresh water, having the water exactly 1 in. above the level of the rice. Cover closely and bring quickly to the boil over high heat. Cook quickly for 5 minutes (without removing lid), reduce heat as far as possible, simmer approximately 20 minutes. When lid is removed it will be found that all water has evaporated and the rice is in separate grains.

Note: It is important to remember that irrespective of the quantity of rice cooked and the size of the saucepan, the water should never be more than 1 in. above the level of the rice in the saucepan.

FRIED RICE

Two tablespoons butter or lard, 4 eggs, 3 spring onions, 2 teaspoons salt, 1 cup finely chopped prawns (or use cooked ham or cooked chicken), a little soya bean sauce, one quantity cooked rice (as above).

Melt butter or lard in large pan, allow to become very hot without browning or burning. Add beaten eggs, onions, and salt. Stir continuously until half cooked, or about as thick as whipped cream. Add prawns, sauce, and rice. Stir over medium heat until well mixed. Serve hot.

MUSHROOMS AND PRAWNS

Two tablespoons lard or peanut oil, 1 lb. shelled green prawns, 1 dessertspoon wine, 1 dozen Chinese mushrooms (dried mushrooms, available in tins from Chinese food shops), 1 lb. cooked green peas, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon soya bean sauce, 1 small knob of green ginger, 1 dessertspoon cornflour, blended with 1-3rd cup water, 1 tablespoon diced spring onions, 1 teaspoon sugar.

Heat lard or oil in frying-pan, add shelled prawns and wine. Stir until prawns turn pink. Add prepared mushrooms (washed, cut into slices, and boiled until tender), peas, salt, soya bean sauce, and ginger cut into thin slices. Stir very quickly over low gas for 1 minute. Thicken with cornflour blended with water. Add sugar and diced spring onions. Bring to the boil again, serve hot.

DUCK AND PINEAPPLE CANTON

One duck, about 4 lb., 2 tablespoons sugar, 1 piece ginger root, 1 cup cooking oil, 1 cup syrup from tinned pineapple, 3 tablespoons cornflour, 2 cups diced pineapple, 1 cup soya sauce, 1 teaspoon salt, clove of garlic, 2 cups water.

Wash duck, cut into joints for stewing, dip in mixture of soya sauce, sugar, finely ground ginger. Place in hot oil in heavy frying-pan with finely chopped garlic. Sauté 15 minutes or until well browned. Add water, pineapple juice, and salt. Cover and simmer 1 hour. Remove duck and keep hot. Blend cornflour with an extra 1/4 cup water, stir in with pineapple, and

cook 5 minutes longer. Pour over duck, serve at once.

BEEF CHOP SUEY

One tablespoon peanut oil or lard, 2 cups cold cooked roast beef cut into dice, 1 teaspoon wine, 1 dessertspoon soya bean sauce, 1 cup cooked peas, 1 cup cooked diced carrot salt to taste, 1 or 2 tablespoons chopped spring onions, 1 teaspoon sugar, 1 dessertspoon cornflour blended with 1/4 cup water.

Heat oil or lard in frying-pan, add beef mixed with wine and soya sauce. Stir quickly, then add peas and carrots, season with salt. Add spring onions, sugar, and blended cornflour. Stir until boiling. Serve hot.

EGGS AND CAULIFLOWER WITH HAM

Half a small cauliflower, 1 dozen eggs, salt, 1 tablespoon cornflour blended smoothly with 1/4 cup water, 1 oz. or 2 oz. chopped ham, lard or butter.

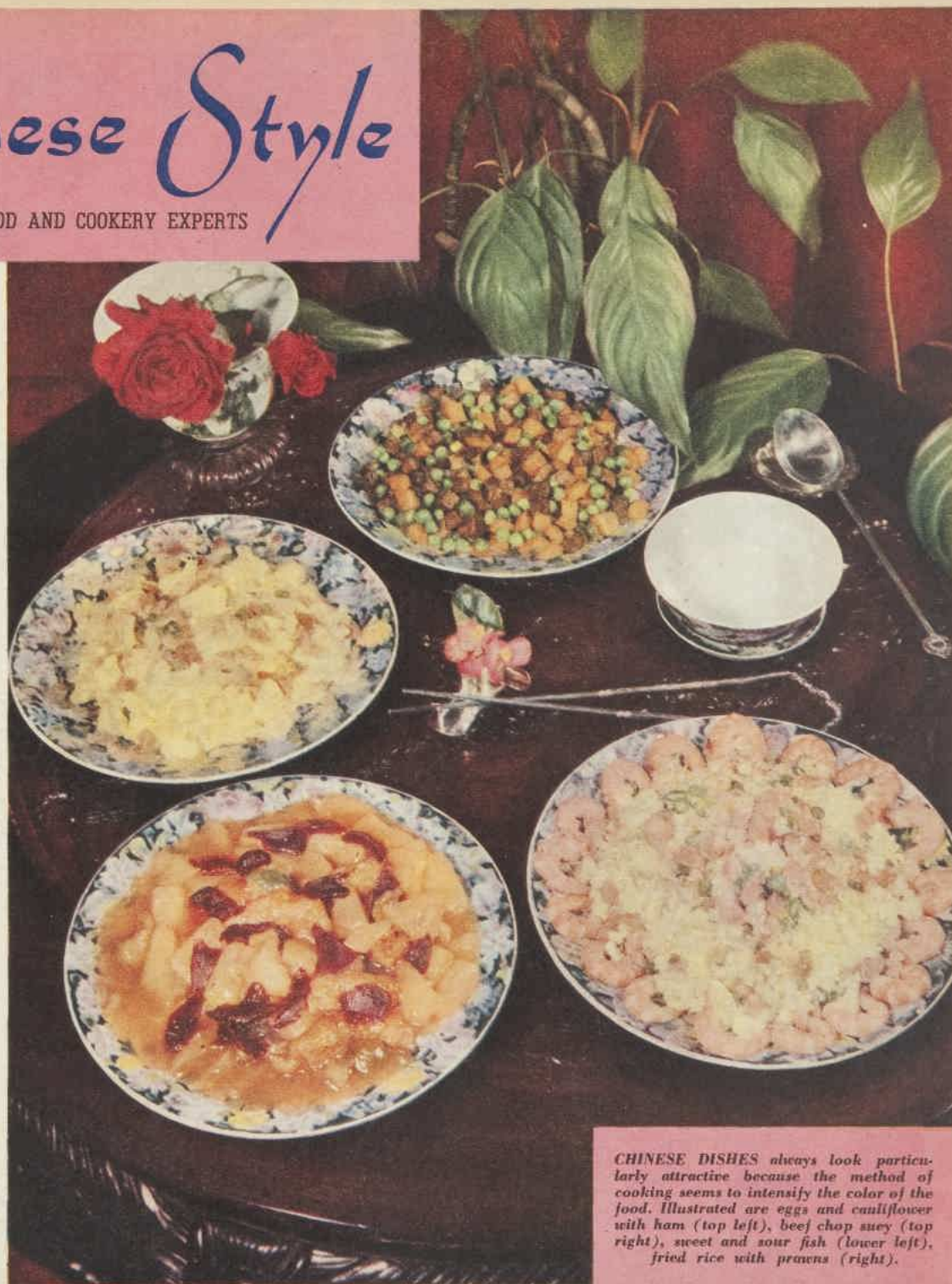
Cut off all but 1 in. to 1 1/2 in. of the stalk and break cauliflower into tiny sprigs. Drop into gently boiling salted water, simmer 5 minutes or until just tender but not soft. Drain carefully. Beat eggs lightly with salt, add cornflour blended with water. Stir into hot lard or butter, continue stirring over low heat until starting to thicken, then add cauliflower. Avoid overheating or too rapid cooking. Serve at once sprinkled with chopped ham.

SWEET AND SOUR FISH

Four fish fillets, flour, lard or peanut oil, 1 cup water, 1/4 cup Chinese pickle sauce (bought in a tin), 1 tablespoon vinegar, 1 tablespoon sugar, 2 tablespoons cornflour blended with 1/4 cup water, 1 tablespoon soya sauce, 2 tablespoons chopped pineapple, salt.

Cut fish into small pieces, toss lightly in flour; fry in hot lard or peanut oil until golden brown. Boil the water, add pickle sauce, vinegar, and sugar. Lastly stir in blended cornflour, soya sauce, and pineapple; add salt to taste. Stir while mixture cooks just long enough to heat the pineapple. Pour over fish just before serving.

CHINESE DISHES always look particularly attractive because the method of cooking seems to intensify the color of the food. Illustrated are eggs and cauliflower with ham (top left), beef chop suey (top right), sweet and sour fish (lower left), fried rice with prawns (right).



Save time—fuel—money! Serve
**TODAY'S BIGGEST
BREAKFAST
BARGAIN!**

**LIVELY
FLAVOUR!**

Taste that sweet flavour—alive
with the goodness of sun-
ripened corn! No other flavour
like it!



**deep-down-
GOODNESS**

Nutrition experts say one
plate of Kellogg's Corn
Flakes with milk and sugar, plus
fresh fruit and bread and butter (or
toast), gives you one third of your
daily food needs.

**24 Big Breakfasts
in every large packet!**

Compare the cost of one serving with
that of meat, eggs, fish, bacon, etc.
Only 30 seconds to serve—no grillers
or pans to wash. Saves fuel.



SLICED CUCUMBER on a bed of lettuce makes an attractive
setting for jellied herring ring. See recipe below.

Prize recipes

Jellied herring ring, delicious served
with crisp salad, tops this week's prize list.

HERRINGS go further
served as a jellied ring.
Pippies, which can be col-
lected on many beaches, make
an appetising chowder when
prepared as suggested in the
consolation prize recipe.

A good steamed date and
ginger pudding and a tasty
meat dish also win prizes.

Minced cooked meat, from
the week-end joint, can be used
in the recipe for Monday
special. If cooked meat is used,
simmer only ten minutes.

All spoon measurements are
level.

JELLIED HERRING RING

One 14oz. tin herrings, 1
finely chopped onion, 1 table-
spoon chopped parsley, 1½
cups tomato juice, 1 teaspoon
anchovy sauce, 1 tablespoon
vinegar, 3 peppercorns, 3
cloves, 2 bay leaves, salt and
pepper, 2 dessertspoons gela-
tine, 1 tablespoon water.

Arrange herrings around
base of wetted ring mould.
Sprinkle with onion and par-
sley. Bring tomato juice, pep-
percorns, cloves, vinegar, bay
leaves, anchovy sauce, salt and
pepper to boiling point, simmer
10 minutes. Strain, add
gelatine softened in cold water,
stir until dissolved. Pour over
herrings, chill until firm. Un-
mould. Serve with crisp salad.

First Prize of £5 to Miss
L. Montfort, Richmond Park,
Gordon East, N.S.W.

GINGER-DATE PUDDING

One egg, ½ cup sugar, 4oz.
shortening, ½ cup milk, 1½
cups self-raising flour, pinch
salt, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 3
teaspoons ginger, 1 cup
chopped dates, ½ cup boiling
water, 1 teaspoon bicarbonate
of soda.

Beat egg, add sugar gradu-
ally, beat until light and

creamy. Add melted shorten-
ing and dates. Fold in sifted
flour, salt, cinnamon, and
ginger alternately with milk.
Lastly fold in soda dissolved
in boiling water. Fill into
greased basin, cover with
greased paper, and steam 2
hours.

Consolation Prize of £1 to
Mrs. M. Mills, 36 Grace St.,
Innisfail, Nth. Qld.

PIPPIE CHOWDER

Three dozen pippies, 2 large
onions, 2 carrots, 1lb. stewing
steak, 1 cup wine, 5 cups
water, 1 tablespoon sago, pearl
barley or rice, ½ cup chilli
vinegar, pinch salt, pepper.

Remove pippies from shells,
soak in cold water 1 hour.
Cut meat, carrots, and onions
into small dice, place in sauce-
pan with water, sago, salt, pep-
per, and pippies. Simmer
gently 2 hours. Add chilli
vinegar and wine, reheat, but
do not boil.

Consolation Prize of £1 to
G. L. Elliott, Nind St., South-
port, Qld.

MONDAY SPECIAL

One pound minced steak,
1lb. cooked green peas, 1 large
tomato, 2 carrots, 1 onion,
slices buttered bread, salt,
pepper, ½ cup water.

Grate carrots and onion,
add to steak, with water, salt
and pepper, and stir over low
heat 20 minutes. Line sides of
greased pie dish with buttered
bread slices (buttered side
against dish). Place meat mix-
ture in dish, cover with peas.
Slice peeled tomato, arrange
on top of peas, season with salt
and pepper. Cover with bread
slices (buttered side up). Bake
in hot oven 15 to 20 minutes.

Consolation Prize of £1 to
D. M. Minchin, 18 Heath St.,
Mona Vale, N.S.W.

OUR GARDENING SERVICE

READERS may obtain leaflets on subjects of current
interest to home gardeners by sending this coupon
with a stamped, addressed envelope to Box 4088,
G.P.O., Sydney.

Any ONE of the following titles may be selected:

- Plant Shrubs to Save Labor and Money.
- Home-made Gadgets for the Garden.
- How to Build and Furnish a Bush House.
- Planting, Pruning, Spraying Fruit Trees.

Name of leaflet (one only)

Stamped (3d.), addressed envelope is enclosed.



"THREE FLOWERS"

BRINGS EXCITING RADIANCE!

Now your complexion can be really beautiful—even
close-up. The Richard Hudnut exclusive TOP-TONE
Shade Control formula of "Three Flowers" Face Powder
brings new loveliness to every complexion... it
positively prevents "Three Flowers" from streaking
caking or changing colour.

This fine-textured "Three Flowers" powder gives you
a magical clinging film of loveliness that covers tiny
skin flaws, glorifies your own complexion tonings. Test
this new and flawless beauty in your mirror...
actually see the difference it makes to your complexion
immediately.

BE LOVELIER TONIGHT!

Think what this romantic loveliness could mean to you tonight.
Your complexion smoother looking... with more natural
colour... a lovelier, softer glow—even close-up. Choose
from the seven heavenly shades of "Three Flowers" today.

**three flowers
face powder**

STANDARD GAY BOX 3/11—ECONOMICAL REFILL 2/10

Creation of **Richard Hudnut**

NEW YORK, LONDON, PARIS, SYDNEY



**Easier
Teething**

Ashton & Parsons Infant
Powders are invaluable dur-
ing teething, when inflamed
and aching gums make your
baby fretful and feverish.
They ease distress, reduce
high temperature, and soothe
into restful sleep.

Insist on being supplied with

**Ashton & Parsons
Infants' Powders**

They contain no Calomel or other Mercury Compounds.

LOOK! BUY THIS "WOODMACHINCO"

WONDER BENCH OUTFIT
JOINERS
WOODWORKERS
CARPENTERS
BUILDERS

Biggest, heavy duty Ballroom mounted,
built for strenuous commercial use.
Only £15/10/0 (less tax) Freight FREE to all capital cities.
Using your own bolts and timber (costing approximately £2
locally) and our FREE step by step plan, the above outfit
comprises all precision parts to make up in a few
hours.

THE "WOODMACHINCO" WONDER BENCH

When used with accessories it planes
fin. boards, rabbets, tongues, grooves,
sands, drills holes, makes all joinery
and home mouldings, swings 14in. saw,
circular saw, rip, profile cuts, dovetails,
etc., etc.

SPECIAL OFFER No. 6, May and June, 1953, only.

To "WOODMACHINCO",
102 Grey St., 5th. Brisbane, Queensland, Aust.
Inclosed is £25/10/0 Cash, Cheque, Bank Draft, or Money
Order for one unit of "WOODMACHINCO" OUTFIT.
Please also send me the G2 MOULDING SPINDLE and SPARE
HEAD. I enclose £10/0 of charge and freight free to the
capital city of my State. In return for your giving me this
£25 Quota, I undertake to do my best at all times to further
the sales of your outstanding outfit to my district.
Send 3/6 stamp for catalogue.

And get this
£15/10/0 Spindle Moulder
Outfit (G2) Absolutely Free.

G2 Model

15%
Costs nothing extra.
£13/10/0 and £12/6/0
comprise all the precision parts to
make up into

THE "WOODMACHINCO"

MOULDING BENCH
Step by Step Plans for Bench
FREE.

Fill in and Post this Order TO DAY!

NAME

ADDRESS

STATE

Real Chocolate Sauce you can make yourself!



It's easy to make chocolate sauce
that has the rich, full flavour of
real chocolate.

For ice-cream, desserts, or for
delicious chocolate milk drinks,
make your chocolate sauce the
Cadbury way, with Cadbury's
Red Label Drinking Chocolate.

Here's how:—Stir 2 heaped
tablespoonfuls of Real Label
Drinking Chocolate into 2 table-
spoonfuls of cold water until
dissolved. 2/- per 1lb. packet.

CADBURY'S RED LABEL

**DRINKING
CHOCOLATE**



SOME SUBSTITUTES FOR THE FIREPLACE

By JOAN MARTIN

IN the decoration of a living-room the centre of interest is usually the fireplace. Rooms that lack one must have something else as a focal point. To achieve this substitute the modern interior decorator is using many novel and original ideas.

Many of the well-known home decoration magazines from overseas give much space to the subject. Their suggestions of what to do and how to do it are plentiful.

But few of their suggestions are within the average Australian home-maker's budget, so we must adapt their ideas not only to suit our purse but to use materials which are available locally.

An atmosphere of warmth and coziness in your living-room can be given by a good arrangement of the furniture. It should be assembled in small groups which invite conversation.

The most important group will make your centre of interest, and will place it where it will take advantage of the best feature in the room—possibly a large picture-window or series of windows.

This rule applies only where the outlook is pleasant. If it is, arrange your furniture in the way illustrated at right, so that you take full advantage of the view but avoid the glare.

Not every room has an attractive view, but there are other ways of concentrating on a focal point.

Perhaps your most valued possession is the radiogram, and, being fond of music, you find it is the easiest way to entertain your friends. You can make it the main point of interest in the room.

If the cabinet is not particularly attractive, and you have no prejudice against painted furniture, paint it to fit in with the color scheme of your room, and give it added importance by grouping pictures above it, as shown on this page.

Here you can be original and get a decorative effect at little expense. No doubt you will have many ideas for a series of pictures.

Probably the easiest and most effective would be photos (cut from magazines) of your favorite recording artists or famous composers.

The third sketch on this page shows an idea that is much used abroad. It is best carried out in damask, brocade, or tapestry in a room which is furnished in a similar fabric. This idea is just as attractive and original when carried out in cheaper material, as shown below.

I suggest as the most suitable material a cotton voile, which is obtainable at most of the leading stores and is quite common at the smaller decorating salons.

A simple way to achieve this panelled effect is to tack the material tightly to the wall, using a narrow wooden moulding to give a professional finish.

It is important to have your panel the same width as your couch.



ROOM WITH A VIEW as its centre of interest is particularly suited to the modern architecture so popular in Australia at present. If your window does not seem wide enough for this arrangement, you can give the appearance of extra width by extending the curtain-rod at each side of the window-frame.



PANELLED WALL in damask brocade, tapestry or a less expensive cotton material is an original idea from abroad which could be copied successfully for Australian homes. Use of same material for couch-cover and wall panel makes the room appear higher.



MUSIC-LOVERS could make their radiogram the focal point in their living-room. Attractive grouping of pictures above the radiogram is new idea. Theatre and concert programmes were used in decoration scheme shown above.



CRAVEN A

They never Vary!

**Naturally
I keep to**

4059

CARRERAS LTD.—OVER 150 YEARS' REPUTATION FOR QUALITY

FOR COMPLEXION
PROTECTION



Skin needs NIVEA

the 9-purpose cream

Trust velvety NIVEA to give your skin everything it needs. NIVEA contains Eucerite, a unique ingredient closely resembling the skin's natural oils. It softens, cleanses, nourishes, replaces the vital elements dried out by wind and sun.

NIVEA is all these things: Cleansing cream • baby cream • soothing cream • hand cream • night cream • sun cream • powder base • sports cream • a man's cream.

Tins or tubes—all chemists and stores.

"NIVEA" and "EUCERITE" are reg. trade marks. MP4-53

THE NEXT
GREAT ISSUE OF THE
NEW A.M.
ON SALE TUESDAY
BRINGS YOU THE FIRST
PICTURES EVER TAKEN
OF THE BIRTH OF AN
ESKIMO BABY.

ASTHMA COUGHERS GIVE THANKS FOR LUCKY DISCOVERY

Thousands who coughed, sneezed, and gasped with Asthma and Bronchitis give thanks for Mendaco, the famous new American scientific medicine. It starts immediately to circulate through the blood, quickly curbing the attacks. The first day the thick phlegm is dissolved, giving free, easy breathing and letting you sleep the night through in comfort. Get Mendaco from your chemist or store to-day under money-back guarantee to stop Asthma coughing and give you free, easy breathing the first day.

Continuing The Hand and Flower

from page 46

take you into my arms on a cold night, with the wind outside. Do you hear and understand what I say to you, Marie-Josephe?"

She heard—and she understood. Though these were the words she ardently wanted to hear, the fact that he had said them out loud had instantly shattered the crystal bubble of her imagination. She knew with clarity that this was a moment in her life when two courses lay open to her and that she must choose one of the two—now. The decision was hers alone. She must advance or retreat.

Nothing would be more easy, nothing would give her more delight than to surrender herself wholly to the spell of the day. Fighting every inch of the way, she flung herself into what she considered to be honorable retreat. But it was only by lashing her pride into imagined grievance that she could find strength to do battle with the man she loved. She gave a ripple of laughter.

"Oh, voici des jolies phrases! What pretty things to say! When you return to England to-night, you must place your hands on the shoulders of Mademoiselle Mitchell and say such things to her. It is to her that they belong, les jolies phrases. Then, when you have said these pretty things, you can also relate to her of how you met Siki and became at once the master of a savage dog."

"Marie-Josephe, why have you gone away from me? A few minutes ago, you gave me your hand and there was no ring on it. What does that mean?"

"My ring? Oh, that does not concern you. I have broken my contract with Monsieur Dubot, only for one reason. I have done so because he demanded that I should inform him of the confidences of my Grandmère. It was an impertinence. And I have not gone away. It is impossible for me to go away, because you continue to hold my shoulders. You make me your prisoner. This is not a story to relate to Mademoiselle Mitchell. Oh, no." She shook her head.

"It is of course well understood here in Boulogne that when Englishmen come to France for the day they seek ladies to hold their shoulders. But it would not be understood by Mademoiselle Mitchell. Not at all. She would be jealous. It would be very foolish of her, but she would be jealous, all the same."

"Why, suddenly, do you keep on talking about Cherry?"

"Does it not please you that I should do so? Is it possible that you would like to forget that she exists—for the day? I have sometimes considered that it might be very interesting to

be a man and to be able to forget one's responsibilities—for the day. It is less interesting to be a woman, to be the one who is forgotten."

"I don't understand you. I wish I knew where she had gone, the girl who sang 'Savez-vous planter les choux?'"

"Oh that one! The one in the pinafore who climbed the apple tree the day the tanks went away. She was a foolish little girl and . . . and now she has many new songs. For example, I could sing for you 'J'attendrai,' but it would not be a true song, for it is Mademoiselle Mitchell who awaits you and not I."

She drew swiftly backwards so that his hands dropped from her shoulders. With a movement she had broken the last link, the link of his touch, and now there was a space between them.

"Please do not think that I have become a stranger. Not at all. You have come to France, and you have been made welcome by those whom you knew when you were one of the liberators of our country. If it had been the privilege of France to have liberated England, we would expect as much." She pretended to consider.

"I am not sure if I would regard it as my right to hold one whom I had liberated by the shoulders, but then I am not a man. I am a woman."

He gazed at her, standing facing him, her head a little on one side. His fists clenched.

"You deliberately make me aware that you are a woman." For a split second she swayed where she stood. Then she flung her last reinforcements into the battle, praying that its fury would drive him away before her purpose dissolved in a rising flood of tears.

"You speak like a true Englishman. It is a pity that the cabarets are not open all day, for there you could have found a companion, the sort of person that you desire, instead of wasting your time with the daughter of a farmer. Would you not like me to indicate a gay place where you can spend the little time left to you before you return to that most unfortunate Mademoiselle Mitchell?"

There was nothing left, nothing at all. Looking at her now, at her rigid body and cold, proud face, he knew with bewilderment and dismay that his dream was dispelled and that his day was done.

He heard his voice say "Good-bye, Marie-Josephe," and then he turned and walked down the steps of the cathedral and on blindly down one of the narrow streets towards the bustling town.

To be concluded

FOR THE CHILDREN

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

by TIM



a wave you can set and forget

**More natural
looking Curls**

that defy dampness, sun
heat, dryness, cold

Yes! Richard Hudnut Home Permanent not only gives you the silkiest, softest, most natural looking curls you can imagine . . . but because the curl is stronger, your set lasts longer, even on damp, humid summer days in town, at the beach or in the country. And why? Because only Richard Hudnut Home Permanent has the 22% more effective **Creme Waving Lotion** and the amazing secret Hudnut ingredient, **NEUTRALISER BOOSTER**, that actually weatherproofs your hair, locks in your wave as never before, so that your soft, natural looking curls stay up even when the rain comes down—

makes your set last longer. Use the economical Richard Hudnut Home Permanent REFILL. You can use it with any plastic curlers—it has everything else you need. At all chemists and selected department stores . . . 13/-.

**Richard Hudnut
home permanent Refill**



EASIER! QUICKER! Richard Hudnut
whirl-a-wave curlers

These amazing curlers make home perming and hair setting a simple, easy matter. Made of flexible plastic . . . work perfectly with all size curls. Box containing 48 Whirl-a-Wave "Whining Curlers" and 10 special short-strand curlers . . . 22/6

Take a hint on
CLEANING UPHOLSTERY



The easiest of all ways of cleaning carpets or upholstery is to drop a teaspoonful of TRIX detergent into a pint of warm water, damp a cloth with the solution, rub over the surface and—out comes the dirt! TRIX "gets" the dirt you didn't even know was there. USE TRIX for REMOVING STAINS FROM CLOTHING—FOR WASHING UP—FOR WASHING WOOLLENS, SILKS AND COTTONS—FOR CLEANING WINDOWS, LINOLEUM, TILES, PAINTWORK, BURNED POTS AND PANS. Even the roughest grease gives way to TRIX. So don't ask for "detergent," ask firmly for TRIX.



"Of course we'll stay," he was waiting for such ages to have you and Molly and Joe now each other. We'll stay here and eat the real stew, but we can have some bridge after dinner. I can't wait to see you how my game's improved, Joe."

"Look, Molly, why not?" Joe asked hopefully. "There's plenty of stew, and the rest of the game's okay. You've got the idea, Phyllis."

Joe went over to take Phyllis' hand, and Molly escaped to the bathroom.

But she couldn't escape the staring image of Phyllis and Joe. Phyllis in her low-cut, grey-blue dress, slipping out of her pink coat—Joe holding her, his eyes alive with excitement.

There was nothing to do but to go through, Molly told herself. Better to see it through at home, where she'd have the mechanics of getting the stew to give her an excuse for leaving when it got to be more than she could take.

The bridge game would be a lot of straw. Joe loved to play, but the just was no good bridge. She'd have to—"Molly!"

Molly spun around to see Phyllis in the kitchen, her back to the swinging door, laughing, and shaking her head at her. "You don't mind, darling?"

Her whisper made them both aware of the conspiracy. "It isn't me as much a joke. All of a sudden, after I left, I remembered it was your anniversary, and I saw through your tiny little excuses about dining out. This is the only time I have to see Joe, and you wouldn't grudge me—"

At this point, Joe and Sam had crowded into the tiny kitchen, and Molly thankfully welcomed the confusion. Joe used the drinks, Phyllis took up the hors d'oeuvres, and Sam asked her get the blanquette

Continuing . . . Shock Treatment

de veau, now demoted to the status of stew, back into the pot. . .

Later, when they were eating the stew, Phyllis brought up the subject of bridge again. "Sammy's almost as good a player as you are, Joe. How about your game, Molly?"

"Molly's not so hot at bridge," Joe indulgently answered for her. "But she can make a fourth. And, believe me, she can make a real stew," he added with an affectionate grin at her.

"I'll say she can," Sam's enthusiasm saved Molly from an answer. "Why don't we have food like this, Phyllis? With the price we pay a cook—"

Phyllis laughed, but the laugh had an edge. "Only a chef or someone like Molly can produce a thing like this. I've been telling you that for ages, Joe, if you knew the trouble we have with servants—"

But Joe wasn't destined to know just then. There was a bang at the back door, a rush of steps across the kitchen, and Molly looked up to see the frantic face of Fred, the caretaker, who stood panting on the threshold of the living-room.

"Mrs. Langley—the baby. The doctor hasn't come—she's—"

He looked despairingly at Joe. "You're not that kind of a doctor, are you? She's choking—"

Both Molly and Joe were on their feet before he had finished. "Get going," Joe ordered, and the three of them ran to the service lift.

The door slammed, cutting off Phyllis' "Well, really!"

"That house phone's out of order again," Fred's voice was close to a sob as the lift took them down. "I couldn't get you. I made a tent with an umbrella, but the steam—"

She can't seem to get enough now." She may be dead by now."

The baby wasn't dead, but her blue face and choking gasps were terrifying. "Bring her into the bathroom, Molly," Joe rushed in and turned on the hot-water taps full force into the tub, basin, and shower.

Molly picked up the baby from her improvised tent, and carried her into the bathroom, which was already swilling with vapor. For desperate minutes they watched and waited for the steam to take effect.

Fred gulped a strangled "Thank the Lord!" as the choking gave way to shuddering breaths and the baby's color grew more normal again. "Why didn't I think of getting steam that way?" He beat his fist against his head. "Only for you people—"

"Come out with me and I'll rig up a proper tent," Joe said, giving Fred a friendly shove. "Molly, you stay here with the baby."

Through the door Molly could hear Joe's and Fred's voices as they fixed up a tent of sheets.

Then, suddenly, another voice was added: Phyllis' voice, husky and solicitous. "I just had to come, Joe, and see how the precious baby is. Where's Molly?"

Molly couldn't catch Joe's answer, but she heard Phyllis' laugh. "In the bathroom? How precious!"

The door opened, and Phyllis swept in with sympathetic murmurs. "The poor darling!" She leaned over Molly, peering through the steam at the baby. "But she'll be parboiled in here! Do you really have to stay—"

"Better come out, Phyllis, and leave her to Molly," Joe called.

Again Molly was alone with the baby, and again Phyllis' voice came through to her. "But look, Joe, isn't the danger all over now? Couldn't you get a sitter? We'll need Molly for our bridge—"

Molly couldn't hear Joe's answer, but the next moment he appeared at the bathroom door. He was looking distraught and excited.

"You'd better stay here for another half hour or so, Molly," he said. "I'll go upstairs with Phyllis—I'll be down later."

He disappeared. Molly stared at the door, her arms tightening around the baby. Joe was going upstairs with Phyllis.

They'd walk up. And they wouldn't hurry, either. Back in the apartment they'd hunt in the fridge for desert. Phyllis and Joe, their heads close together. Phyllis and Joe—

A gasping breath from the baby made Molly lean down and turn on the hot water again. It was some time later, through the new swirl of steam, that Joe appeared once more.

Just like Aladdin and the genie, Molly thought, as he came in and took the baby out of her arms.

"She's coming along fine," he said, "but I'd keep her here a bit longer."

He put the baby back in Molly's arms, then stood looking at her oddly. Her face was brick-red and streaming with perspiration, but her hair was curling tighter than ever. Joe leaned down and kissed her, the wettest, most unromantic kiss she'd ever had, but the dearest.

"You ought to see what that steam did to Phyllis' hair," Joe said with a grin as he straightened up. Then he said, "Oh, Molly, what a fool I've been!" He kissed her again and vanished.

from page 10

Tears mixed with the perspiration as Molly cuddled the baby closer. Her mind was a dizzy kind of vacuum. All she knew was that the baby was safe, that she was safe, that Joe was wonderful.

She thought of Fred's words. Not that kind of doctor, indeed! Joe was every kind of doctor. He could save a baby's life. He could see through Phyllis. He was Joe. And he was wonderful. . .

In Molly's memory, the rest of the evening was a confused blur, without sequence, but with some moments standing out unforgettably. One was the next time Joe appeared at the bathroom door. He said, "Phyllis still seems to think you ought to come up and play bridge." He had his poker face, but Molly's heart sang.

"Tell her to go you know where," she said, and Joe nodded.

"The sooner the better," he said.

Even after Fred's doctor had come and gone and the baby was asleep, Molly stayed there.

"She might wake up," she told Fred, but she knew that wasn't the reason. She didn't want to have to see Phyllis again. She could leave everything to Joe.

She knew Phyllis was finished with Joe. Phyllis had done it herself, with her callousness about the baby, under the phony solicitude, with her insistence on her own petty pleasure.

The image Joe had carried in his heart for so long was smashed. Like a mental patient under shock treatment, Joe had emerged from illusion to reality. He was cured.

At last Joe came down to report that Phyllis and Sam had left. "You'd better come up to bed, Molly," he said.

Fred ran the lift up to their floor, muttering incoherently thanks that Molly never even heard. She was looking at Joe, and Joe was looking at her. He reached for her hand.

Nothing was said until they were back in the flat. Joe closed the door, then put his two hands on Molly's shoulders and looked down into her face.

"I don't get it, Molly. What was all that nonsense about sweethearts? That wasn't any plain real stew! Besides, it was still hot. You—"

Molly took a deep breath, then she told him. No more lies, the truth at last.

"I had a sudden hunch that Phyllis would come anyway," she ended. "I was afraid to have you see her."

"But Molly—you knew that was over."

"Not really over. You still carried her in your heart."

"Do you still carry Don in your heart, Molly?" he asked.

"He was never there," Molly said. "I was never engaged to him. That was just one of Phyllis' lies."

"But why would she—"

"She didn't want you to think of me that way."

Joe shook a bewildered head. "But why did you let me think—"

"I couldn't let you know how much I loved you when you—"

Joe's eyes came back from space and looked deep into hers. He ejaculated a baffled "Women!" but his laugh had a break in it.

His arms slid from her shoulders and held her close for his kiss.

A thought flashed in Molly's mind, a thought so radiant she hardly dared face it.

To-night isn't an anniversary, she thought. It's a honeymoon.

(Copyright)

"MY BABIES DIDN'T LIKE ME"

MISS BAXTER, YOU HAVEN'T GIVEN ME A BABY-SITTING JOB FOR TWO WEEKS!

I'M SO SORRY MISS MOFFAT, BUT THE MOTHERS SAY YOU ARE TOO—WELL, IMPATIENT WITH THEIR CHILDREN.

THAT NIGHT

THAT'S YOUR TROUBLE VIOLET—HARSH LAXATIVES. THEY'RE MAKING YOU WASHED OUT AND IRRITABLE! YOU'D BETTER SEE DR. LEWIS.

MISS MOFFAT, HARSH PURGATIVES ARE DRAINING YOUR VITALITY AWAY. YOU NEED TO GET BULK INTO YOUR DIET. NOW LISTEN CAREFULLY...

LATER

I'M SO GLAD IT'S YOU, MISS MOFFAT! THE CHILDREN WILL BE DELIGHTED!

Read what Dr. Lewis told Miss Moffat...

TODAY'S SOFT FOODS OFTEN LACK THE VITAL BULK NEEDED FOR REGULARITY. KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN SUPPLIES THIS BULK—AND, BEING A FOOD, IT ALSO GIVES YOU STRENGTH AND ENERGY—INSTEAD OF PURGING IT OUT OF YOU.

Enjoy this nut-sweet breakfast cereal and
BE REGULAR WITHIN 10 DAYS!

Your health and regularity depend on what you eat. Made from the vital outer layers of wheat, Kellogg's All-Bran is a natural laxative, health food and blood tonic all in one. Rich in Vitamin B1, B2, Calcium, Phosphorus, Niacin and Iron, Kellogg's All-Bran brings you strength and

energy as it restores regularity, instead of leaving you drained and washed out. Sprinkle it over your favourite breakfast cereal or straight from the packet with stewed fruit, milk and sugar. Keep on enjoying this nut-sweet breakfast cereal. Never lose the wonderful health it brings.



Accept this offer!

COMPLETE SATISFACTION OR DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK!

This is all you need to . . . enjoy tasty, toasty Kellogg's All-Bran® for ten days, and drink plenty of water. If, at the end of ten days, you don't feel it has helped you, just send the empty packet to Kellogg's and you'll get double your money back.

*Registered Trade Mark



Nature
helped make
WEET-BIX
a perfect
breakfast
food!

A great energy food!
A grand body builder!

Sun-sweetened whole-wheat . . . plus energy-rich malt and added Vitamin B1 . . . make WEET-BIX Whole Wheat Breakfast Biscuits one of the finest foods you can serve in your home! Pre-cooked and crisply toasted for instant serving, you'll find that WEET-BIX are more nourishing, more sustaining, more delicious than almost any other cereal you can name! A wonderful time-saver in the kitchen, too, because you simply add milk and sugar, or serve split and buttered. Encyclopaedia picture plates now in every packet.

WEET-BIX
Vitamin Fortified Breakfast Biscuits

And don't forget to add a little SAN-BRAN to your usual morning cereal! Ensures regularity by adding gentle-acting bulk to your daily diet! From all grocers.

Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master magician, and
LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, with
PRINCESS NARDA: Enter a beautiful palace where there is a splendid banquet spread for them, but there is no sign of life. They discover the food is poisoned, and as they enter the garden in search of their hosts they see nothing but Venus flytraps growing there. They start to leave the sinister palace, but suddenly the gates of the palace snap shut and they are caught in a trap. NOW READ ON:

SEE--GAS--SLEEPING OR POISON, I DON'T KNOW WHICH.
OH--THIS HORRIBLE PLACE, THERE MUST BE SOME WAY OUT! I'LL TRY UPSTAIRS!
AS MANDRAKE MOVES THE CHEST, GAS SPRAYS INTO THE AIR--

OH!

AS NARDA DANCES UP THE STAIRS, A SECTION SUDDENLY OPENS UNDER HER--REVEALING A POOL FULL OF CROCODILES! SHE SWAYS--THEN TOPPLES--

EASY NOW, WE'LL GO UP--STAIRS BY CLIMBING THIS RAILING. THIS WHOLE PLACE IS A DEATHTRAP!

MANDRAKE--THAT STAIRCASE--OPENED BENEATH--ME--YOU REACHED ME--JUST IN TIME! THOSE CROCODILES--

OH--I'M EXHAUSTED--I'VE GOT TO LIE DOWN--THERE'S A BED--

CAREFUL, LOTHAR, THERE MUST BE SOME ONE IN THIS PLACE--

NARDA--GET OFF--THAT--BED!

OH!

HEY--LOOK WHAT I SEE IN THIS ROOM!

A GALLERY OF STATUES--OF BOLD, HARD-LOOKING MEN--

STAY TOGETHER, AND KEEP YOUR EYES OPEN. ANYTHING CAN HAPPEN AT ANY MOMENT, HERE!

THEY PASS THE STATUES--THEN ROWS OF TREASURE CHESTS, BRIMMING WITH GOLD AND JEWELS--THEN--

LOOK--TREASURE!

LOOK--AHEAD!

AHEAD, THEY SEE WHAT APPEARS TO BE A BEAUTIFUL, YOUNG GIRL--A SLEEPING PRINCESS! WHAT IS THE SECRET OF THIS STRANGE PALACE OF SILENT DEATH?

TO BE CONTINUED

TEENA

by Lilla Terry



A godsend to us...

bedridden nearly a year, now up and about again with new energy



If you are suffering, this letter will interest you

She writes:

"Recommended by our chemist to take Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids for Rheumatism, I must write and tell you what a godsend they have been to us. My shoulder and knees and feet are now free from pain, the first time for years.

"My sister suffered terribly from swollen joints and was in bed for nearly a year. I sent her a flask of Menthoids and she felt so well after the first bottle that she continued taking them and, I am thankful to say, she is now up and about and does her own washing and housework again.

"My husband used to suffer a lot with Lumbago and swollen knuckles, but since he took Menthoids it has gone and he has never been troubled with it since. I tell everyone I know about Menthoids."

Yours sincerely,

(Mrs.) Ruby L.



Get quick relief from backache rheumatism sciatica lumbago headaches dizziness

Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids will help you, too!

Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids help drive out the everyday poisons and germs from your system that so often cause Headaches, Dizziness, Rheumatic Aches and Pains, Kidney and Bladder Troubles, Backache, Sciatica, Lumbago and similar ailments. If you suffer in this way, get a flask of Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids to-day.

Free Diet Chart Send a stamped addressed envelope to British Medical Laboratories Pty. Limited, Box 4155, G.P.O., Sydney, for your FREE copy of the Menthoids Diet Chart.

How Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoid treatment acts



More than 400 muscles support spine here. All are susceptible to injury and poisonous accumulations.

In order that Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids may exert their beneficial action on Kidneys, Bladder and Bloodstream, the prescription includes medicaments that maintain their effective properties after passing through the digestive tract. Get a flask of Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids to-day and rid yourself of that unhappy, depressed feeling—those aches and pains that are sapping your strength—and give yourself a new lease of life and youthful energy.

Start a course of Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids to-day. Get a month's treatment flask of Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids for 7/6, with Diet Chart, or a 12-day flask for 4/- from your nearest chemist or store. If far from town, pin a postal note to a piece of paper with your name and address and send to British Medical Laboratories, Box 4155, G.P.O., Sydney.

Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids—famous treatment for the blood

Fashion FROCKS

Ready to wear or cut out ready to make.

"SELENA." — A practical, pretty style for the house, obtainable in woven Dutch seersucker. The color choice includes green, blue, and white; green, pink, and white; and pink, blue, and white.

Ready To Wear: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 58/11; 36in. and 38in. bust, 61/3.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 39/3; 36in. and 38in. bust, 41/6.

"PATTY-LOU." — Trim one-piece house-dress, obtainable in summer breeze haircord. The color choice includes lime-green, cherry, yellow, mid-brown, and grey, all printed with a white coin spot.

Ready To Wear: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 61/3; 36in. and 38in. bust, 63/9.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 40/3; 36in. and 38in. bust, 42/-.



NOTE: Please make a second color choice. No C.O.D. orders accepted. If ordering by mail, send to address given on page 47. Frocks may be inspected or obtained immediately at Fashion Patterns, 643 Harris St., Ultimo, Sydney.

*Often
battered
never
bettered*

*But-try
them by
themselves*

only
Arnott's
make
Sao (REGD.®) Biscuits

Whether you are a housewife at Burra, Bourke or Blackall - Gawler, Glen
Innes or Gympie, you can now ask your grocer for Arnott's Famous Saos.
There is no Substitute for Quality